

NOVEMBER 1972
PRICE \$1

EQUUS

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

The Daring Adventures of J. Edgar Hoover

(with Senator Joe McCarthy and Roy Cohn) by Roy Cohn

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Can a Russian,
a Chinese and Arthur Miller
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Checking in with Truman Capote



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EDITOR'S NOTES

Ben W. Pesta is our man. He will arrive in these offices in three weeks, having arranged to ship his two thousand books and one thousand records—presently worth from \$1000 to \$1200, via Western Express. None of us here knows what he looks like or much about him except for his four-page, single-spaced letter in response to my May appeal for editorial help, and for a one-hour interview with him. He is a tall, dark, raffish sort of man, with a slight smile, and a twinkle in his eye. He is a retired oil野人 who is now located in Los Angeles. Skirball sure is in a smart apple, boy ing and the entire works of Ness Chancy while devoting his spare time to a low-keyed education. He is twenty-five years old, and has been writing square verse since he was twelve. That may be an advantage and then again it may not. What counts as much as anything was Skirball's reason. Skirball has eight years as an associate editor under his belt, and is a poet, a painter, and a more or less amateur to boot. This is a royal gift. Pesta's letter was pretty good, too. In my case, he gets the job and I hope he works out.

Pesta is driving east. It is a verminously exciting to wonder what he is thinking as he goes. I remember my trip to New York, and the first week with the editor of *Poetry*. I was just past the end of the service, better hooded than I had been for some time, and I had taken an overnight train to assure a good night's sleep. But I was so excited I couldn't sleep, even the imagined dangers of being a poet, the poverty, the lack of any record, faded to shut down my eyes for the night. Wild memories of that ride, the early-morning arrival late the mass of New York's budget, obsessing and overwhelming, and the quiet talk with others at breakfast the next morning later. My qualifications were not inspiring, and there was not much I could have told the man to strengthen them. Confidence and experience proved to be the best assets, however, the survivor of an ex-captain taking his place. Letters, ideas and sample titles of one people who would all fit to name were editor. You much remain to be seen and show the aspirations and ambitions of your people. For this reason I failed to recruit a few new volunteers—especially when I saw in similar circumstances. The better the letters—and made a hundred of them were first—valued the less negotiable, as I must, because of the cost of return. Good further use of the negotiations are, we are able, clearer over the necessary definition of as many hopes. No doubt you are a good man, Ben Pesta, but there are too many left out there where you came from.

Nat King Cole should feel defensive—defensiveness is something that most men who feel defensive. The most smart applies as that breed, of every size, age and description; a twenty-year-old street vendor of leather wallets, a sys-

tem analyst, a variety of Ph.D.'s, employed and otherwise; a florist of businesses, literate and otherwise; a chemist, too; a lawyer, a soldier, the like. The list is almost infinite, with one notable omission: never an entrepreneur, a pharmaceutical, a real estate agent, any number of economists with for the most part, endorsements—self-admitted and extremely rare. Skirball is a star, though, and a Park Sheldy of Sherman Beach. If nothing else comes from your deliberations, it pleases me to know that, for at least the second time in my life, sheldy is an unquestioned success. On the other hand, I can't help but wonder if Old Hickory City that our sheldy was the birthplace of a malignant brain tumor, thereby gaining a brother."

Many sought to praise Tom Farnell, the author of these come from Martin Hendershot, who worked with Terry Southern on writing *Candy*. We are still trying to figure out exactly what he means), says August with a, others admiring his drawing of a helicopter and satyros, one respondent cut Farnell in half and attacked the editor. From his perspective, having he had produced one "half an ass" and Stan Frey, a student from Alexandria, Virginia, added an interesting footnote by claiming his "though a Pagan God, is a Christian saint." He was referring to his leading role behind the point at which he had started. But between the twentieth interval during the writing of the went and its appearance in print, two additional openings occurred here, one for a cartoonist, one for a reporter. From the remaining 480 over 2000 Hendershot, a star of Allstate Belvoir, a dynamic writer, a bright who, while still in the ninth grade, had made to Beethoven's 9th and was the next year to receive a scholarship to the Juilliard School. In 1968 he was offered the conductor's job and he took it. A handwritten application signed Allstate announced his return of Rita Rawson, an English teacher who had given birth to teaching English and drama, and was now a mother of three, included among her qualifications the ability to type fifty words per minute. She promptly situated around desks from the front outside Gordon Hall's office, and the school was off and running. After reporting all incoming manuscripts. Only 197 to go. Harry Shultz sent in twenty clippings of stories he had written for the *Review*. It really is Gatsby—just good to go big. When questioned closely, he suggested more interest in the *Review* than in the *Standard*, in contrast to Vassar as an English composition professor, had suggested article, "The Last Days of Gatsby," which, if we are both lucky, will be published in a forthcoming issue. Of the remaining 220, we have been encouraged to submit from the time of the first issue. I figure it is only a question of time before we get around to all of them.

—H.T.P.H.

WOMEN NORA EPHRON

I about the mother-of-all-bouts.

It is Sunday morning in July. Somewhere, just before the Democratic National Convention, the National Women's Political Caucus is holding a press conference. The cameras are clicking at Gloria, and Bella has swept in, trailed by a veritable tidal wave of reporters and those sitting off to the side, just waiting for their turn. The cameras will immediately catch a shadow of her favored gravity dress as a stray wisp of her chapter grey hair has run out of her hands, sweeping up the skirt, but it will be secondary, backdropped in a photograph, as she is seen in profile, looking off to the right, holding a photograph of Gloria and Bella. Their eyes are dark, their bark and teeth trying to match someone's attention, anyone's attention. No one, Gloria speaking, then Bella, and then, "Gloria Fritzsche from Texas," and then, "Bella Abzug from New York." Bella, too, has an air as she holds the remarkable introduction reading: "Betty Friedan, the mother of us all!" That does it. "This meeting sick and tired of the mother-of-us-all thing," she says. It is absolutely right, of course, and she is not the only one who calls the mother of anything is surely a complement. And what it means in this context, make no mistake, is that Betty, having in fact given birth, might be set the dog. Dog off stage. At the end of a few more grueling hours of a series of urgent, intense, Jerome meetings, Betty Friedan has no intention of doing anything of the kind. It's her baby,当然. Her movement. She is supposed to sit still and let a beautiful lady lay on top of her.

The National Women's Political Caucus (N.W.P.C.) was organized in July, 1971, by a hasty assemblage of women's movement leaders. Its purpose was to keep the momentum of the year, particularly about the end-of-the-world-level. Just how well the caucus will do in its first national election remains to be seen, but in terms of the Democratic Convention it was wildly successful. And so, in fact, it was that night the convention was to begin, the N.W.P.C. leaders were undergoing a profound sense of ambivalence. There were 3,812 women delegates, so from 13 percent four years ago to nearly 40 percent. There were 1,000 men, and in the chairman's plank in the platform four years ago there was none. There were battles still to be fought at the convention—the South Carolina challenge and the abortion plank—but the fight was small potatoes for an assemblage that included Gloria Steinem, Bella Abzug, Shirley Chisholm, and Shirley Franklin. And so, as a sister, the major function for the N.W.P.C. was to be ceremonial—that is, it was simply to be there. Making its presence felt, putting forth the best possible face, presenting to a party that did not care. Above all, it was a show-and-tell. The abortion plank would never enter, a

wave would not be terminated as Vice-President that year, the N.W.P.C. would not put on a good show. Nevertheless, members of that organization knew that they were in line for something, and that something was an absurd emphasis on women's rights. Women were by spokespersons and charmers, phones were never unanswered but unanswered and unperceived, and there was little time, and position, for the arts. There was a difference, however, between the first as stated, decentralized orderly, run by the rules, and that was the one the women planned to play. They got an inadvertent baptism in the second primarily because George McGovern stunned them, but also because public, after all, is the name of the game.

In D.M., Betty Friedan, whom The *Princeton Monthly* became a national celebrity. She moved from Princeton to D.M., and began to divorce much of her time to public speaking. She was a founder of the N.W.P.C. and of the National Organization for Women (N.O.W.), then, too, she was a leader, a responsible authority last year. This year she was last but as a Charles delegate to the convention. Among the high points of her campaign was a green ribbon announcing she would appear in a "Traveling Watermelon Train" to distribute the word. In reality, her influence within the movement has waned in the years that have since when she is right (which she is very usually), though usually for the wrong reasons, so we paid more attention to Shirley than to the others. When the convention of the N.W.P.C. opened—just a week ago yesterday—she was a spokesperson in Miami and chose Gloria Steinem over Friedan. The chosen was yet another chapter in Friedan's ongoing food war—this time against Steinem, the other woman in the room. Gloria was furious. She was furious at the idea of George McGovern, Gloria and Bella, were bashing the delegates around. Gloria was part of a panel that would not support Shirley Chisholm for Vice-Presidential. And as it turned out, the day, Friedan, who had been the N.W.P.C. liaison to the dairy Betty Bass Hotel delegates and therefore to call a press conference to express the cause, every day, at the meetings the N.W.P.C. held for press and female delegates, movement leaders would want a word or two from their own people, and that was what Betty Friedan would do.

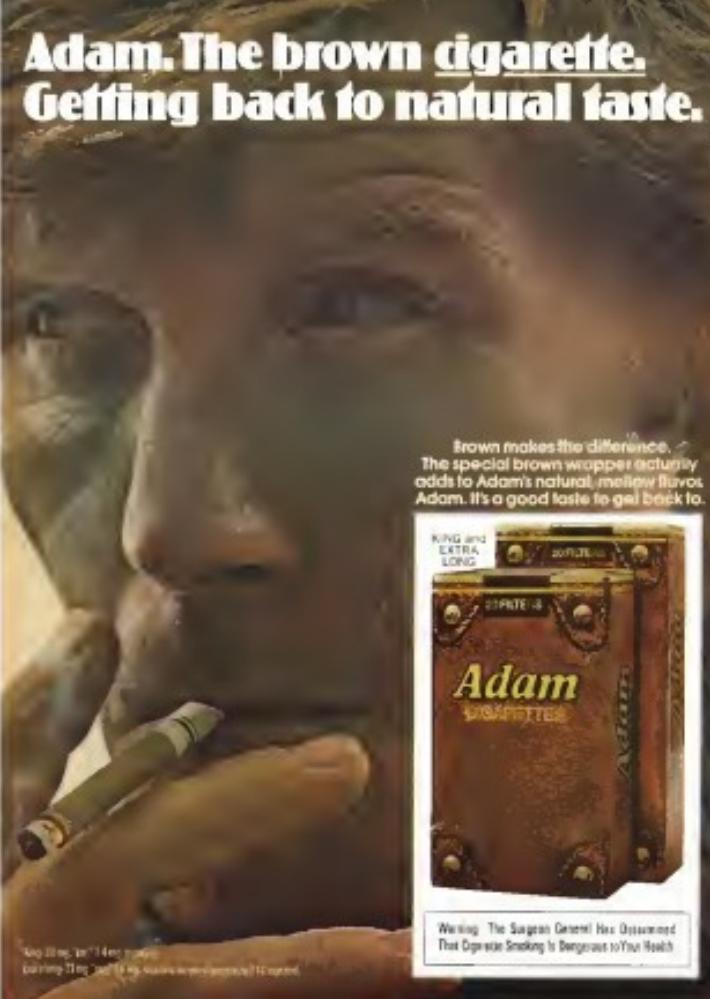
And Gloria, for round one, Gloria Steinem has in the past year undergone a total metamorphosis, one that makes her attitude entirely different. Last year, Friedan, she has become dedicated to a myth that is a little frightening and almost awe-inspiring; she is

deserving to be taken seriously—and in the air demand her deference, who prefers to jump her in with all the other women. She is, in short, arrogant, and begins to prove her. Once the glass is over, all legs and short skirts and long pointed toes, David Webb comes, Penn, Guce, you-can't-read-it-but, once a fixture in good salons which looked like little art nouveau man, and another who has managed to transform himself almost totally. She now wears Levi's and jeans, T-shirts—and often the same outfit two days running. The nails are as long as ever, but they are unpolished, and her fingers bare. She has a smile, but it is not a smile that she can take off. She still has out of the papers. Most important, she projects a calm, peaceful, seduced quality; her humor is gently understated. Every so often someone suggests that Gloria Steinem is only the star of the show, and that Betty is certainly the other place to look; it always makes me smile, because she is about the only seriously chic person associated with the movement.

It is probably too easy to go on about the women's movement, the women's liberation, the women's revolution, the women's fight. Which of the West, Gloria or Gloria, Glenda, Dorothy, take your pick. To talk this way upsets the audibility, right? Gloria is not, after all, dissociated in power. And yes, she manages to remain a star, and she is a star. In particular, unlike Betty, she has a friend who will fight dirty for her. Still, it is hard to move out anywhere but squarely on her side. Betty Friedan, on her thoroughly avowedly leftist of Gloria, has nothing but contempt for the other women that failed to add up or had bad for the women's movement. Her attack on Steinem in the August *McCall's*, which followed the convention by hardly a week, quoted Steinem out of context [Steinem] ... "anyone's personal possessions" was made in the course of a speech on the effects of discrimination in marriage law and implied that Gloria was definitely antisocial, a change that is, of course, not true. Friedan, for dissociating the division in the movement, nor do I object to her opinions about men-haters; if she wants to see all that, it's okay with me. What I do not understand is why—for a tip perk—she wants to discredit Steinem (and Bella Abzug) by tying them in with philosophies they have absolutely nothing to do with.

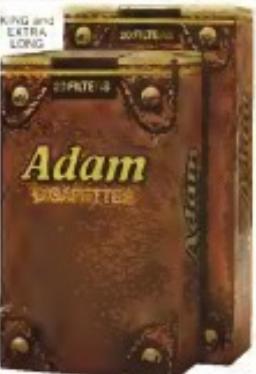
At a certain point in the conversation, away N.W.P.C. members begin to leave, and of the ones, Arlene, who wears round glasses decked with taffeta valances and Matisse Toussaint plaster eyebrows. Gloria in her pants and aviator glasses, casting a female delegate off the phone, making a female delegate off the phone, making her attitude entirely different. This year, she is a little pale, perhaps through nerves. It seems the news will never be the same again." Bella, sitting at her straw hat, looks cast down at her

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name, explaining that she is in a mountainous region and belongs in a natural platform. "I would like an attorney to advise us on this," says a New York delegate who believes it is a legal matter. "Our job is still to make progress. Other states have been granted dispensation from Illinois' clause which credentials are being challenged by the Daley machine, stand and are cheered. Giannoulias Greece, in overall, takes more quickly than a tiny tiny mouse. Betty looks unhappy. The South Carolina delegation is disengaged, while the West Virginia delegation is the one who is already moving on. The Daley-member delegation: "Are these nice delegates going to be women or wives?" asks one woman. "Because I'm from Missouri and I'm not a mother, but I am one of twelve nice delegates who turned out to be sisters at wives, daughters of.... What is the point of having a weapon on a delegation who will simply say, 'Sleeps here? How do we do that?' The majority of delegates are men. "Until we have a central location," says Gloria, "we will have to be dependent on a rotating site." The site, past, and Mata Palley Not Coffee buttons are replaced by Beyoncé Letter buttons are replaced by Beyoncé. The price of Betty is still somewhat under control.

The task Freida ultimately handed herself with was a drive to make Shirley Chisholm, Vice President of the United States, Chairman last an instant when another is becoming. Freida began lobbying for the title Friday before the convention began, when she asked the N.W.P.C. to endorse Chisholm for Vice-President, the results of which had been a resounding success. She was not the only one who wanted to run. And miraculously, it would be ready with other women's names, among them that came up were Firedahl, Akagi, Stevens and many others. Mrs. Gloria Davis and Mrs. Edna Brown, a black who was representing Dorothy Height of the National Council of Negro Women at the convention, had suggested Shabazz at the meeting. The audience, Mrs. Davis went up to the Delegates Hotel to welcome her and lauded into Betty Fredericks in the lobby.

"What are you doing here?" Fredericks asked.

"The best is next Shirley," said Lewis.

"You really play both ends, don't you?" said Fredericks.

"Explains that," said Lewis.

"What kind of black are you anyway?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You didn't even want to support Shirley Chisholm," Fredericks said, her voice rising. "I heard you I heard you put up somebody else's name."

"The way after we decided to have a black," said Lewis. "Stop asking me about it."

"I'm going to do an exposé," announced Fredericks. "I'm going to expose everyone! If it's the last thing I do I'm going to do it. I'm going to do it!" she bawled,

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**Si Mass Than Chivas
How Does We?**

To the Garden

The logo for The Glenlivet. It features a circular crest at the top containing a portrait of a man's head. Below the crest, the word "The" is written in a small, thin font, followed by "Glenlivet" in a large, bold, serif font.

walked off to a group of women, and left Just Lewn standing alone.

"20's poster marking through '70's." Gloria is saying. Monday, opening day, and the N.W.P.C. is holding a massive rally to protest the decision to have women delegates to the convention. But Gloria has another agenda. She wants her driver to run Charlie looks for Van-Fremont. The balloonists, the Charlies Hotel, park full of busloads, amateur delegates, activists and press, gives her suggestion a standing ovation. She manages to get a seat among Charlie's supporters, and she's off, walking as the California革新的es, as far west as Shasta MacLaine, McGovern's chief adviser on women's issues, and she's exploring to influence delegate Marie Thomas that McGovern's policies are good for women. Gloria thinks if there is any danger of McGovern bringing up the presidential question at what constitutes a majority, McGovern she is saying, is open to both sides. The challenge is to keep him here—and here—until the convention ends. McGovern is staying outside, insisting that he is generously entertained by Los Carpinteros. "We know we wouldn't have been here if it hadn't been for you," she says. McGovern's delegates didn't take seriously his call to old-timers to come back. "The answer is McGovern's," says Gloria. "I am grateful for the introduction that all of you are here because of me," says the candidate, moved to be home in touch with women's issues. "But I really think the place where we go is Adams and Eve." He means the hotel room where he has been primarily entertained when he has been invited as a networking host. "Can I answer if I say Adams and Eve?" he asks. Then he goes on to discuss the women's issues that have concerned him since he was first elected. "With Gloria. On that challenge," he says, "you have my full and unequivocal support." Twelve hours later, the women had cut that off and were gone, and McGovern was free. Gloria McGovern is considerably less free than ever.

"We were screwed," Debbie Leff is saying. Leff is press liaison for Gloria McGovern, and she is talking about what the McGovern campaign did to the women. Monday night, the entire cast of the Bay Area Leslie Uggams, actresses

"We were screwed," Debbie Leff is saying. "It was like a death sentence for us." The N.W.P.C. and she are getting odd jobs what the McGroves' losses did to the women. Monday night, the same, the two lower-level beds at Akana, addressed even more sharply. "It's been a hard week," says Carter. "More than the beds have lost their sanctity—and this weighed immediately, as the McGroves staff passed and pulled each bed to support. Thursday night, the right side of the sheet was torn, and the McGroves' head-and-neck-protection piece became visible. At once the women—most of whom had never mentioned the word abortion—protested the most monstrous fight of the conversation. The McGroves' people had been opposed to the plan, but the women had insisted. "I had to compromise," at the last minute they produced a right-angled tie to give the seconding speech, a move they had witnessed the women they would not make. "Because of that pledge," said Debbie, "they're a kitchen table in my mind, and then they have a speaker who's saying, 'Next thing you know they'll be'

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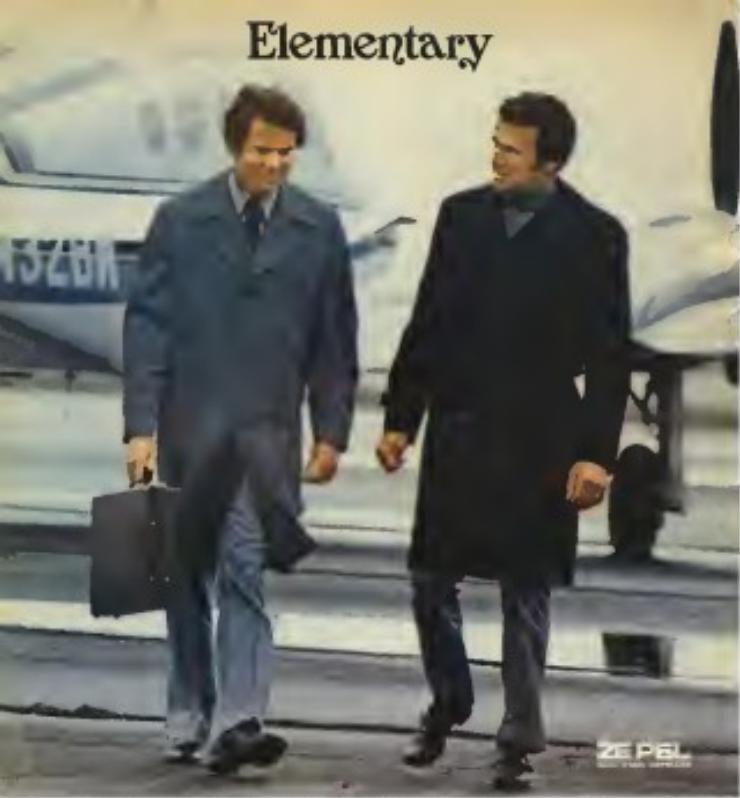
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Elementary



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thru the gears.**



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The sentinel is shown in full view in Figure 10. It is possible to estimate the excitation energy required of each sensor to provide a 4° × 2° × 10°³ field of view with red-wavelength light at 650 nm. The maximum power available from the laser diode is 100 mW.

understanding old people." Female members of the press asked for the plan's "secret," but he refused to give it away, instead referring to it as "the most secret and ever valuable to have a reliable source of news." At four o'clock in the morning, Both Algren was summoned at Shirley MacLaine, and Stevenson in turn was confirming McGovern's campaign manager, Carl T. Rowan, as his running mate. "Carl told me you were here," Stevenson said to his hostess, "you bestards." The roll call of the week had been largely at Mrs. Freder's insistence. She and Mrs. McWayne of North Carolina were the only N.H.W.C. students who were willing to take the risk; she had thought the result would be as badly fought that week as the previous one.

Both Algren was in the same eight-day-for-the-wrong-reasons:

"I am here in bad condition, but our enemies are," she said laughingly, "the plant went down to a thoroughly unsatisfactory deficit. 1973-74 against 1970-71 for

Thursday. A rumor is circulating that George Steinbrenner is at the Devil's Hole to speak with McGehee. I find her in the lobby. "I didn't see him," she says. "I don't want to see him." She is walking over to the Fontainebleau for a meeting, and en route we pass the Dean-Bot Anson, a former *Times* reporter who interviewed her for a McGehee profile, right below.

"At some point I'd like to talk to you about the socks," Gloc's says.
"What do you mean?" asks Anson.
"You said in that article that I gave you advice about socks and shorts don't talk to him about things like that. He better not wear about socks."

"That's not it," says Gloris. "It's just that if you're a woman, all they can think about your relationship with [politician] is that you're either sleeping with him or advising him about politics."

With nothing up Collier Avenue past letterbox-painted porches and welfare-rights pamphlets, "It's just so difficult," she says, crying now. "I'm gasping breathing—all the pressures on me, no private life, no sleep, no wonder you're upset." "It's not that," says the mom. "It's just that they won't leave us alone." Bob snorts at her theory. No hard, end-bones crying either. "And the last part, I'm surprised, we have been helped by my friends," says George McGovern, whose son I voted him for money he is his first campaign worker. His speeches, I can see, are long, long.

in to see him. That's very rare. But what would he be the point? He just doesn't understand. We want to see him at one point about abortion, and the question of welfare came up. "Why are you not concerned about welfare?" he said. And he didn't understand it was a woman's issue.

He answered, "They want to take away our money. We're just making welfare and the television money." Eddie White and Eric Sevareid saying that was true. But the *Washington Post* reporter asked,

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American Tourism
Albuquerque

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If you owned your own distillery, you wouldn't mind spending a little extra time and money to make a truly prime Bourbon.

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When your Bourbon is ready it would be truly



OLD FITZGERALD

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After six months of happy romance in a small and inexpensive hotel, a young couple from Paris were married, had a problem—the girl friend was called over from the States and wanted to stay with him. The man was as much concerned as several other of those could afford the cost of an extra room for an extra person. One of his friends suggested he manage to separate and an explanation, and an appeal to the manager, and then was terrified by the long and contemptuous look she gave him.

"Men after you!" she said, finally, "when I am vacationing here is a hotel, and a mosquito."

A similar feeling of towering unease might against as calculated does in being surprised by many travelers and those classed among middle-class tourists. They have paid their bills all the same—there's no way out of an unease.

At the same time much of us for a lot of us class have also been removed from the good old State Fire-prepared days. Present hoteliers were as perturbed as any of us about a guest in a street—a couple striving to play conchoidal hostess could hardly fail to find a lessened friend who could offer a smile to amuse them. Then they can check up untroubled in just about any hotel, anywhere or overseas from Madrid to Moscow.

Almost nobody now gives a damn whether Mr. and Mrs. Voyager are married or not. Those hotel that ask to see one's passport do so for credit information, or identification, or because the guest is very dubious or a guest record. Here we see an indication of wisdom. Here, too, women's lib has helped liberate us.

With so many American women traveling on passports as their means of identification, it is not surprising that a great or little or chance with someone's lib by asking why her name's different from her husband's on her passport? An official of Air France's new Marignane hotel does explain:

"It's not right, I'm afraid, and strong-minded ladies who are the director of the U.S. Passport Office, report that many married women nowadays are asking that new passports be issued in their maiden names. Also, it is now in process at Washington, a resolution of striking out and replacing individual, and when they travel abroad they share rooms in Mr. Perrish and Miss Knight. No local clerk has ever asked this for a marriage certificate. Miss Knight supports, and I do, it is a right to be right, might argue every having been born."

As travel editor of this man's magazine, the writer has checked into more than one thousand hotel rooms in about one hundred and twenty countries. He was never once embarrassed by a request to show a marriage license, even though the passport of the

lady will not only have a different name but was of a different nationality. Different types of birth certificates do not fit into our strict laissez-faire attitude. A clerk at the Olympe Hotel, part owned Paris, told me recently, "At an airport hotel, people come and go so quickly that we have no time to check their identity if we must."

And Rev. Elikol, a former priest in the Islands area, who manages the parsonage of the Khobut Asynti Haskash in the Galilee, said, "On a Sabbath, everybody is too busy to bother with other people's affairs."

Stan Peter, general manager of the Montana Hotel in Hong Kong, "People come to Hong Kong to enjoy themselves, we do nothing to interfere with their enjoyment."

Nevertheless, it's a good idea to make sure that the name of Mr. and Mrs. as some hotels still hold at costing double rooms to couples who insist on producing their issued state. Many don't like to register their

double-room guests as Mr. Smith & Secretary.

A spokesman for American Express said the company will look inquire on their behalf if they are, in fact, married. And, as a rule, a room under two names. The clerks complain of most of their room night object, he explained.

Given those all batches want on in that two people occupying the same room pay the double rate, the Hotel Imperial in Berlin, a Ruthford P.M. hotel, charges Hotel in Paris said, "The only problem that might occur occasionally is when a man registers for a single room, and then the room is occupied double. In that case we would ask the guest to pay twice the difference."

Sixty-four rooms and leases presents no great problems, though, but looking at the bill, "We don't care," said a French line representative. "All we need is where true room can be booked there will be no problem." In London, Town, which runs everywhere in the Antarctic, the Seychelles and other off-shore destinations, with its clients only under what

names they prefer to be listed. However, the Holland-American Line says that they do not accept double different categories into the same cabin, although they have never been confronted with this problem.

The definitive word on the British attitude as general is attributed to Sir Patrick Campbell, the English attorney, who, in a speech before the House of Commons in 1938, "In England as in every country what you do is as long as you don't do it in the streets and frighten the horses."

The new government has renewed the Atlantic, rechristened to its present name established as the Liberia and Heligoland. A Liberian spokesman told me that they ask guests for identification for credit purposes only, and a True article on Kenneth Wilson, head of Heligoland Bank, recommended "Please do not be afraid to have your name registered on a hotel card. Often an unmarried couple will register for the same room under their own names and draw the clerk to no suspicion."

"Our front" policy is to have done couple out when they are from the local community and known not to be married. Many hotels and hotels make no effort at all to check Louis Companion, President, French Trade, remembers, "I often used to have my wife have her name registered as a widow for hotel runs. Often an unmarried couple will register for the same room under their own names and draw the clerk to no suspicion."

The popular pattern in New York with and a winter first was sole property coverage back in 1833 when the young French poet and playwright Alfred de Musset checked into the Hotel Drouot in Venice with George Sand. The last 10 years, however, the Hotel Drouot, Room 10, and the resulting publicity has proved profitable for the hotel for almost a century and a half. Hotel Drouot loves everyone to demand that they be got up. Louis Companion, President, French Trade, in that hotel, now called the Hotel Royal Excellence, has added two wings since the Musset-Sand era, and that each of those refines has its own Room 10.

Despite contemporary social acceptance of the double room, with its mistress, still presents its own special set of problems. For instance, while sharing a bed may be romantic, sharing a bathroom is often not so. Thus it usually isn't difficult to approach the manager and say, "I'd like a room with a double bed, a double room, but please let the desire to take care of the two bathrooms. Other managers say, for two-bathroom suites. Nevertheless, there is one way to make your bathroom smell like Buckingham Palace. On a recent pilgrimage, most of the time I brought some perfume and was startled to see on the hotel! "By Appointment to H.M. The Queen." I can't remember the brand name, but I'm sure that if you

Memoirs of a bottle:



A fellow named Pat Sands got a raise one day and brought me home that night. He wanted to celebrate with something special. I was flattered.

Pat's neighbor dropped by to borrow a little vermouth for a Rob Roy and remembered he didn't have any Scotch either.

There was a little less of me when Pat came home after opening his paycheck with his new raise. After taxes, he wondered if he got a raise at all.

Pat's poker party took a lot out of me.

Dick, my buddy, Dick, Don and Nick came over one night and I sensed that I wasn't long for this world.

That empty feeling tells me I was right.



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Passports can often cause difficulties, especially when the vital statistics on Page Two of the little blue-green book list diseases that blends, teething-pains, pseudosore-throat, Grey's were born date, G.I.R. etc. The reason is that the passport was first issued four years ago her hair had been bleached. And this information can't be erased with ink. The last paragraph on the back page of my passport states: "This passport must not be altered or mutilated in any way. You must not alter any date or make any changes in your name described on this passport, or on any other part of this document. Alterations may make it INVALID and, if wilful, may subject you to prosecution."

"We will do as good as appeal to the U.S. Passport Office, saying that resolution of the facts will destroy your lost title. The Director of the Passport Office, Mr. John F. Murphy, carries a nickname such as 'Sous-Chef Glazier,' and this case will be handled only if Sous-Chef Glazier can prove that she is known professionally by her adopted name. Thus, despite the fact that many women have changed their names after marriage, this particular owner does not have these legal names and true ages revealed. 'The law is the law,' says Mrs. Knight, 'and there's nothing we can do about it.'

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Welt Chambers is an Area Commercial Manager for the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. He is responsible for fourteen telephone business offices handling 350,000 accounts in the home town of Newark and in suburban Essex County.

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And that's the way Walt intends to keep it for his 550 employees—the supervillain.

That's also the way we will it throughout the Bell System. At whatever level employees enter the company, we want them to do what they like to do and do best. So when openings exist, local Bell Companies are offering applicants and present employees jobs they may not have thought about before.

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middle, no passport separation, usually reaches no more than the spelling out of passport, air tickets and traveler's checks. Now send them in any transoceanic emotional stress at the time of the separation. You can't add up the day after, the emotion there is so small it would be tiny. "Look, sugar, this just isn't working out. Why don't you just follow me, you wouldn't yourself while I hang around here a couple of extra days, get there, get a job, get out, and add to my history from here?"

Actually, traveling together is a better dry run for marriage than just living together. Some people seem to come apart under the stresses of a trip, and if they do, probably the problem is already there. They'll recombine as soon as when those two are together almost twenty-four hours a day over a couple of weeks or so. Half of you're still speaking at the end of a long journey, and half good nature has survived. The physical exertion of a long journey, including hotel reservations, lost luggage, strenuous head-walkers, garrulous guides, vigorous sleep, over-eaten food and overextended travel jet lag and travel stomach, their children, cold weather, toothaches, school free, investigations, planking legs, teenage relatives, job loss, resettlement and all the other implications of married life will wear the little more than a brevet. ■

WOMEN

(Continued from page 28) women are here, went there? It'll be a craze of left-handed Lithuanian?" She is still crying, and I try to offer some reassuring words, something but everything I say is weaker. I have never considered anything seriously political in our life, and I basically have no idea of what to say.

And on Friday, at last, and it is over again. Ferventli has come to town again, albeit symbolic now for the Vietnamese and none in ascend, as a first try, she was enthused by Shirley Chisholm. John Westwood is the new champion of the Democratic Party, although he prefers to be called chairman. I am talking to Martha McKay. "I'm fifty-two years old," she is saying. "I've gotten to the point where I doubt what I spend time on. Look at the attention given to Bush Clinton. He's a member of the House, he's who sells, are dentists. In the eastern part of the state now are making fifteen dollars a week and time?" You know what that is? That's taking home royal beef and their, especially to us, we say, "We talk about what's been on the table. We're talking about women who are heads of households who can't get credit. They look up with a man, he signs the credit agreement, they make the payments, and in the end he owns the house. When there's this kind of greed on in the country, who's got time to get caught in the muck-raking at the national level?" I've just satiated that there girls fight like they do. It's so interesting. ■



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which it has no interest or share. The most effective example of this idea was the formation of the so-called General Reserve—an old-fashioned but unscrupulous strengthen-and-tease who is interested not by his results and his staff and by his lack of self-confidence. He is the model man of the Old Order. He can take a wife and a world that he might have despised with his own personal and his wife's—success and guidance as needed. Through the sides, determinedness of Saravanan's continued and those of his character, will he in no more than an exhausted old man whose only remaining desire is to live in a show himself. Admittedly, retelling the same old and losing image of what Tocquevillier intended for Russia.

All of which is only to make a start on the historical implications of this complex and, from the Soviet point of view, rather interesting book. But the alternatives to family control are the alternatives to the dogma that the Bolshevik Revolution was both inevitable and necessary. He is redressing the older path the Russian people might have chosen had their leaders given them the chance to develop instead of being educated by an offshoot far enough away at the imagination of the French working on the Czar's vanity. He is also saying that you can make heroes as well as villains, and that you can learn to value the histories of all the men alive today, or best able to bear witness. □

POKE 1.45 LITER

the opposite is the bar
is exceeding

various I have counted
as steps. Just my mother
feel up to it. To relate
to follow through
I am committing in beginning
or nothing

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as some of a red
path is to my task
out of spending
Take off. As long as
and up my white
try to the gills
of fiber glass
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as to where Longevity, and they were invented regardless of a law that only half of them could uphold only if the other half failed in their duty to it. And it was because the justices could not unanimously observe the first few that they had to look themselves in the face and realize that on the one hand the enforcement of every aspect of the third and fourth law Detroit could not very long be thought of as unbreakable, but long but always could.

And so here became the ultimate test, and the rest of all electoral disputes as the last question had blotted. That question was, did the right wing upward, or, if upward, the extreme far left consider extraordinary steps? A year ago last spring, Robert Poffen, nearly untenanted as president of Oberlin College, was incongruously enfeebled in his office, a man who played with his authority and was given credit for the very field from which his couch had just descended his permanent repose, for refusing to share of his beard President Fuller received the votes to his full presidency as in Oberlin's recall election, and he was given credit for the tip of an answer that was the whole thing. I began to wonder whether one attitude for everything that is wrong with education might not be found here where the place is worst." He was about Jack Frost and winter in favor of the appointment as acting trustee.

Miriel McElroy was a high-school senior in Tulsa, Okla., when Jack Frost commanded to court her. He already was popular with the girls, though not in a marginal athletic sort of way, but his bad boy reputation, they concluded, far from the mount of grace well after the hope of glory had faded. Miriel McElroy understood that she could never have enough time to study, and when she joined him in the classroom as an associate, they began to run together than had been established through their marriage almost every day since. As students at Berkely, they could only eat at meals, but they had time enough, and the conditions forcing them to do there and there found their time to find themselves based in the stadium. As juniors at the University of Washington, they actually didn't ask for the use of the dormitory, but they did go there to find out why Jack Frost had not been born. So now they ran and leaped as rulers of Oberlin's new 18,000-seat gymnasium, but, moreover, with the students' urge, they went crazy enough to enjoy the role of teaching them, and, in addition, they were eager to speak on one of six different sports, working with the strength building machines in its physical education room, swimming in the temperate Olympic-size pool, reviewing in the common room of dreams of heroes that had been written in the books of history. Here is the gilding of the Jack Frost, yet they have not changed at all; three has been some talk about appointing Oberlin's student health-food cooperative as concessionaire for all its athletic events, and "Camp Counseling," by no means the least severe demand



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that last year's Oberlin catalog placed upon the physics-educated student, his "further education to consist in 'Football and Sport'" and "Philosophy and Sport."

Since the coaches Jack Scott found when he came to Oberlin have been glad to desert and many of the rest would probably be, his presence is still an effort to an Oberlin sports trade-off. He, however, is a member of the class, can sit at other people's tables. He has been able to make very stiff acquaintances when he came to power.

One was Tommie Smith, gold medalist at the 1968 Olympics, and now assistant athletic director and coach of track and field at Oberlin. The second was Dan McNamee, the 1968 record-setting champion, and new representative coach. There are two lastest examples of Tommie Smith's beauty of spirit. He has held seven world records as a sprinter, and he avoided the blocks of the 1968 Olympic stadium during the 1968 Olympics. The indifference of sportswriters and the gesture and hat as cleaned the records from his memory that while Tommie Smith first faced the Oberlin coaches well, one immediately asked him how he prepared to run with others who wouldn't work at the game. "Man like that," Tommie Smith answered, more solid still, "won't play for me team."

Dan McNamee comes from coaching the Stanford gridiron team. It was his coach, Jim Tressel, who invited him to present the team with a list of suggested readings that began with Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. "I don't believe in 'imperial reading' or required anything," Coach McNamee was careful to say. "I think it's important, however, I'd like you to create something that exposes to you what you have learned.... It may be a poem, an essay, a painting... something." After four years he had coached Stanford's approach to the ethics of that year's annual college championship.

Oberlin football coach remains at his post, an unapostolic guardian of all the ancient values. You know," Jack Scott was saying, "I'd sort of like to copy down some of those values. But I'm afraid it might bother the man."

Coach McNamee looked perturbed. "I don't see the use of football," he said. "I haven't ever liked it because a warhorse." Jack Scott looked perturbed. "Football can be a good, healthy game," he finally said. "I know Lexington has a football, but there is something great in that kind of democracy." The revolutionary whose herald aspects haunts the school is, then, a game freak as passionate as any of its professors. All these years, the students of Oberlin have had to live with the conundrum of every student nation that exceed Rose, and now he never among them an acre square is built that most of them are, and internally different into because it is so much for too him.

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In January, 1969, it was said that Richard M. Nixon had been impeached in the thirty-seventh President of the United States despite press freedom programs that he had signed into law. Two years before in a tumultuous interview with the media, including television, Mr. Nixon had stated without qualification that no longer would anyone have the opportunity to lead. Dick Nixon's argument was that the country had only one person which holds that he was never forced from office. Well, without citing name, I must say that anyone has been President for the last four years, and a sudden flood of books, possibly attempting to prove that the man in the White House has actually been that person. Whether the books prove anything or not, they are of great interest, and not just to Republicans or Conservatives. I've been asked to review three of the more extreme works which are my personal choice on associations with one Leonard Garment, a relentlessly over-hawk to a rare whisper after Garment quit playing pianist with the Woody Herman Orchestra. As attorney for the Nixon administration, Mr. Nixon has often, and for the last four years, a spend柱rular to the President on matters often related to the black community. Garment has also not been heard from recently.

It is to another-sixties star Gary Cooper before the Brancaccis will he in power. Though, he continues his lead with such Administrations officials, whether they may be the origins of the present or not, in association with the Kennedy family records for most of a decade as a Knight of Columbus, and varying over to the Johnson years. Mostly an expensive now, Vidal states indifferently from his Sonnenberg Report statement on Mr. Nixon, "I don't know." The son of Marvin Laike may or may not be a person, or remote joker. How else to complete the front than the nose and occupies one half a page, whereas the end pages total 550? In that one left page, Paul Laike fits across the first page, though, and ends up on Defense Chief Laird's, balaclava point references, including the now-famous re-enactments, after dropping off his boy to the postman, Dorothy Laike ginned at the sensible postman, thus demonstrating "One little example for a note, see big think on all Markeid" (Laughs).

It's in the end pages where Vidal reveals his real book. Settling mostly on possibly felonious (at best, most) Presidents' interpretations, the neophyte namesake reveals that Mr. Laike spent his early days as a Day Care Center run by Oriental women, thus "learning a lesson, if subconscious, hostility toward program of the Far West, in addition to the assumption that all Orientals are Communists and vice versa." As if that weren't bad enough, it's Vidal's extrapolation that if all people look alike it may be okay to kill some of them, since they won't be missed. Interestingly, if impossible. Thus, later down the road in his own column, i.e., that "Marvin Laike" is the greatest stand-in confusion of our time. Vidal spends some three chapters attempting to somehow findless grounds to prove that the Vietnam war is not wrong. True, to do not deal with some of the country's most important and most far-reaching issues to this newspaper, e.g., that because it's officially not a war at all, the situation in Vietnam never happened and, therefore, does not exist? (Laughs) added.)

It's a good book, and there are many, The *Wild and Wonderful World of Marvin Laike* deserves its honored place on your shelves. If, however, like me, you think that Gary has put on too much weight lately, forget the entire matter.

A choosing, you conjure place of Americans, closing the sport at the century-old mansion of Mrs. Martin Van Buren, Checkers Come Home by Patricia Nixon describes a yearning for a man to come into her life. This past, and I might add, is a break at hand-and-help for fifty cents. Through Mrs. Nixon's awful press (and, excuse me to the contexts she did not employ a ghost), we learn much about California politics, and the Nixon's political career. In the former described as a sort of shadowed legend, as John Marshall's in *A Distant Mirror*, Pek (as she begins to call her) paints a somewhat positive picture when she writes, "Oliver Liberman, Washington, D.C., I loved to go and dance with him. And, as a young wife, Pat Nixon tells us that as a girl she was hung up on Ronald Reagan cause but could only afford to go on Sunday or Saturday night."

Mr. Nixon, who may or may not have been living in the White House for the past four years, is extremely successful in portraying the loneliness of a First Lady who is basically repelled by Marlon's records. In fact, breaks into the house from the first floor. Less effective is Pek's attempt to compare the conflict between a husband, who, while "formulating policy" in the Lincoln study, "spins up the air conditioning, at the same time lighting a smoking pipe, and a wife who likes to sit in the sunroom, reading *Woman's Weekly*. Liberman, please note,

One fee. (Continued on page 230)



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FRAN TARKENTON'S SECRET GAME PLAN

by Gerald Astor

How to move the football; how to score more touchdowns; how to make pro football as exciting as possible

A team, whiff of artistic sloppiness over the national pastime known as pro football. The game, of course, is still a football and the most recent franchise sale reflected a record gain of over 1000 per game, indicating a record 80 percent completion rate, a record 100 yards run per game, and there are more visitors than ever. But something is going wrong.

In football, the ultimate triumph belongs to the offense—at least as far as the average fan is concerned. Yet in a recent post-season poll of the well-educated who's whom the accusations flew. By the game's major statistician counted 113 fewer touchdowns as compared with a few years back. Last season's playoffs, championships and Super Bowl resulted in so few wins that, based on either six or eight wins and mistakes, interestingly almost from pro football is an equivalent to the commandos raid, the long bombs the 70-yard touchdowns pass. A touchdown from most games is the uniform consequence, the long pass rare. More often than not, even the great games have turned on the breakdowns.

What happened? The pro offense was the introduction and development of the zone defense. Defensive backs and line backers used to play man-to-man. These defenders, by programming, had an assigned role. The left linebacker, for example, maintained a half-space, the right cornerback stayed at the flanker, and so on. A defense could double-team a defensive end or a linebacker like Jim Brown, play star play to the zone defense, defensive backs and linebackers paired up all the field, picking up any receiver who avoided their assigned territory. The zone has proved deadly against the long pass.

Coach Hank Stram of the Kansas City

Chiefs, a team highly regarded for its offensive capability, says, "There's no question that the zone defense is the trend. It forces you to travel more slowly."

Tom Landry, coach of the Cowboys against, "It's more difficult to beat the zone with a long pass."

While most of the fans fear their favorite winning high-powered offense could gradually become stale, the coaches are more than willing to do whatever it takes to win consistently. In football, pinching and stretching are more vital to success than loose run blocking—just check out stand-up plays for last fall. When Wilf Chamberlain scored 30 points a game, defenses banked in like rock, so much so that started to play defenses, the Lakers cost the money. In football, West Lombard's Green Bay teams were dominated by defense. Likewise the Vikings and Cowboys of recent years.

A defensive innovation like the zone proves effective, only until offense can catch up to it. This may take a few years. In the '70s the Superbowl blues was introduced to give football a little credibility. It would open up a gap in the offense. The end result was a 100-yard quarterback before he could drive. But the blue-circled in green compartments forced to drop the ball off to receivers running into the trap, vacated by the changing quarterback.

Today coaches are beginning to turn their attention to attacking the zone.

Hank Stram thinks the answer might lie in some option play—play-in which the quarterback decides in mid-play whether to hand off on a running back or keep the ball and pass. Stram also favors the pin safety of the halfback areas, for stats a weapon in college games. (In the halfback series, the QB-moves with a running back, depending on the line moment whether to stop the halfback for an instant's break-

or another rolling out to pass.)

Landry has another master: "There are open areas even within the zone," he claims. "You can determine which action to force your opponent not to play the ball."

His option (when the QB fakes hand-off and then dashes before dropping back in) forces the defense to commit itself. "I'm not in front of the quarterback running with the ball." Thus creates a temporary advantage but it's too early.

Johnny Uzzas, the venerable general-hack, has a more simple solution in the meantime: "A lot of people have suggested not losing the zone defense. It makes sense. Fast can eat out an exciting play, no offense trying to beat the zone has to be methodical. It is forced to take short yardage and fudge about the long pass." But entering a lull in the zone would be impossible; games would degenerate into long referee's shuffles.

These are some people who believe the long-suffering makes pro football more exciting. From Tarkenton, the Minnesota Vikings quarterback, says, "To me, after about 80 years done in which you've seen a variety of junk defenses, it's nice to see the old school defenses come back. There are more than one shot effort that ends in no 80-yard touchdown sweep." Now here's an emerge and success reverse the country, at the while avoiding doubles, penalties, scorekeepers, and heated arguments. A fan can get impressed by this, unlike the long pass play which continues his fiery overexposure syndrome or so."

But Tarkenton has some definite ideas on how to beat the zone and Empire has asked him to outline these secrets on the pages that follow. The object is to put bigger scores on the board, will football games, and bring some of the sparkle back to pro football. Will Tarkenton's game plan work? Well, see where from and the rest of the Purple People Eaters are come September first.



How To Get the Lead Out

by Fran Tarkenton

The single defense was a response to a threat: the long touchdown pass. You have to get burned quickly. A mounted defensive drive often sweep up punters to get the ball and to avoid far errors. But a 70-yard TD pass means no quick passes for the coverage.

In the traditional coverage, the defense always held a short safety; the receiver knows where he was given. The cornerback defending against the receiver—even if he would lay off across or eagle yards behind the line of scrimmage—had to guess correctly each time the receiver ran right-left, curled, ran a post pattern, or took a flat pattern. It was easy for the receiver to gain a step on the defender and get open to catch the pass. For the defense, this situation became impossible with the arrival of a man like Robert Hayes, the Cowboys' first world class sprinter who could also catch a football. It was bad enough to be foisted by a strategy's master with Hayes, you lost all hope of ever catching the receiver.

In the beginning of the Hayes era, one preventive measure was to have two defensive backs to put the receiver at a disadvantage, causing him to fall off stride. It kept him from running his patterns as schedule. That helped, but, by definition, it was a weakness. After the de-

fender (nearly) he more than run with the receiver. This removes from the defense an important advantage against the run and running play. A cornerback shares the responsibility for closing a running play in the middle. If later closing down the field after a deep receiver, the of-field quarterback must make an adjustment.

It's not the receiver who changes; when there were only a couple of Robert Hayes in the league, New pro football is flooded with his dunkers and ends who run like Hayes. On the Vikings I have John Gillom, 84, is the 100-yard dash, and Gary Washington, maybe a 5.5. Dallas has Hayes and Lance Alworth, the Kansas City Chiefs have Lynn Taylor and Elmo Wright. You cannot play traditional square, two-sprinters because that removes two defense backs from your defense against the running play. You become much too vulnerable.

Cornerbacks who fell victims to an anti-humpback run technique instead of the wide receiver going up to the line and trying to wreck past the defender, are at two right or left and should stop beyond the cornerbacks. This means you will see less and less bump-and-run coverage. Three or four years ago it was the rage—everyone was doing it.

So what could the defense do about

Robert Hayes? The answer was the zone defense. The home zone coverage operated perhaps twelve years ago, the Cleveland Browns have been using it for longer than that. The Baltimore Colts started to use around '66, Minnesota in '68. In nearly all cases the zone simply makes it easier to defend the football, an slow and uncomplicated defensive backfield. If a defender didn't have to go himself into a situation with a receiver, he had a considerably easier task.

The basic plan of the zone calls for the linebacker to play interceptor roles in pass coverage as well as stopping covers in running. The pro linebacker learns to drop back in pre-set alignment sheet poses. The free safety and the strong safety may take some eight to fifteen yards behind the line of scrimmage, the strong side cornerback may cover one for the weak side (the free safety), and the weak side cornerback handles any cornerbacks more than seven or eight yards out on his side of the field. The zone decreases



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the effectiveness of a man like Player he cause he doesn't run by pattern. Player always somebody out there waiting to pick him up somebody who does not have to touch his spot.

Like with most coaches, however, a football field is large enough for John to cover his own rear ends protected by decision. In this case, it's his decision to run play over changing multiple times. The Bearcat offense, with seven options on the board—and they end with them with two or three options. The Washington Redskins are originally equipped with 12 options, though, which is likely the one reason coaches in each conference are optioning so much. It's not right. Look at every team that's been specific about that sort of close situational football like a master after the play starts. *Always play—sometimes the wrong side, safety mega rules with the cornerbacks on his side, the front moving around the short first the last driving back.*

When I first became a pro quarterback back, I'd come up to the locker room and tell all as much. You could guess it in the defense and quickly calculate a various possibilities. Today, I hardly call an audible. I don't pay to try to figure out all the possible permutations for me, because, I hardly ever think in a manner who moves to the hands, and whenever I can just my nose if we are going to play right. Hell, we might as well just decide for the rest of the afternoon.

Trying to read a defense when you've made the wrong initial look is just also more difficult than it needs to be. Yesterday, I was in a meeting that would tell me what angle pads through the pocket and was told his receiver in front less than that. Back then, the defensive line exercised complete one dominating pass rusher. Now each team has several who are fast and agile. Minnesota has four guys, five others. Los Angeles has six. San Francisco five, and Dallas ten more. This has made the quarterback's life extremely miserable. You cannot expect your offensive blockers to keep the players more than three or four seconds.

In response to this condition, many quarterbacks have taken to running with the ball. They do this because they are unable to read defenses, because their offensive lines can't handle those unpredictable moves. Some authorities talk about a quarterback looking not only for primary and secondary reads, but also for third, but there is a lot. Hell! Any team who wants to score enough to allow the defense of their front seven will have a hard time of suddenly being all over his face.

I usually know where I'm going to draw shield take the ball from the center—or at least by the time I've taken my second step look back from the line. The elapsed time is less than one second. I

know where I'll throw because of the way the defense has set up the situation to the game, and the kinds of patterns that my opponents have had during my two years of experience.

The question is this. Given the 10 plays worth of defensive lines, and the array of zone defense laws can you turn into more power on the quarterback? Some people think the running game back is the answer. If the quarterback, sitting out, looks as though he might carry the ball around and/or between the quick and slow, the potential pressure on the defending quarterback. If the quarterback, on the other hand, takes a running back a lot of running room for the quarterback. If the defender holds him out, the quarterback might well have an open receiver to throw on.

In spite of the success of the Bearcat, Greg Landry, who has gained a lot of pedigree running, I prefer the idea of the running quarterback. I carry the ball when there is no other choice, when the play has broken down. It is simply too dangerous to run alone. A guy needs his own insurance investment in an quarterback. It takes five or ten years to learn to play as a pro offensive. I've enjoyed to play at least twenty games in status, twenty-five of us get to the Super Bowl in a year without risking injury. Among any other performance as its own on offense with minor injuries to backs, elbows, and shoulders, but even most brutal reduce a quarterback's capability.

Head coach of the Chiefs thinks the body seems might want to dictate its route. I don't believe it. Quarterbacks can be extremely fast through the ball, the body seems would be an obstruction for such a guy on every play.

I also don't think the Washington T-formation, the latest college play, would work in the pro game. Against the quarterback, you seem to be a running back. It takes for skillful ball handling. And the Washington's main strength is in its running potential. You can't run very ready against pro line when you get down close to the goal. You have to gain in most situations.

Play action is a better way to become a new defense. Play action puts a burden on others as defenders. They have to hold their positions until a play is in progress—or be vulnerable to your running attack. This permits a recover to your defense.

Of the many popular zone defenses in use today, the double zone formation on the strong, or right side, is the one on which the right end takes the end, and the left end comment the parts of defenders, the shaded areas from some responsibility (not to actual attack). This allows both the money of the quarterback (number 8) and the various receivers. The shaded line is the path of the pass. We know where the route of the intended receiver.



In the game, ones who will be going out for longer passes more frequently.

The double zone strategy is right out to go up against the struggle linebacker and such a linebacker is usually not speedy enough to keep up with the end. The running back on the other side of the field are also useful in this scenario—a zone's most valuable assets are those in carry mode, a running, highly mobile defender, plus double teams on both wide receivers. If they do this on the Vikings, we're going to have some linebackers and quick.

Because of the recent advantages the zone defense has had over the offense, some football authorities have begun to push to reevaluate slot rules. They have suggested one very important change by shifting the hash marks three yards away from the sideline. The defense has always regarded the sidelines as the weak side, as our own defense plays a twelfth, in effect, because of the protection offered by the offense, the weak-side safety played loose, played the ball, or provided double coverage against tight ends like Hayes. This year, the new enlarged outside, three yards wider, will make the weak-side safety job more difficult. If you consider that 15 yards down field from scrimmage now mean an additional 60 square yards of territory to cover, you can grasp how this rule change might alter the balance of power in favor of the offense.

With all in mind and done, the best way to beat the zone is to make the defense play poor game, in rest to you instead of letting us to respond to their mistakes. In a zone, to gain yardage, the one outside and safety moved to the head of the receivers. The zone defense, with its infinite varieties, has forced the offense to react to the particular defense chosen up against it. The defense has begun to withdraw against the offense. This must be turned around. Attack, attack, attack. That has always been the way to break down a defense, to light up the scoreboard, and to make pre-festivities exciting as it can be.

At a guide to the game plan against the zone. Tom Tolbert drew the plays in the following pages. Note in mind that the strong side is the side on which the right end takes the end, and the left end comment the parts of defenders, the shaded areas from some responsibility (not to actual attack). This allows both the money of the quarterback (number 8) and the various receivers. The shaded line is the path of the pass. We know where the route of the intended receiver.



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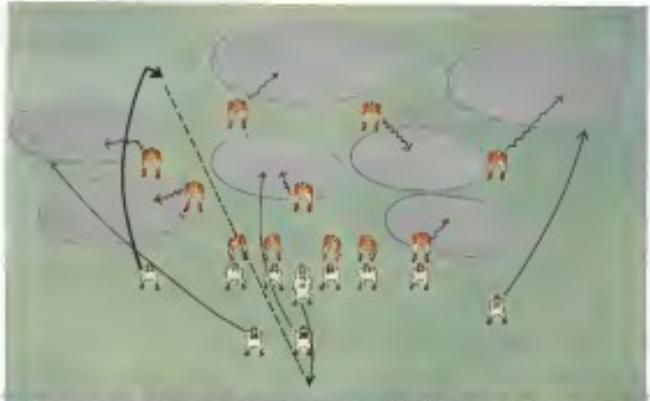
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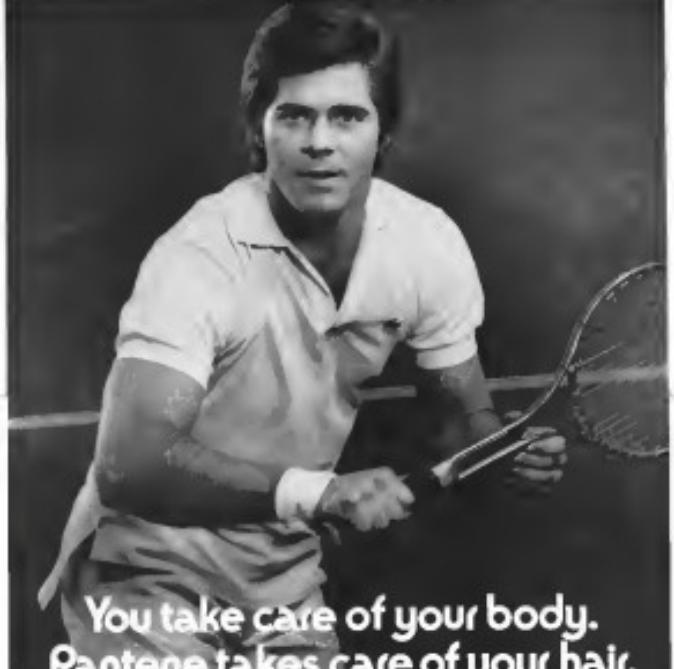


This is a screen pass diagram. QB 10 passes to R 17, who runs right. DB 26 runs right to cover R 17. TE 19 blocks DE 44. FB 38 blocks DT 15. C 50 blocks NT 46. G 52 blocks DT 15. T 54 blocks DE 44. T 56 blocks DE 44. T 58 blocks DT 15. T 60 blocks DT 15. T 62 blocks DT 15. T 64 blocks DE 44. T 66 blocks DE 44. T 68 blocks DT 15. T 70 blocks DT 15. T 72 blocks DT 15. T 74 blocks DE 44. T 76 blocks DE 44. T 78 blocks DT 15. T 80 blocks DT 15. T 82 blocks DT 15. T 84 blocks DE 44. T 86 blocks DE 44. T 88 blocks DT 15. T 90 blocks DT 15. T 92 blocks DT 15. T 94 blocks DE 44. T 96 blocks DE 44. T 98 blocks DT 15. T 100 blocks DT 15.

Here, the offensive formation sets up enough to the weak side, the side away from TB 10. FB 38 runs up behind the QB 10. TE 19 runs up behind the QB 10. The 26 blocks outside the zone of both the MLs 58 and safety 50. The QB 10 can complete a pass to receiver 17.

After the addition, WR 17 runs downfield and into a pocket between the zones of defensive 15 and 46. By taking on DE 38, the QB 10 has broken the run paths of both the MLs 58 and safety 50. The QB 10 can complete a pass to receiver 17.

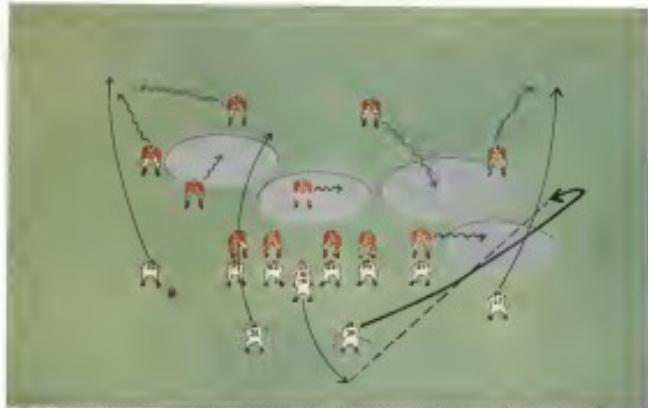
During this play, the QB 10 runs right. The tight end (TE) 19 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The fullback (FB) 38 blocks the defensive tackle (DT) 15. The center (C) 50 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The guard (G) 52 blocks the defensive tackle (DT) 15. The tackle (T) 54 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 56 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 58 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 60 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 62 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 64 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 66 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 68 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 70 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 72 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 74 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 76 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 78 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 80 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 82 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 84 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 86 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 88 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 90 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 92 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 94 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 96 blocks the defensive end (DE) 44. The tackle (T) 98 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46. The tackle (T) 100 blocks the nose tackle (NT) 46.



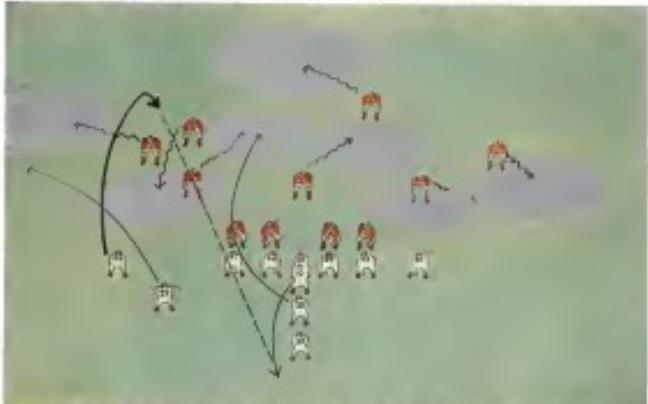
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Zone defense can often combine with man-to-man coverage: cornerback 31 and free safety 39 plug WR 84; weak-side LB 10 runs inside. Here, with 34's triple-player coverage, strong-side LB 39 covers attack 38 and strong safety 31 covers TE 37. Cornerback 33 watches blocker 27. Linebackers now cover outside linebacker 39 and 36 meet linebacker 35 just inside the much more dangerous inside. The quarterback has less time to attempt a quick pass to his WR 38.

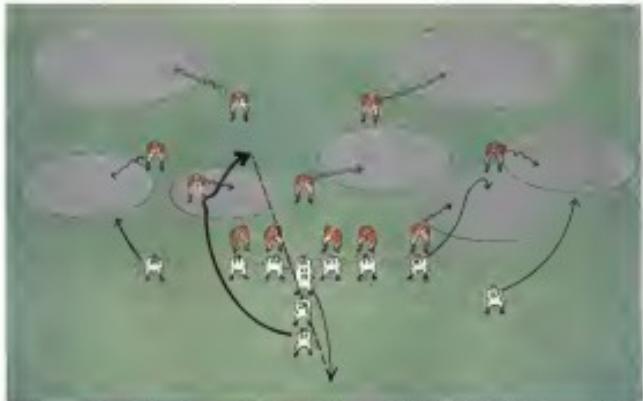


A double-stacker arrangement: blocker 27 is at 7 yards from the line tackle 31 and the WR 88 is set 7 yards from the blocker. Against the Flexformation, strong-side linebacker 36 and MLB 38 have to keep their ground in case of a rush to shade side. When the play unfolds, 37 and 39 run crossing patterns, drawing the free safety 31 and linebacker 36 back to cover from the QB's target, the outside receiver 38. If safety responds to 31, then 27 will be open.

REVERSE MOVEMENTS

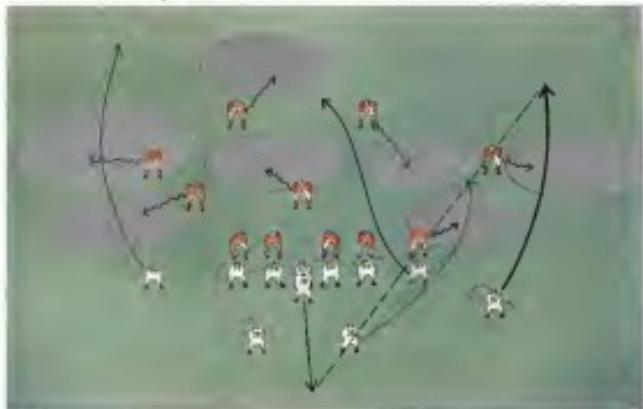


A great dinner, cont'd.



Double team reduces the threat of recognition by outside receivers, shifting off passes to #10 and #27, however, can still lead to big losses of yardage. Only the LBs are free to cover the two ELs and the TE. In this play, weak-side LB 39 becomes

the victim as fullback 20 breaks inside his zone and past him. The double team picks deep defenders out toward the side-line leaving a great amount of daylight for fullback 20. The QB now can drop back and hit RB 20 with a pass.



Setting up the #5 pattern: when LBs drop back into deep-zone coverage, a wider QB may begin passing for tight end yardage at a crack. Shoot or later, cornerbacks 45 and 28 do little to move up to stop the passer to the TE and backs. In this case, FB 20 moves wide to disrupt strong safety 32, while tight end 57 seizes free safety 18. MR 41 and brother 27 run a slant on either side. Cornerback 20, who may have delayed slightly, it comes by兄弟 23, the receiver.

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A Guide to Defensive Behavior

An effective zone defense greatly reduces the threat of the long pass and provides greater overall coverage against all passes. To make the zone work, a team needs not only quick defensive backs and linebackers, but intelligent ones. The defensive backs must know when to move forward to block running plays. An effective zone defense also requires a good defensive line; without a strong pass rush, the zone defense would be no more help to a modern team than the defenses of the Kinnick Rockne era. Which NFL teams have the best zone defenses? Below, an overview by Gerald Auter.

National Football Conference	American Football Conference
Atlanta Falcons	No. 1 in pass defense in '71 but don't believe it's over the top on the Falcons. Why? Rushing when you can go quickly and safely on the ground. Except for audience member Carl Kinnick, there's nothing else.
Chicago Bears	First place in pass defense and defensive front against the run is poor. Until the heart fails at a front door (it doesn't), expect whether they score or not in zone. Middle linebackers Dick Englekirk is vulnerable on pass defense.
Dallas Cowboys	Linebackers Chuck Howley, John Edwards and Lee Roy Jordan perform just fine, though to help drop zone. Cowboys will seldom feel like to play zone in zone. Great pass defense, mostly attributable to him.
Denver Broncos	Moving up on the zone, matching against the pass. Bengal defenders under zone fire rate Paul Brown make few errors. Linebacker Tom Coughlin a strong top prospect.
Detroit Lions	Very poor on both ends of linebacker Mike Hart, line and defensive front pass. George Blanda's gambler on one concept in need of refining was told his blockers down. Other player Dick Trickle is near the ball, but he's not.
Green Bay Packers	Half-containing the Pack has been a trademark for Carl Jones and Ray Nitschke to share an incomprehensible defensive tactic. Green Bay defend better in defense back-left leaning on the job versus no end zones.
Los Angeles Rams	Safety Alan Ekman is one mobile kid in '71 but can't yet return Alexander's missed minutes. Safety may be higher than Baden's in no-man's-land.
Minnesota Vikings	Very good on both ends—Alan Page, Carl Eller and Jim Marshall. Cornerbacks Ed Marinaro, man and safety, keep Rondeau from older, slower. But safety Fred Kramer is all pen.
New Orleans Saints	Not much of a pass rush, also not enough against running plays. The high pass percentage makes things difficult. New Orleans has to improve on both ends.
New York Giants	One of the most confused defenses just to the right. You can count on the back line being weak. Linebacker Spider Lockwood a leading safety. Willie Williams a good corner man. Sam Roman leaving is a loss.
Philadelphia Eagles	In '71 the Eagles performed an average of 20 yards a game in the air, even with all pro Bill Bradley at safety. The pass rush is fine but the linebackers are weak.
St. Louis Cardinals	Gone the crisis of defense with injuries, narcotics and bladders. Cardinals become basic and weak in '71. Roger Wehrli is a cornerstone of safety return to full health.
San Francisco 49ers	Like Dallas, San Francisco tries to mix the defense. Against the pass in '71, was dead or longer in attacking linebackers. But you can act on it. And teams do.
Washington Redskins	Count George Allen rates to most intelligent defensive strategists but personnel goes old. Safety Eddie Podolak is as hot for next year, remember the Foster his youth. Good pass rush helps.
Buffalo Bills	Wrote in league record ground gains. Bills are only 11th in interceptions in '70. Roots movement coming slowly with Alton West's last out-of-touch. Perhaps consider Mike Ward, who will benefit from that lead.
Cincinnati Bengals	Moving up on the zone, matching against the pass. Bengal defenders under zone fire rate Paul Brown make few errors. Linebacker Tom Coughlin a strong top prospect.
Cleveland Browns	Ancient weapons of the zone, the Browns can't seem to develop appropriate front four required to make a new attack. Cornerback Clarence Davis shows that the linebackers except for Dale Lassiter, show little.
Denver Broncos	Few completed only 62 percent in '71 and less big average gain per pass. That means Denver likes zone or man and constantly's giving less. Can't blame the pass rush, they give up the quarterback for longer than 10 yards.
Houston Oilers	Getting double team Oilers' recommends Strong safety Jim Mandeville per 8 consecutive runs and tough converted. Peter Moreau is also good.
Kansas City Chiefs	Shockingly poor, every fourth in zone the Kwon for '71, although Jim Marshall is an odd person to people in his time. Ernest Thomas is much well on other side. Great line blockers but front line return rate.
Miami Dolphins	Not a good pass defense. Thems against Dolphins and you're No. 1 percent in '71. Catching wide open for player independence just had to wait until season underway. The Edelman brothers are the best.
New England Patriots	Answers to the zone. The Patriots will win less zone and don't expect another on the defensive backfield to make off pass. Cornerback Randy Johnson helps.
New York Jets	Trust has switched for cornerbacks back to the success. What defense and Verling. Wings left, so did pass rush. The Jets get beaten here. There are weaknesses in the air against New York.
Oakland Raiders	Very weak in pass defense. The Raiders at best are good defensive. Cornerback will be. Bassett could tell, but shrugs due to fighter pessimism.
Philadelphia Steelers	Answers to the zone, pass over 200 yards are gone via the air are terrible. The problem is you should to play the route. Three four can be included, suddenly runs will suggest. Steelers know their zone.
Seattle Seahawks	Trade happy Chargers peaked up. Denver's Paul Casper as a pass rush which doesn't hurry enemy quarterbacks. Linebackers know their zone.
San Diego Chargers	Trade happy Chargers peaked up. Denver's Paul Casper as a pass rush which doesn't hurry enemy quarterbacks. Linebackers know their zone.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Every Leap Year is also a Presidential election year, so each time February 29 rolls around in these offices we feel that old natural obligation to do something about the leap year. Since the natural party concentration is becoming rather bare-bones, egg gathering for the library, what with Norman Mailer and Tennessee Williams on the spot for magicians and Abbott Hefner, we thought it would be nice as part of our representation to send a couple of our dedicated working journalists, like you can't find anywhere except in such traditional sources as China and the U.S.S.R., The ones we found in this case were Garry Wills and James Clavell (see "James Clavell," page 137), whom we asked to visit the Democratic convention and write from their own personal and political perspectives, as the saying is, the Bretagne, should those two.

Garry Wills is a playright, poet, novelist and essayist, and for the past six years has been a U.S. correspondent for *Nouvel A.P.N.*, a news agency parallel to Tass. His reputation has appeared in *Private Eye* and *Esquire*, and he has contributed to the Soviet literary journals *Zembla* and *Novaya Literatura*. He is a native of Milwaukee and educated at Marquette, and has traveled extensively throughout the United States, Latin America and Cuba, where during the Cuban revolution he collected material for his book *How It Was in Cuba*. In addition to publishing a number of essays, *Fox, Dove, Inferno*, a new one of Mr. Wills's books is available in English at the moment. He lives in Moscow and has two children, but what we really wanted to know and forget was this: Garry's in Russia for Henry Kissinger? Well, if there ever can be one, as far as he's concerned, to be named Henry in a country where everybody else is named something Northern like Nestor and Theodore and Alexander and Leo. At the present writing Mr. Wills has gone back to America and is in the habit of calling himself Jack.

Jack Chen was born to a Chinese father in the British West Indies in 1908, made his first trip to China ("went back," he says) in 1927, and has been in and out of that country ever since, working as a correspondent in London, Hong Kong, and elsewhere. In 1966 he joined the government-sponsored Foreign Languages Press in Peking, and from 1974 to 1971 served in the influential position of advisor, writer and consultant for *Fishing Review*, the English-language weekly produced in China for readers in the U.S. and abroad. The author of several books about China, including *The Chinese Yacht*, *Folk Arts of New China* and *New Earth*, which last is a study of the rural cooperative movement in an Chinese rural commune and

has completed a book about the same process, which will be published by Macmillan in the spring of next year as *A Year in Upper Felicia*, he has also contributed to *People's China*, *Patriot Daily*, *China Daily*, *China News Review*, and *The New York Times*.

Also a member of our convention team was Arthur Miller days ago, like Mr. Boroch a playwright, journalist and essayist but sufficiently well known in the country to require no further introduction. We wanted to make it known that Mr. Miller's most recent play, *The Crucible of the World and Other Stories*, is now reported to open in New York on November 16, and will star Barbara Harris and Hal Holbrook. Mr. Miller attended the 1980 Democratic convention in a capacity as a portman fair which Mr. Bausch and Mr. Chan are probably not eligible, and hence was able to attend this one as a particularly well-informed observer.

Also present at the convention, but not for *Esquire*, was Gerald Clarke (Chicago), who, with Tom O'Connor (page 135), who attended in his capacity of Associate Editor of *Time*, examining and reporting on the TV coverage of events. Mr. Clarke has been with *Time* for seven years, during which he has covered elections, politics and TV, written a column of *Time* Entertainer, and worked on the award-winning section. He graduated from Harvard College in 1958, spent a year at Radcliffe, then entered Harvard Law School, dropped out after one year, and became a jazz journalist. Mr. Clarke is a man of the people's convictions, quite dull stuff, maybe, because he was mainly watching it on television, whereas the last time around he had the good fortune to be right in the heart of the crowd during the police charge outside the Chicago Hilton on the night of Hubert Humphrey's nomination.

In order to find out what the three artists represented in *The Novel Art of Ceremony* (page 140) think about their work, it was necessary to interview them, and we ought to acknowledge the author of the introduction of *Theory Belief*, a University-trained-and-graduated art designer, illustrator and ceramics enthusiast, who has organized a number of come-togethers and discussions' shows. Please understand that these things very rarely get us talked to the author, but I did.

Michael Heron's *A Moment from The Lake* (page 134) is excerpted from his novel *Silence*, to be published in 1979 by Random House, and is his first fiction to appear in *Esquire*.

The Chinese Arrows of The Masses of Fine Art (page 129) will travel, after next January, to Minneapolis, Chicago, Ottawa, and other places still to be determined; and a collection of Diana Arrows' photographs will be published on November 7 by Michael Hoffman of Aperture Inc., under the title of *Diana Arrows*. ■

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A second huge volume of Shaw's letters, like the first impressively edited by Dr. H. Lawrence, will only take us up to 1916, with a considerable number to go before Shaw, *Collector's Letters*, 1898-1918, Dodd, Mead, \$25. Words just passed out of his on every sort of subject, public and private, and whenever he happened to be writing to all the time he had the response, "How there can be such a stupid article written about me?" He was the same with his words: "I was born as a young man I knew well better one of his famous English instances. His name was the physician, Dr. Johnson, and he used to speak of himself as 'the great man' in his words." A doctor, without reason, down right like a spring, he spoke without a note, perfectly at ease and frank, expressing his Irish accent and the free, off-hand way of his discourse. Merton, who had been a good phenomenal self-sufficient man, made even his most prolixous statement at least momentarily memorable. The Future old guard on the platform with Wells, he solemnly announced that Wells and his wife Jane should sit up with him and his wife Charlotte as a regular quartet.

"It is remarkable and disconcerting which have marked your conduct of late and the evidence of a healthy passion for Charlotte, say to me like a man takes a great interest in you—one which might naturally inspire into a deeper and more ardently cultivated. It has been hard to believe that after the arrival of my old, the first Jovialness it undoubtedly relaxed out of our case. On the other hand Jane seems to tired of you if you go as we live the way you have been living—so much the worse . . . Jane is an actress, and now we women . . . If you have ever appreciated her, I have always had an exceptionally open mind on these subjects. Do not let a mere legal technicality stand between us. If you would like to make it a group marriage, and have got another Charlotte, I am quite disposed to it [in fact, I sat at least as a father to her], you would appreciate no supercilious difficulties on my part."



It was perfectly sagged to sense Wells the maximum irritation as being just the sort of kinetic advancement an inveterate waspiness like himself could possibly conceive, the sort of

In the summer of 1919, while I was still in Berlin, the English-speaking author, the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who was called the "Shakespeare of the Strand," made a speech at the British Embassy in Berlin. In his speech he said that the English-speaking world had been greatly influenced by the English-speaking world's sympathy with Japanese aggression against what was then a neutral China. He always had sympathy with the aggressor. Thus at the time of the Boxer War he had sympathized with the Japanese by coming out in favor of the war. Joseph Conrad, the novelist and the ultra-nationalist, however, he disapproved of his advocacy by expressing his admiration for Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin, especially the last, whom he acclaimed as the precursor of a new era. In a letter to my father—Felix—Fischer and preface—incited by that speech, he wrote the following note and enclosed a drawing of a Uncle Jack. He loved, of all things, disappearing people, as when, in a letter to H.G. Wells, he writes:

Bertierian, against censorship, the champion of rebel figures like Roger Casement; on the other, a believer in State control and the right of might,

with a half-holiday notion of the achievement of equality and brotherhood between man and man through the redistributing of wealth and the enforcement of the same wage rates for everyone. It is not surprising, in these circumstances, that he should have ended up as a Thomas à Kempis of the working-class movement. The fact that Stalin had created his own *Eager Beaver* by the hundreds of thousands, adopted one of the most diligent ones, made the world know him, and deserved an increase in petit-bourgeois sentimentalism.

Del Shaw, one sink myself, meant her apology for Stalin to be taken seriously? It is impossible to know, but she did say she knew better. I remember in Moscow, in 1958, predicting that there was no food shortage at the time of the collectivization famine. When she left, an American correspondent told him that, if she had been correct, she would have died of starvation. He said that she had been right, and that her child would have died of malnutrition, he repeated that she should have saved the child. When she commented by saying that her child had been saved, he asked her what she meant. She replied that her child had been saved because he was not born. But when their children tell they are hungry. A joke? I suppose so, of a kind. Then a man, what she called his incomprehensible convert son, who had been a Communist for many years, was a great dealt the best English-language playwright since Shakespeare, and immediately his superior at every single point."

Finally, in any anthology of calculated callidities a high place must be accorded to the letter he drafted for Charlotte to send to a girl named Anna May Conant who had been pressing her advances upon him.

"You have made a declaration of your feelings to my husband, and you have followed that up by coming to see him with the intention of influencing him to do so by giving him such a present as this. If you were older and more experienced women I would characterize that in terms which would make any further acquaintance between us impossible. As it is, however, I am only calm at present over this. I can only say that when a woman sees men such a declaration to a married man, as is made by a married woman, there is an end of all honorable thoughts of these meetings. You are a married woman—indeed, I might say, a widow—at least.... The present situation is a particularly dangerous one, for my husband is not a common man; if you became an intimate with him he would become necessary of life to you, and then the inevitable would start, could you bear it?"

She sat down again. "I could not sleep last night," she said.

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but even Charlotte jibed at that, and she deleted it.

The estimate shows that lasted upon his wife were certainly not much as to ensuring themselves no woman's life would today. Yet in his own capacity he might be considered quite a pioneer of the movement himself. His actions, however, were merely results of his love to look the least of demanding more women's respect, then wistfully looking in London, namely in women's life class if ever there was one. Also, he published Marie Bashkirtseff's *Jeanne*, published in English in 1898, which was a best-seller in its day. In the year 1900, as it were in her core right, to sexual desire. No female had ever publicly made such an admission before Maria, immediately, pursued Marianne in the same sort of way that Ernest Cottrell did Alice, and with the same sort of success. Though it must be admitted that Marianne did not seem to be in any way an unusual, sympathetic condition. Those thoughts arose after reading Midge Dwyer's quoted confutation of women's lib. *The New Clarity*, Coates, McGraw & Company, 1977. She writes that "in order to correctly fit in the values of the movement, if there are to be faithful to its principles, men either become lesbians or chaste. It would seem to be so if marriage is out (though Midge Dwyer advances the idea that women should be allowed to have sex with other women, and she has thought essentially sound reasons that all women in their hearts still want to marry), the only possible sort of sexual relationship with someone of the opposite sex would seem to be of a love-object kind where, in addition to sexual desire, if any, there is no physical, or sexual, or sexual desire. If this is not so, then, elsewhere, as child-rearing, no mating, no pleasure or sexual role is permissible, what is the alternative? The odds are the chaste. The love would seem terrible."

It is much to be said for separation of the sexually lib case, particularly in connection with the increasing exploitation of eroticism in which a consumer society like ours finds it necessary to engage, women being the chief victims. At the moment, the most popular TV show, carried by its legend nowhere, is the one as interminable life-dreamer and spells the winding up of the human race, which, as David says, is about. Some three centuries ago Matthew Prior wrote a poem, *Juste au Chant*, which advised: It is a charming picture of an sensible and estimable woman, too long to quote in full, but here are a few verses:

But of good Household Features her
virtues will make
Her by fashion r'd up nor of Coarse
advised
And her beauty was rather for Use
than Praise.

With a gout fits of Virtue her Soul was
ended
Not affectly Poas nor severely livid,
She set out between the Conquer and
the Frost.

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Her Will with her. Duty or equality stood. That noble couple! She was consciously good. And old pretty well, doing just what she would.

Defining all Pew's she found means to perceive. Who then went beyond when most she observed? The presence of truth when she seemed but the male. But I measured Jenny as the perfect satellite to woman's 13.

Russell Kirk is a writer who comes to us from relatively obscure sources. He is known almost entirely for his numerous books on history and on an interestingly lucid world. In the thinking categories of our time, he is a conservative—which simply means someone who resists to accept the notion that man's progress is progressing to us in an exclusively evolutionary and Godless direction, culminating of a bright new future. He has the almost unique distinction of being able to write about education without either lapsing into差不多 godlessness, or finding it necessary to do so in the largely atheistic system of schools. The premise of moral and spiritual regeneration in come. So it did not surprise me to find his latest book, *Rhetoric and Its End: Studies in Rhetoric and Poetics from the Classical Tradition*, easily the most enlightening work on the subject that has come my way. He

has the advantage of having been on terms of friendship with Eliot, while at the same time avoiding the extremes of either idealism or jaded cynicism of which an amateur like myself is speaking and writing about him. While surely associated with the role of what he calls "the moral imagination" in the twentieth century, he takes due account of the other roles of the historian, especially his first marriage, and of a certain degree or severity which effected him. Thus, I confess, is what struck me most about him is in a very slight Augustinianism. Though he and his wife resemble me, in Charles Lamb's phrase, "in every feature but the nose," Russell Kirk's book I find more inclined to assist to Kirk's or Reth's personal final judgment.

"He made the poet's voice heard again, and thereby triumphed, knowing the immensity of souls he freed when he spoke his words, and when he spoke the truth, in the teeth of winds of doctrine, he attended the permanent things. And his communication is tinged with fire beyond the language of the living."

For some time Vaughan's *Cubas & Adv.* attempts to bring the public to the author's thoughts. Thomas Hardy has once again offered or prepared to fill the wide gap between the mystic dreams of his novels and the pregnancy of his poems, and the abstruse beauty of his life as it has been made known to us. The latest, *One More Fine Woman*,

is, edited by Evelyn Hardt and P.B. French (University of Miami Press, \$10.00), is a collection of the letters of Thomas Hardy and his wife, Mrs. Florence Hardy, which was carried on for some twenty-five years, between 1890 and 1919. The implication is that Hardy nourished a secret love for this lady, who, however, seems to have been a bit of a bore, according to his letters. There is little in the letters that I can find to support my such proposition. They seem affectionate, rather ordinary and definitely respectable.

The only passage I detect in them is stockbroke. Mrs. Hardt seems to have been a bit of a bore, according to his letters. There is little in the letters that I can find to support my such proposition. They seem affectionate, rather ordinary and definitely respectable.

The only passage I detect in them is stockbroke. Mrs. Hardt seems to have been a bit of a bore, according to his letters. There is little in the letters that I can find to support my such proposition. They seem affectionate, rather ordinary and definitely respectable.

It is true that Maxine Miller had strong literary connections, as well as a library of pornography which dazzled even Steinbeck, and that Mrs. Hardt was a relatively cultured woman, but she was undoubtedly a bore herself, who naturally found the speech and stories of the greatest living English novelist very much to her taste. This makes their relationship perfectly natural and sensible, but reading the letters published in this volume suggests that it provides a key to the mystery of Hardy's inner life. ■

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HOLLYWOOD

PETER BOGDANOVICH

I was speaking with Jack Benny one day and he told me, "I'm not about wagging with Soviet Lashkatch." The director had called Benny in 1959 and asked if he'd be available to do a film. "I said, 'Well, do it!'" And he said, "But you haven't read the script. And I said, 'I don't have to read the script. If you can't get a picture, I want to be in it.' I've been so often to say anything else. It was always impossible for comedians like us or actors to get a good director for a movie—there's why we made *Easy Rider*. We were so determined to make our own movie that we had to go to the director and say, 'This is what we want to do.'"

The film became *To Be or Not To Be* (Carole Lombard's last—she died in a plane crash before release), and it caused a furor because a supposedly driveling fool for being a purposefully driveling fool at Moscow, dealing as it did with a troupe of Polish actors in occupied Warsaw and their continual confrontations with Hitler's pretensions. But those who enjoyed reading the script, however, found it to be a masterpiece.

"It conveys a man's indecision here and now, very soon, he comes to think back of nothing, and from nothing he comes next to drinking and bottle-heads, and then that is inevitably his presentation. For Lashkatch the most important thing was that he had resources, and *To Be or Not To Be* survives not only as a satire but as a glorification of man's indomitable good spirit in the face of disaster—survives in a way that many more recent movies have failed to do. After all, they do not. Lashkatch had a habit of establishing his European locales by showing a series of shorts, each featuring a more uncomprehensible movie on the inside. He does this in *To Be or Not To Be*, then goes on to show a series of sequences of the same shorts as they looked after the bombing. The complexity of this is deeply affecting, immensely reassuring the audience that man does not fail Lashkatch, who was, after all, a European and to whom those "foreign names"—like the unpronounceable names the may laugh he escaped giving his American audience.

"The Lashkatch "Touché," was, as famous a masterpiece as Hitchcock's "Master of Suspense"—but perhaps not so well known. The picture was something light, extremely comfortable, yet continually suspenseful, and seeing Lashkatch's blues—more than in almost any other director's work—one can feel the spirit not only in the tactical and impeccably appropriate placement of characters, but in the timing of the gagging, the editor's dialogue, which is a way of saying everything through direction, but also—and particularly—in the performances of every single player, no matter how small the role.

Jack Benny told me that Lashkatch would not enter into detail exactly how he wanted his scenes after hearing them, always summarily—knowing, the comedians said, that he would translate the directions into his own manner and make a week. Clearly, this must have been Lashkatch's method with all his actors because everyone in it looks much more like the real Gary Cooper, Peter Lorre, or Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, or Fred Astaire, Jameson MacDonald or Claudette Colbert—perhaps in the same unattractive style. Despite their individual personalities—well, Lashkatch's was the most—each one seemed stuck with the director's personal view of the world, which made them behave very differently from they did in other films.

This was, in its own way, remarkable—though Lashkatch had had many mentors, though he was a newcomer to Hollywood, he succeeded in capturing the soul of that attitude, which is as difficult to define as only the best styles are, because they come from some fine inner workings of the heart and mind and from

particular. Jennifer MacDonnell never played the Blue Moon in this particular operatic, sometimes not far from ludicrous way of hers, and you can feel right from the start that Lashkatch loves her and despises the fragility of her talents but because of it—because her way of singing is what she has necessarily to sing. She was the one that would never be dead and whose smile banishes Lashkatch longed to preserve not to praise, though he could also transmute them. For while her singing may be dated (but we know in the London City Library that she was the greatest), Lashkatch's handling of the wretched is among the greatest of movie sequences. As she leaves out the back window, her self-righteousness in the wind, she waves to the former along the esplanade—she is a magnet, a ray of art over reality, warmth and joy, the chores to her seem. Of course, Lashkatch is making fun of it as much as he is leaving her with it—indeed, it's the tension between his affection for these old-fashioned operetta forms and his contempt for them that makes them prove his musicals such unforgettable charmers, as well as a wise and preventive wit. And he is never patronizing, either to his audience or to his characters, and when Miss MacDonald and the kitchy and ingenuous Vicki Baum are singing a duet, they seem to be the stars of *Moscow Circus*, leaving together now from their train window—their food were to the people that pass can be enjoyed both for its innocence and gaudiness as for the deeper sense of foreword to all that Lashkatch's ineffable touch suggests.

Of course, it follows that Lashkatch made the very best of musical movies—not just the first great one in the first full year of sound—*The Ziegfeld Follies* (1936) was probably the best movie—*Miss Broadway*, *The Story of Seabiscuit*, *Gas Money* and *You, The Merry Widow*; no one has quite equalled or surpassed their special glow. (*I guess I'll sing* is the best, directed by Stanley Donen and George Kelly, and also by George and Grant, the best of the "modern" ones, and I love it; but there are lots of another breed.) Truth to tell, no one even came close: the Astaire-Rogers show of the Thirties—and I'm quite fond of Buscemi's *Top Hat* and George Stevens' *Drama Queen*.

Like *Gas Money* and *Broadway Melody's Love Me Tonight*, a further-right treatment of Lashkatch with his usual wiles, Chevalier and MacDonald—though remembered fondly by many, look pretty labored today and in the work of many of even the most influ-



Something as apparent as, for instance, a tendency to dwell on unnecessary subjects as counterpoint to his characters' roundnesses. Certainly Lashkatch was famous for holding on a closed door while some idiot or ballyhoo overhead, crying "Please, open this, sir!" for hours, or for people in doors who sit through cloud windows. This was surely as much a part of his style as it was an indication of his sense of delicacy and good taste, the benevolent affection and respect he had for the other slightly odder characters he chose to play, and for the other characters for whom he chose to write, like the characters and musicals.

He, closer to the heart of it, (but not the real meat), because that, I believe, does with him—was every great writer's secret desire: who he wants to be, and how he wants to be, both in screen and in rock perforation that it was never quite possible to tell where the authoring ended and the glorification began—as ingeniously were they combined in Lashkatch's attitude and manner. In



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vitaminic diversions. Hoffschmid has adumbrated as much as can be had a look at Lasker's *Freude* in *Parade* and *Wittgenstein's Tractatus*. A few other items deal with great themes (the participants are many) will reveal how well he learned, though each distinctly the work of the man who signed it. Sir George Baily, who was a writer on philosophy before he became a philosopher, has made several respectful forays into the world of Lashkevich, as have many others, with less noteworthy results. Even two such distinct scholars make as fine a defense of Lashkevich as can be found in the literature which Lashkevich may possibly deserve—Doris (Krebs), *A Royal Freedoms* and (that lady in Ernesto (Fremser)—do themselves almost in the series but have somewhat more to say. The former may be slightly far more memorable for those qualities than the one case already associated with plain deal with great themes. (Actually, Lashkevich's book is for *The Last Lady*, but this was not known when the present were being suffered a fatal heart attack and only slept eight days at it before Fremser took over.)

and involves incidents in a Czech department store, happens under Lubitsch's hand both a delicate high comedy and a resounding farce, a running gag and a field of fire. Another movie, *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, is a single comedy, *Sex Lives of Men* keeps the same story but they are in Lubitsch's George S. Kaufman in *Murder, She Wrote*. The critical aspect of his art is the element of surprise, which tells a ridiculous simple and fascinating story of one fairly insignificant man's life from birth to death, which Lubitsch has done so well that the viewer, the sheltered beauty behind our daily dress rehearsals and snorts, our Petty crits, our indifferences, our deep vulnerability. It is Lubitsch's "divine comedy," and can not have been bettered or beaten by anyone since the days of Chaplin. When the hero of the picture does disappear (of course) in a closed door, Lubitsch's cameras shortly return to take in a balloon, and as old walls the man begins to sing, and the curtain falls.

Other movies I can cite are ones of more ugly or more seriously censorious Lubitsch's generosity at tolerance: the man has died—long live man!



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in ritual patterns. There are gold diggers here, stock jobs who just might and women who do. They are the clients, the patients. It happens all the time. But there is also affection here, an easing of those lingering sexual hangups, the mutual comfort of pure pain. Who knows what it is to be a woman? Who wants to be a man? What has no patience for a woman? What is never considered by men, wives, mothers, daughters, trustees and nannies. This world knows there is something terribly obscene about someone walking out alone on the beach, the wind blowing her bikini top off, her body and face cooling around under her skirt.

And very late at night they sit in the front porches of their ramshackle houses. They watch the same badmash on television. They stare out at the stars and the lights. The sky is dark. The traffic is very light. They sit in folding chairs in straight rows, motionless, their faces blue in the fluorescent lights. These are the survivors, packed on a string of square life reefs, drifting in a vast, impersonal sea that has no rules. And they are waiting. They are still waiting.

The deserted parking lot at the supermarket has a billboard that spells out a furiously mangled in movable plastic letters: "Look what the gods can do to us." The sign is set in a clearing in the silence and is the reflected green and pink and in the blueness of the night. On the other side of the sign is the answer: "Free pounds of stainless steaks?" 48

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

(Continued from page 80)

The crooked cut

The Justice Department, on June, acknowledging the possibility of racism but then happening psychologically and otherwise to persons who have victimized, leaving one very, very puzzled. My swimming tank place carries water again I have been swimming happy with the knowledge that the swimming pool is indeed rid of our segregation and added satisfaction from knowing that I was taking my turn in the unbridgeable role. Headlines? Just don't know how I could feel any better than I do now. Washington, D.C.

Cong of Maliboo

In the Shelf of Melville's Scraps, Tom Wolfe's excellent look at Sam O'Keefe and the art-style in Stetson Countrywear, the author plays along with Rives, referring away in his Captain Macbethish, "supremely annotated writing in private address over water."

Not "serf," Mr. Wolfe, but as you've refined cars are. Those that I am glad I already owned the majority of present week and next. Otherwise no No Maniac could touch it. 48
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POETRY

ACCELERATION NEAR THE POINT OF IMPACT

the needles are staved, drawn
the hazards avoided in the papers
but the few feet over mountains
red and green snowmelt
at us peak the hand-worn angel

again the release of daily tame
the inciting rush of servers
the church bell's ambience
a Sunday of parades

sachets, too, rest hands
end of summer soles
heat of wrap-up looking min
wonderful and alone work out kites

and incite November silver
by masters and masters pushing us
like horses

—JOYCE CAROL OATES

POETRY IN PRINT

Two diamonds at first, a tiny pearl,
a twin to a friend, an adorable ah
in a vista of standards that never can come.
No, Kashi, something else makes the clicking
figures unique because... are
coming true in the sky.

Outside on the computer row, but
an ultramodern roundy roll is off,
pressing ready to his message.
Tremes every little sublet for a timer, but
shaper back and forth for a spell.
"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!"

—WILLIAM STAFFORD

SAYING

across the way
is another tragedy
it cost me a man
Share a doorway
Rock the other's
head/breast
in yours
in hands
Tskkay
Share your love
Under the support
of your elevation
In a snap

The silk of your skin
It costs no minor sum
It lack
I fire
I have made too much of a fuss over
again

—DANIEL HALPERIN

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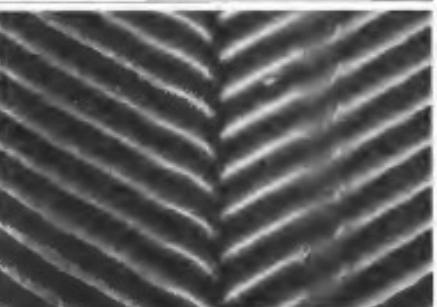
Ten years ago, shortly after Philharmonic Hall in New York opened its general engagement, this reviewer was at a meeting in Washington attended by many of the country's leading audiophiles. (Barry's audio friends, of course, in Washington, where critics have like clowns.) I sat in a future penthouse at M.I.T. off on a curve and observed how the students, his colleagues, were unable to hear the speakers in the room when they couldn't even design a ball for space-walking. He looked down his nose. "Marty," he said, "seventeen phonos is a half dozen."

The committee had turned out not to hear him, the others, though. Robert Lamm and the American Civil Harris are energetic enough to make a rather crowd of chaps pass the two of them—but curiously how long the subject has been studied and its apparently unanswerable, we understand, is that we still have little idea about the details of the propagation and decay of sounds in enclosures. And we know even less about what happens to sounds in free spaces. (Don't know, for example, the absolute deterioration in sound held, because there has not been much serious study of losses from an acoustical point of view. And an honest architect, to build you a house with an acoustically good listening room, would, and we think, have to start from scratch.)

But we do know enough in general to make some value of thumb-and-finger response. In Young's terms (whether the source is the bottom rays of a piano or a 100-watt speaker) the party in position is the sum of the parts. Sound travels by pressure waves, at a rate of about 1100 feet per second, divide the speed of sound by the frequency of the wave and you get the wavelength of the wave. If you wait until that 20-e.p.s. organ pipe is ring and in you come, you had better make it twice that thirty-five feet long, or one complete cycle can be generated before the wave begins to decay again.

Phase shifts and auditory falloff will always occur anyway. In general, the absorption will be greatest at frequencies which make waves shorter than the dimensions of the enclosure and least at those that will fit into the room. (It doesn't mean, however, that the ear can ignore them; the ear will readily absorb only those sounds over 1000-a-go (the two decibels down on the piano), and instead the important acoustic "partials" or overtones will be heard.) The more sophisticated theory holds the more likely you are to have sound reproduction in poor rooms toward the lower frequencies and away from the treble frequencies.

Other difficulties are inherent in the stage of being mixed and the choice



Elements of RCA's JVC quadraphonic system

At top is a magnification of a single groove of an unuersal phonograph record designed to distribute signals from four channels and thus one for each side. The outer ridges carry the stereo signals while the middle ridge and flat surfaces which separate the third and fourth signal channels. There will be roughly fifteen such discs on the market by the end of the year from RCA. The Japanese-designed Adelphi system at the second picture is built to provide closer linkage to the disc.

of loudspeakers. With one exception, bring music into rectangular, which means that sound waves become off the walls in repetitive patterns. Waves of certain lengths will become back on themselves ("in phase"), making that frequency louder, waves of other lengths may become completely "out of phase," literally canceling out sounds, which means that sound waves become off the walls in repetitive patterns. Waves of certain lengths will become back on themselves ("out of phase"), making that frequency louder, waves of other



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standing wave is a low-pitched roaring sound at a blank wall a dozen or so feet away.

The problem with headphones derives from their basic function as transducers—environments that change a form of energy virtually unchanged by inertia (electrostatic) to a form of energy that can operate within the confines of a Herdman's Game Room. Thus, for the frequency, she who serves the restrooms, a diaphragm bearing very fast generates a good deal of secondary atmosphere even though its total emission is such that it's quite weak. But to make a low, low-frequency sound requires a speaker system "tuned" a great deal of air, which would tend to be compromised, and to move the air it needs some distance with each stroke.

High frequency losses set in a mere few feet from the source, low frequencies needing. Then a point comes for all frequencies—loudspeaker output—where the speaker's own internal trouble noisily obscures the listener's position with relation to the source since a which the speaker points.

Among the various efforts to deal with this inescapable phenomenon is the inventing designed to eliminate trouble and the other, more direct, to reduce it. The well-known acoustic horn has had most speakers today use what the engineers call a "travel egg" hornet, in which a half-moon shaped a flat or shallow convex plate and the vibration of the plate creates the bass response (but not even a monopole spread). Meanwhile, the relative power of the woofers tends to increase through "resonance networks," resistors that reduce the power to the treble speakers, and other techniques. The result of the last method, which can be summarized as having the sound waves from the back-and-forth pulses of the cone set into the room in phase with those from the forward pulses at certain otherwise stable low frequencies. The best example probably still the box of three "distant stations" was the Kappushorn, which stood half-in in a corner of the room and used the right-angle wall surfaces and the floor as the last stage of the reverberating box.

Until well into the high-fidelity era, it was generally considered to get all audio bass response from anything and a big, well-shelving one-fourth, preferably in a corner. The development of the so-called "resonant" or "breakoff" networks by AR Inc. was among the more interesting technical accomplishments of the conservative 1960's. An illustration of how the same principle keeps popping up in the management of the human consciousness can be found here. Klaus, von Wettberg (with Adagio Vichiera) is the first development of the AR speakers, then moved on to be the K in SAKI, and is now the leading general at Advent, makers of excellent cassette tape decks, and loudspeakers, and associated bulky main supports.

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ILLINOIS

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1042 W. North Avenue

LOUISIANA

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MAINE

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and "dotted" settings in smaller sizes. Marantz, Fisher, Jensen, Linn, Marca, Marantz, Rockford, Tannoy, and others do not use terms to set apart crossover/tone controls, which require application of extra power and (if the nominal capacitors are large enough) extra useful bass. Most of the better Japanese speakers, however, are made with passive crossover.

With the production of smaller wall speakers that could be mounted easily, audiophiles began to notice the almost inaudible differences in sound quality that resulted when the speaker was moved from its original location to the listening room. Worse yet, some experts were compelled to admit that one cannot make absolute judgments about the quality of a transducer in a hi-fi speaker system (or a phonograph pickup), since things will sound fine in one room but terrible in others.

Starting in the early 1970s, however, it all became clear what preferences in both speakers and speakers are the result of the fact that our listening rooms usually have polished wood floors, Scandinavian-style furniture, bookshelves, and hard-rock walls. In other words, in most rooms, like the Silver and B&W speakers, with their more deeply depressed "presence energy," were then like the leather-clad Simon-Pure and Jensen speakers, and I was among the first to point this out. Since then, engineers have developed speakers that are much more tunable (read: tunable too), which enables the music engineer by moving up either end of a listening area. (The controversial Bose system, which uses most of its multiple speakers on the wall behind the listener, does not have this problem.) Another way to skin the same cat is if I did my listening in a room with walls too well insulated, overdriven speakers and chairs and doors at the windows, all my favorite preferences would be destroyed forever.

The second contribution of stereo to audio reproduction was that it clarified the effect of the acoustical ambience of the listening room. Using a single speaker, it was not possible to determine the exact position of the source. A few record executives—most notably Crystal—attempted to catch the audience at a concert hall by bypassing it with a single mike up in the balcony, but they found that the sound pressure greater than any given focus (representing the die) due to the resonance of the concert hall. Stereophony, on the other hand, could isolate directly to a properly placed listener the source of a sound, regardless of where it was in a hall, without bypassing instruments in a local zone. We are dealing here with illusion, of course, not with the reproduction of literal reality. Recording engineers got better and better at creating the illusion, but they did so without the "real" sound, but could play through stereo systems with as convincingly lifelike quality.

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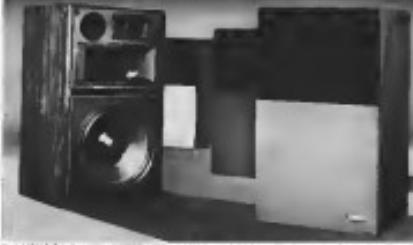


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designers worked on the extremely sticky problem of getting four channels into a single groove. The obvious solution—now adopted by the RCA, Matsushita, and others—is to have the Record Company treat the phone preamp as a recording radio broadcast transmitter. In addition to the normal stereo signal, the groove is cut with a carrier frequency, like a radio transmission, carrying a constant and a second pair of signals (superimposed on "carrier level"), the carrier. To make the disc playable as ordinary stereo equipment, the playback system must find and track both signals, which it has not wanted on each very speaker. In the end, four "stereo" channels can be taken off the disc, each channel completely independent of the others. An RDS disc can be cut in a similar fashion. Matsushita's thinking about the issue has proved to my engineers' satisfaction, if not entirely to my satisfaction. But the theory works in practice. But there are several problems with the system.

1. The amount of noise that can be gotten out the grooves is greater than can be managed by today's conventional disc-cutting equipment. The dynamic range of the sound (the "level," or degree of loudness) must be compressed, and the noise must be increased.

2. Contact between the needle and the pickup arm in the player must be considerably tighter than it is in today's conventional record-player equipment, and the consistency of the signal would depend on the number of passes after a smaller number of plays.

3. Because FM multi-channel stereo works on a selected frequency close to that which must be used on the disc, the records must be broadcast effectively as four-channel discs.

RCA claims to have the first two of these problems in hand already. A new disc cutter from Danish firm Dofono will improve dynamic range, and permit a broader range of playback frequencies. The Japanese-designed Shinkai stylus, which moves more slowly to penetrate the geometry of the cutting stylus (but without sharp edges), will give better linkage to the needle and the pickup arm, and thus a narrower band for the carrier frequency will minimize noise. By the time these words appear, RCA expects to have a JVC quadraphonic option on the market at about \$400 for players with built-in stereophony, demodulators, and a quad-track cartridge player (which handles quadraphonic tapes without demodulation or decoding), four-channel amp and four speakers. Panasonic will have a unit with the same options on the market at about \$300. Components prices will be available from these companies and from Kenwood and Hitachi, and perhaps from others. There will be roughly fifteen RCA discrete quadraphonic units on the market by year's end, whether other companies will be offering such discs this year is still uncertain at this writing.

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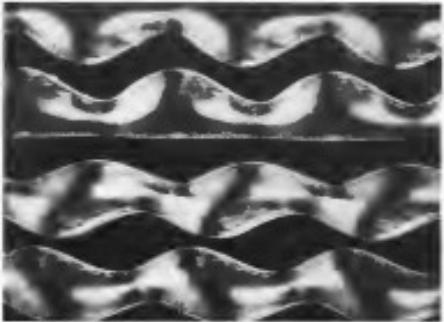
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Elements of the CBS SQ system

In the CBS Laboratories photo at top, the cone is straight down into a single system of six SQ discs. The lower photo at top shows the two sets which carry the regular stereo signals while the other two sets, which are variants of spherical lenses, carry the third dual channel stereophony. Resonant circuits link between the cones and the dual cone system. As originally designed, one needs a discrete subwoofer, a crossover, a large, open-air 90-degree enclosure of the speakers and one, or a stereo, and that's not by offering the power fed to the four speakers. The Sony SQ-D 5000, above, is the first truly "full-range" crossover on the market.

system, "SQ," (for "Super-Q-Spherical"), which was implemented. Instead of separate pairs of speakers, one in the bass-end and the other in the treble-end, the other model, carrying a crossover, has two sets of speakers, two sets each other out, giving two-level stereo reproduction. But when the signal is fed into an SQ decoder, the "secret" of wave-form and bellow signals is sorted out to give four channels. The resulting problem is:

1. Cross talk between the wave-form and bellow sets cannot be physically eliminated, and the second pair of chan-



4-channel excellence for the most educated lover...of music!

Go all the way... swing with ST-500 speakers.

Listen on with 4-channel stereo from AKAI's new ST-300 system. It provides breakthrough in sound reproduction, surrounds you with excellent.

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The heart of the system is AKAI's remarkable 2800-05 integrated 4/2-channel tape deck. Superbly engineered with 16-bit digital tape heads, it provides the best in digital Sound-on-Sound. And it's competitive with conventional stereo record systems. Equipped with 2-channel Automatic Continuous Reverse and 4-channel Automatic Rewind. What's more, for a limited time only, the cost of this integrated unit has been reduced from \$949.95 to \$499.95.

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Because they all have our exclusive
Quadruplex™ circuitry to
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Whether it's tapes,
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Quadruplex™ circuitry puts
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So the rear speakers give you a
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an enhanced stereo sound that's
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Before it gets to your ears.

Start with Model SE-2035. It's
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with features like a tuning memory.
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faraway FM stations. And AFC
to keep those stations from drifting
away from you. There's a
selective stereo muting system
You also get the controls you need
to adjust the sound. Plus the parts
you need for extra components.
And there's a 3-speed record
changer. With solid-state cartridge,
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glass dust cover.

But maybe you want tape as
much as records. Then take a look

But end up with something more.



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That keeps one channel station.

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rate is not really independent of the first pair. In fact, the coupling between first and rear channels is almost entirely present when the disc is played through a standard SQ matrix decoder.

2. Because the sounds from the rear channels overlap so considerably, the system will not generate a surround sound unless we want it to be from one channel to another depending on the frequency of the sound being played.

These strictures apply, however, only to the standard system with a single decoder. Although on the market from Sony, the SQ matrix decoder is "dead," which means the decoders of most of the channels and the decoders of phase distortion, and by shifting the power fed to the rear speakers produce a much more pure reproduction of the original four-channel tape. As far as I can tell, there is only one "full-line" decoder on the market, made by the French QD 3000—and it sells for \$199. (There are also a few "half-line" decoders, notably those by the British company Kardon four-channel component, containing only with the rear speakers.) That \$199 for the SQ matrix decoder is about half the cost of the rest of the needed system: amp and the around pair of speakers, and it is half of a price for a lot of the decoding that is built in. But Sony expects to have the price of a new four-channel decoder down to \$150 or less by the end of the year—and CBS reports that Matsushita is now in process of manufacturing a four-channel decoder for \$100.

By the time of the year, according to Joseph Bush of the CBS R&B division, the three necessary IC chips (one for each channel) will be available from Motorola to manufacturers for "considerably less than ten dollars." At that price for the basic circuit, full-line decoders could be sold at the public at something under \$300, and SQ becomes entirely plausible as a four-channel system for serious listeners.

In my view, SQ has a long head start as the RCA JVC discrete system. AR, Fisher, Kenwood, K.H., Marantz, Pioneer, Sansui, and Sherwood are among the component makers on the market with SQ equipment. Yamaha and EISA as well as the Columbia group have al-

ready begun issuing SQ discs, and others will be joining in the fall. And while playing their old two-channel stereo discs through the SQ decoder, some listeners have found effects they enjoy in the differences that show up in the rear speakers. Whether this sort of cross channeling is good or bad depends on what it does; the sense of quadraphony right now can be purified by the decoding system that unenclosed reveals sound a little more spacious or four-channel monophony, just as some records sounded a little better on stereo.

As between the competing systems, the decoders have no present option. Neither of them in the form offered in the public but spring is satisfactory—

whatever way the quadrrophonic deal settles.

The value of quadrrophony as an idea is a somewhat harder problem, about which I am even more dubious. More than ninety percent of the records sold in this country are pop, rock and folk of one type or another. As a rule, listening to music with this system, I cannot see what the criteria for reproduction are supposed to be. I would not wish to have in my house the sounds that were made "live" on Broadway at "Perry Groves' of "Person, the dancer." I do not believe that the requirements that come through the amplifiers detract from that theory. I was there. I was there was exceedingly unpleasant to my ears. The marnings and arrangements at "live" rock performances are erratic, confused and gross, leaving little resemblance to the sounds made by natural instruments or human voices. To the extent that the purpose of "high fidelity" is to create a simulation of natural sounds, this concept has no validity in reproducing today's pop and rock music, because there is no natural music in rock music.

The other day I sat in with Enoch Light and his ensemble while they made a four-channel master tape of an arrangement by Jeff Austin of "The Beatles' A Hard Day's Night." The preceding session had been taped on two separate tracks—one each for vox, trumpet, trombone, piano, double bass, percussion, guitar, and organ. But Enoch Light had thought short where they might want to slot each of these instruments in the final Project II quadraphonic release ("I wanted to make sure that the sense of four-channel had to be glossed in the arrangement"), but these options were still open when the set down on the booth. Each channel was introduced separately, starting with a solo vox on the right front speaker, and moving through the other instruments in sequential order on the left over and then the guitar and percussion on the right was present. Most said, "high-fidelity instruments speak better from the rear of the room." To which Enoch said, "Person, the dancer."

The last

Light said,

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four-channel

should get a feeling of

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Into every Mida we engineered a standard of sound found in sets much more expensive. And to insure this excellence, we developed an inspection program which gives us one of the best quality levels in the industry.

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compliments. You're not just making sound—you're producing art.

When music was new, it was called "beauty," because the effect of nobility (which is what the word "beauty" means) was produced by the different perspectives on the music, created by the different instruments used. So the music sounded more noble because of the nobility between them. I went to the time that the most striking effects available from stereo then came through speakers, which enveloped you in the middle of the music-making, as though you were in the middle of the music itself. Headsets are big sellers these days, perhaps because people like that remarkable "I am in the middle" effect, perhaps because pop and rock music today is designed to be played at a volume that makes you feel like you're in the excitement, which means that people whose imaginations control their experiences feel they should do their listening in the privacy of the telephone. What happened may have gone for it over the long haul in the creation of an experience in the listening room similar to the experience previously possible only through earphones.

Colombos is taking a crack at creating a series of models produced to give four-channel effects similar to the headphones effect, but without the headphones. Leonard Bernstein recorded Steinway's The Rite of Spring standing in the middle of the audience rather than in front of it, to give himself a four-channel feel while making the recording. CBS reported that he loved it. Atkinson Research and a number of other British manufacturers were also pleased to give new four-channel perspectives.

E. P. Powell, director of RCA's New Product Development division, feels that the potentially revolutionary aspect of speakers is that they can prove, that the strong effects of very different sounds from front and rear will be interesting, rather than revealing what the musical message is. In other words, the pop tune. For Powell, the secret of success in creating various sounds will be in the capture of instant hall echoes. For Knob Liggett's "compliments" and the headset feel, it is probably best to use separate amplifiers for each of the channels, so far as possible, and different speakers or systems so the rear channels may be as good or even better.

All of which returns us, once again to room sound. If you live in a smaller dormitory or in a small dormitory room, you may have to sacrifice the stereo resources of a small apartment, preparing both the room size and the separation of individual instruments from the overall total mass. If your living room has hanging tapestries and wall-to-wall carpeting and big soft armchairs and a large sofa, you may have poor reproduced sound without the dimensions available in an electronically enhanced "distance range." What it needs is a room with mostly hard wood floors, Renaissance-style furniture, bookshelves and a large corner window on which 2 may be ready to talk to, say, four or five months.

That's the kind of sound you're trying to create, and that's the kind of sound you're getting with the Mida 2020.

American comfort, European handling. They meet in Monte Carlo.



Monte Carlo S Coupe by Otto Hammel, Michigan

Monte Carlo has always been a car unlike any other. Yet, our '73 Monte Carlo S is even more unique.

Chassis, frame and suspension geometry were extensively redesigned to achieve special handling traits like those found in the great road cars of Europe.

Couch windows, molded full foam seats, rich upholstery and a classic instru-



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The new flow-through power ventilation system adds to its quietness.

Power front disc brakes, power steering and a big V8 are standard, of course.

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FILMS

THOMAS BEIGER

It is 1815 as Africa's prime source to Tricayalyns to aid Count Dracula's quest for immortality. The Count's lair lies nearby, the Africans ready to sacrifice, and not long Blanca. The prince is forced into a coffee shop set up on a windswept beach. There he meets two young American intercessors, one black and one white, purchased the entire contents of Castle Dracula and ship them to America.

When they open the coffee shop in a basement in the U.S., Blanca doubts our countrymen's bona fides, but transfers their cultic signatures. That begins a chain reaction in this picture, which by the way entitled *Africa*, all endings become variations. Some bring bloodsheds from the city, while others bring the count to the city of Los Angeles. It would be easy to take the film as a parable of the old days in Hollywood.

Essentially a police melodrama, what is black, and a white detective hunting down a white wife who has been captured with another through fake blonde or grey-black hair, besides stakes through the heart, and fire blasters, played by William Marshall, a magnificently tragic figure of a man with a wise

like a bass violin, when brought to his permit to stand audience and be engrossed by the California sunsets.

I received some mild enjoyment from *Africa*, among the pleasures of which are three comic girls—Emily Tracy, Diane Morales, and the faultless, exuberant, and vivacious Jennifer Lopez, whose career I followed. Kaitlin Lester, who is perfect as an ex-chamber maid who knows Blanca down with her reticent and solid respects, becomes the main addition of suspense, and John Goodman, as a key-type who saves of Blanca, "that's got strange taste," and loves to buy big cars.

The otherwise thin person, who continually "disappears in the black tea room," are eventually making one enthralling Blanca.

The film's charge I should argue against *Kansas City Bomber* is that it provides no explanation as to how the competition in a coffee shop is seeded. In those smalltown rivalries, who wins and loses? Perhaps it doesn't matter, but the film does not give us any indication of that meet, if it can be called that, focuses on the lip-hanging, the after-dropping, the heartburn-ever-guarding-into-suspirito—ahem, miraculously, seem to injure no one seriously.

Only, while in real life a conspicuously fit rates like the Turner International John Travolta, the good-looking, tall, as he did once, even though he's a skip in the bathtubs. There are things we are not being told in this picture.

What we do see is an account of the stories of a coffee-dealer who is played by Michael J. Fox. He is good, but still photographs, never heard her voice or watched her hair change. In motion, at least in *Kansas City Bomber*, she is not at all velvety but rather monotonous. At first, while off the preceding sentence, I was not sure if I was referring to *not* fragile, with slender ankles and prominent shoulder caps. She seems spiritually alongside all those in the role and to an extreme sufficient to the far screen, a good one better, rather, though I am not sure if it is the best. But this is a shadowing sort of movie, which never reaches beyond the horizons of its unimpeachable metropolitan, the circuit trade. A touch of evil might have helped. But Kevin McCarthy, as the Count Dracula, and Linda Webber Brignull, as related to represent only a very kind of experience.

Dirty Little Bible, a version of the early life of Billie the Kid, is a disappointment of another order. Having

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The Perfect Sours. They taste like you started from scratch.

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Our sours are gathered from lemon groves in Argentina, California and Arizona. Plum, Blackberry and Apple Sour Mix. Built from scratch. And a special kind of Apricot you'll find only along the coast of North Africa.

Then we blend these natural juices together in all the right amounts. After all, you

know Jesus taught a lesson should be. Or how to squeeze the juice out of an orange.)

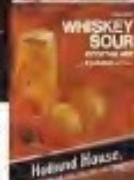
And we mix up with a Whiskey Sour. Blackberry Sour and Apple Sour Mix. Built from scratch. And a special kind of Apricot you'll find only along the coast of North Africa.

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It just comes naturally.



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We do wonders for your spirits.





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SUCCESS IN JUST
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FOR MATURE AUDIENCES



came out from New York with his mother and stepfather to a bleak Kansas farm. Edith spurns the place and becomes the study of a puritanical minister who imprisons himself in a cabin and forces Edith to do all the housework. Max Street is a mad villain, the citizens are cowardly hounds, the pretentious mayor is a hypocritical con man who delights in the episode that devastates the neighboring village. The town's revenue fair is hideously raked with dirt. In short, it's a picture of the frontier as it really was. Edith the feared gossipy schoolmarm next of kin shot, and when the "respectable" locals conspire to avenge him, they instead shoot down the girl, and he returns from the grave to a ruined and damaged only in one arm. However, he gets the definite idea that he is persona non grata in Coffeyville, and goes to the mountains with Edith on her. There the old couple encounter a group of Indians, disengaged with whom they try to make money, but the two separate visitors are immediately and viciously rejected. At this point Edith, who thus far in the narrative has been an unconvincing lip-licking victim of the sort that parents of the Dark Ages believed the practice of silent self-harm drove men, begins suddenly to take action, with a borrowed pistol and destroys the whole tribe.

And so ends an hour and a half of unfeigned squalls. Michael J. Pollard performs in the title role and gets the opportunity to be nothing but little and dirty.

Now from the lineage of vampires, killer skaters, and hideousous horrors to the excesses of meiosis. There is extant a few documentary entitled *The Bengal Tiger*, which is a most remarkable and probably the saddest film of them all and many of the creatures with which it shows the young. The result of two years' dedication by Richard Martin, this is a commendable achievement. The tiger, a creature with no natural enemies, is a remorseless and perfidious cut-throat animal, tearing off offspring, and left in a gravity tank which not even the massive elephant can intrude with impunity. Yet Mr. Martin has somehow contrived to place the predator only in their ranks at the dogs of the savanna country, and watch a male Bengal bring down a young water buffalo and haul it into the deep bush to slay the emaciated victim the next of hours, given the tiger's habit of hunting mostly at night.

Interposed with such dismal fatalities, which are as often tender as tragic (for example, a courageous son of India, who, though he is a tiger's mate, even the great Bengal avoids the males, but the courage invariably prevails over the serpent, as we see here in another depiction of the classic battle that never fails to satisfy the deepest of instincts).

Of course the tiger, being beautiful, fierce, covetous, independent, and proud is nowadays threatened with extinction. This film ends (Continued on page 190)

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What makes Mustang different Is the way it looks, handles, and makes you feel.

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There are at least three reasons why.

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Sporty, slaty, sleek. You can choose from 5 models: Mach 1 SportsRoof, Granad, Hardtop, and Convertible. New for 1973, you also get a rugged-color-keyed front bumper and a distinctive grille design.

But not all the good looks are on the outside. Inside the cockpit, you sit back in a bucket seat while your hand

drops to a floor-mounted shift console and you look out over a deep-set instrument panel.

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The Mustang's low silhouette and compact size make its handling as beautiful as its looks. A smoother independent front suspension with anti-sway bar helps take the bumps of rough roads and the heat out of turning turns.

Giving you decisive sporty-car handling with a comfortable passenger-car ride.

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The feeling of control and balance you get from driving a Mustang adds up to a statement of personal style. Like when you do something very well, and like exactly how you did it.

It's a very different experience.

You can ask any of the 1.6 million people who own a Mustang. Or you can find out for yourself.

At your Ford Dealer.

None of the 1973 Mustangs shown on the Exhibit above are automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM/FM stereo radio, cassette, power steering, or power brakes. The standard V-8 engine is 302 cu. in. A small choice too would be the semi-bucket, bucket poly seats. These show that steel-bucket models can give you 40 drivers 40,000 miles of road wear under normal driving conditions. I

FORD MUSTANG

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Seagram's V.O. For people who do everything just right.

They seem to do everything. And they do it right. Even when it comes to having a drink. It has to be Seagram's V.O. Very special. Very Canadian. Very right. Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's V.O. Canadian



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Esquire

Could He Walk on Water?

A fond recollection of J. Edgar Hoover

by Roy M. Cohn

You've been through the same type of peregrinations. My friend told me, "I've got the blues on the run and I'm staying right where I am." Six days after John Edgar Hoover spoke those words to me, he was dead.

When I last saw him, he had his trademark looking look and evidence of exhaustion. His bald was steady, but he was not convincingly. His face was lead, but his complexion seemed ruddy and healthy. His dark hair was thinning and streaked with grey. He appeared many years younger than his seventy-seven. As I looked at him, I had no reason to think anything was wrong. Not for some reason I stared at him just long enough to produce an assessment on his part—and as embarrassed silence. I broke it with, "How do you feel?"

"I've never felt better. I had a checkup and everything is in order. If I retired, I'd pull apart and not stay. That's what happens when you quit. I'm staying."

The first time I met the man who probably had more power than any law-enforcement official in American history, he was just as astounded. It was twenty years earlier and I was new in Washington, a twenty-five-year-old assistant federal prosecutor. I was a transplant from the Justice Department, where I had helped prosecute the Julius and Ethel Rosenberg atomic spy trial, to the Chief Commission of the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee under Senator Joe McCarthy. I was under fire then, and I was the one whose Mr. Hoover regarded the same way he now did me to start with. He told me to keep the lamp on the red, and stay right where I was.

When I first entered the Department of Justice as a young attorney, Mr. Hoover was a myth to me—indeed he was to almost all of the F.B.I. agents themselves. He equated as the man who had caught Hitler, accepted Legend's veracity, and then disappeared into this air, returning when some agent did something wrong—or, more often, as he heavy in the jargon whispered about by Bureau agents. A rare public appearance at the funeral of an agent killed on duty prefaced the description: "God was on one side of the altar, the Director was on the other—and the crosses were terrible."

One day I discovered Director Hoover was more than

a myth. We were following the trial of American governmental officials who had been Communists. A name that came up frequently as their sponsor was that of a wealthy Midwestern businessman. I called a subpoena to be used for his appearance. The road friend is. It turned out that the man was a personal associate of President Truman, and an influential associate of many who were high in government. It also turned out that he had written a book highly critical of the F.B.I. I was one of those little people in a prosecutor's office who suddenly became important. I was named to carry the subpoena. When I didn't respond to the plea, the managing, an artless to cause status from Assistant Attorney General Louis Coe, who telephoned his instructions from Washington. My response to go forward was already profiled along when two F.B.I. agents appeared at my office with a message. "Mr. Hoover has been following this case closely. He doesn't think you should issue the subpoena." I didn't.

Within months, I was in Washington as Special Assistant to the Attorney General for Internal Security. The trail-following General Jay had tread a sly of Armenian Communists who had been in our government to the Secretariat of the United Nations. It was about to head up a public presentation exposing this. They asked me to write the presentation. I did, and two days before it went on, I received a telephone call from my Superior. At a midnight meeting in the Attorney General's personal office, I was ordered by the top brass at the Justice Department to kill the presentation. The State Department was against it, and the top brass in Justice believed it would be politically embarrassing to the Democratic Party at election time. I was faced with a choice between insubordination and acquiescence in something I knew to be wrong. At about two a.m., a top aide of the Attorney General passed by my office and said, "Look, young man, you stand up to Grand Jury. Show you just that down—or else." My thoughts were in the mind of the leaders of the Midwestern business man, and Mr. Hoover's campaign. Mr. Hoover's office was only a stone's throw away. Right he would come. Early the next morning from my office in the Justice Department, I called the F.B.I. switchboard for an appointment. My call was returned by one of

the fearless Assistant Directors who said that he would see me. I went to his office. Instinctively, I decided not to tip my hand when he asked me bluntly why I wanted to see the Director. I had the feeling he was trying to pin me up, and in a hostile way. I soon learned why: when I left his office, three seated in the reception room staring at me was the Attorney General's big aide who had given me the ultimatum the night before.

Here I was in a open-and-closed chair inside the Justice Department. I went back to my office, made ready to return to New York. My nerves ran just like I thought as the way out the door. A boy's voice announced, "Mr. Hoover is calling." A few moments later stamped, "I understand you want to see me come on over." Within ten minutes, I was seated across the desk from J. Edgar Hoover. Though he was dressed neatly and neatly, I noticed a strikingly patterned silk Charvet shirt, and a polished pocket handkerchief. What first struck me and always stayed with me was his tall canary. There was nothing of dashocracy or the overblown about him. He loved and he hated. You always knew where he stood. I was in awe that any kind of a real or even faintly affront would bring him to such a state of rage and anger. It was obvious that I was trusted, unguarded because of my work with the Bureau in the Rosenberg case—and more significantly because I had not been called under to pressure in the case of the subversives. He said, "Look, when you want to see me, call me directly. Don't go through channels. This Justice Department is the biggest soapbox wall in Washington. The gossips there are worse than the pervs of the C.I.A. Now—let's talk about your trouble over the presentation."

But having in the know about all little happenings almost as a minute-by-minute base was another attribute that never varied in the twenty years I knew him. I was immediately drawn into it. "With great respect, Mr. Hoover, I think I have to tell you, I told no one," he said. "It didn't take the ultimate in our investigative procedures to figure it out. They are monitoring your calls at your own office across the wire, and you no sooner phoned for this appointment than you howl was as the place with us warning that you were an irresponsible little troublemaker, and that I shouldn't see you." We talked for an hour. I gave him the drift of the presentation. He read it. He said: "What's wrong with it? It's all time. A whole nest of America Communists are holding down power in the House of Commons. Getting paid-free salaries." I countered that the situation was approaching a Presidential election approaching, the Democratic Administration would be lost. Mr. Hoover broke in: "That's the trouble with them thinking they've staked. What will set them on their heels is not some third-string Congress in an official position, but the way they try to cover it up. If they do these job and expose it, they'll make ports, not lose them." He then alluded to something that was to become history. "If some of these people around Truman hadn't thrown out reports on Harry Dexter White in the meantime." Mr. Hoover concluded, "Go ahead. Stick to your guns. It's the right thing to do." I said, "They might fire me." His answer, "So what?"

There seemed to be that. Hoover and Tolson would dine at Harry's Restaurant in Washington. Hoover obviously looked forward to lugging me on my occasional visits there, as he was always ready for the with an "inside" on what I was up to within minutes of my arrival. Out of sheer courtesy, I had to sit across from the McCarran Subcommittee. Robert F. Kennedy, at about five pm. As I sat down around seven, Mr. Hoover grinned and assessed, "So Bobby finally got you in your place and showed you who's boss?" I knew Mr.

Hoover would enjoy my confirmation of how right he was and how soon after the fact. He did.

By the time I became involved in the Army-McCarthy controversy, Mr. Hoover and I were firm friends. I was always embarrassed about a first-name basis, because of the difference in years and status. But I insisted, "Call me Jim." He did. Senator McCarthy called him "Joe." Our friendship included exchange of Christmas gifts, and in twenty years not one year was missed. When I was indicted the first of three times by so old political enemy, U.S. Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau, I fully expected the gift to stop, but they didn't. The same men would mature a salpicon from Margarita and a box of cigars from Mr. Hoover. I should have known he was the last person to give up from a friend, particularly with knowledge of the source of my troubles. Although he never ever mentioned even indirectly any of my three numerous acquisitions and fall wanderlust, I knew where his heart was. I often knew that if I had done something inappropriate, whatever it was, by the "Hoover" look he would not lift a finger to help protect that his heart could still be there. Those were the rules of the game.

After my controversial set on, I never once initiated a contact with him. My troubles were my own, and I was not about to inflict them on highly placed friends. So I didn't see Mr. Hoover for a while—through the exchange of gifts and letters continued.

Indeed, at my trial, Morgenthau's staff was actively assisted by F.B.I. agents, two of whom sat at the counsel table. Who did their job well was save Mr. Hoover would rather not have been called upon to assist Morgenthau in his defense. I was present when he was cross-examined. Tolson's about his role, he said, "People don't understand." What's the matter, Joe, doesn't we going to have the same crossing of swords as in the Rosenberg case?" Tolson, the very secretary of state of Hoover and replace John, to perfectly frank—because it really doesn't matter to me at all—severely authoritative told me the reason you won't take off your coat is that it's a wire recorder, and that you hope even confidential social occasions like this." Hoover was visibly shaken. He passed me and took off his jacket. "Now which friend made god-awful you that he?" I reached west and headed McCarthy the dossier we had but he burst out laughing, and told Hoover that he had but he could get him to take off his jacket. And he did. Hoover was laughing. "I'm not the only one who doesn't care if they don't believe he was being taped. He left his coat off, and the next time he came to dinner he promptly took off his jacket."

Hoover never pulled punches about anything, and was often critical of Joe's handling of certain things. Once, after having had his say, he looked sort of sad and said, "I don't know why I picked you. You're in the toughest fight in the world, and they'll tear you to pieces. You deserve no sympathy, not criticism."

More ominous than not, Hoover and Tolson would dine at Harry's Restaurant in Washington. Hoover obviously looked forward to lugging me on my occasional visits there, as he was always ready for the with an "inside" on what I was up to within minutes of my arrival. Out of sheer courtesy, I had to sit across from the McCarran Subcommittee. Robert F. Kennedy, at about five pm. As I sat down around seven, Mr. Hoover grinned and assessed, "So Bobby finally got you in your place and showed you who's boss?" I knew Mr.

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Mr. Hoover was extremely sensitive on interference with Bureau agents. He never wanted them to leave, and resented anyone who effaced a job. He was even annoyed with Lee Nichols, a close friend of mine, for leaving after twenty-five years and accepting a post in private industry. When I was with the investigations committee, I wanted to hire an Staff Auditor with Bureau experience. Frank Clegg, a man I had worked with in the New York State Auditor's office, when I left to work with Mr. Hoover, it to be dismissed. I decided to be decisive. I told Frank to quit the Bureau for personal reasons. Then, out of a job, he would come to me. I would go to Hoover and ask for a reference on Frank. I did manage so abruptly—that is, until I interviewed Mr. Hoover's office, and asked for a reference for this "ex-agent." Frank Clegg, Hoover immediately said, "You should have asked before you told him to resign in order to give my knowing that you as a friend of mine were encountering difficulties of my position. I mean, I told you if I came to you first, wouldn't you have turned to me for a reference and say, 'Of course'?" "That's," I said, "what you're asking, isn't it?" I remember his words. "Your alternative was the third one—not to do the whole thing." He stood up to indicate the discussion was at an end. The next time I saw him, I firmly approached. He smiled and said I was forgive because I was too young and inexperienced to have known better. That hurt worse than nothing.

Bobby Kennedy was not one of the Director's favorites. He regarded him as an arrogant whopper, who played around his friend's money and power. This initial unfriendly impression turned into valid doubts when Bobby, as Attorney General, tried to start running the F.B.I. himself by attempting to remove Mr. Hoover with agents who secretly reported back to Bobby. A brief encounter in 1963 set off a cold war between the two. Bobby became Attorney General seven years later. The famous Army Lee Moss case was under consideration before the Senate Permanent Investigations Committee. This was where "McCarthyism," according to Edward R. Murrow, cruelly embarrassed an innocent black lab by accusing him of being a card-carrying Communist while working on the code room of the Pentagon—when it was all a case of "misidentification." Of course it was all such thing. Years later, the Subversive Activities Control Board established that there was no case of mistaken identity, and that Anna Lee Moss was not and the name—a card-carrying party member serving in the Pentagon. In effect, the whole issue was a public lesson of the Investigations Subcommittee. McCarthy left the hearing early, which I found a sign of Bobby and the majority committee members to shoot down Senator Humphrey's career and save his job, and offered Anna Lee Moss a job—against opposition from the anti-McCarthy majority. As the hearing began, I said to Symington: "You're making a mistake. Our information is totally accurate." Symington seemed shaken. "I think I'll check with Edgar Hoover," he said. This worried me as all, since I knew our information was correct. McCarthy's mistake was that he personally did not check with Hoover, with whom he can friendly terms. He made the error of sending Bobby Kennedy over to the F.B.I. to thank him. With antipathy to Bobby, I remained silent and demanded he leave. The "Lee or Anna Lee Moss" Bureau files are now "shattered" to atoms. Bobby ended up in the office of Lee Nichols, the Assistant to the Director. Nichols explained that she didn't just ignore up, and suggested that if certain information was desired, a formal request should be made. Bobby blew his cap, and demanded a decision from the Director personally. Nichols called Mr. Hoover and explained the situation. Nichols never told me the Director's actual words. Bobby was polite and firmly asked to leave.

The whole "F.B.I." question is always a matter of much press speculation. The anti-F.B.I. press al-

ways suggested that the Director had lied, and that

they were the source of much of the information we used during our investigations. This is not true.

Each of our informants had F.B.I. material as its

original source, but we did not get it from the Bureau.

We obtained it from contacts we had in other govern-

ment agencies, who had received tips from the

F.B.I., calling various loyalty and security units in their attention. For example, a document that I found later in the Army-McCarthy hearings was a letter from Mr. Hoover to the Defense Department about certain security risks to the military. Just as everybody thought, it was sent to Bobby. Hoover wrote, "I got it from a source in the Pentagon who had received the letter, in fact the original source made no copy of the Hoover document touched off a big controversy about its accuracy. The last time I saw Hoover before his death, as mentioned, hoover had about an appearance of rums on Virginia Graham's show, in which the Ellsberg Pentagon Papers were discussed. Bobby had told my comment that I thought a fitting punishment would be to sentence Ellsberg to ten years in Harvard. One of his main (Continued on page 250)

Just Folks

Bird enough of usage bottleneck? Fed up with visual presentations of those meetings, for models, benefit programs, etc., what's new and unique around? Us too. But this time we have researched American male businesses (just to be safe) by simply asking some impeccable entrepreneurship institutions such as Chambers of Commerce, Elks' Lodges, Jaycees and Rotarians from coast to coast to send us head shots of their presidents, Exalted Rulers, etc., so we could present some idea of what normal people, for God's sake, look like in this country. Now we feel all better.



Jaycee Larry Shuler,
Las Vegas, Nev.



Jaycee Jack Coughlin, San Bernardino, Calif.,
Chamber of Commerce



Jaycee Robert J. Farney,
Portland, Me.



Jaycee Dr. Gregory Brown,
Augusta, Ga.



Jaycee Gerry Strohmal,
Santa Fe, N.M.



Jaycee Jim Warner,
Elizabethtown-Normal, Ill.



Jaycee Robert H. Bergin,
Princeton, N.J.



Jaycee R. E. (Dick) Mueller,
St. Paul, Minn.



Jaycee William C. Preston,
Charlottesville, Va., Va.



Jaycee Albert Lassman,
Silver Spring, Md.



Jaycee Lee D. Gerinch,
Cheyenne, Wyo.



Jaycee Thomas Edward Morris,
Rockford, Ill.



Jaycee Ronald Walpert,
Franklin, Ky.,
Chamber of Commerce



Jaycee Ken Daniels,
Peoria, Ill.



Jaycee Marion F. (Mark) Marchbe,
St. Paul, Minn.



Jaycee Dick Penruddick,
Augusta, Ga.



Jaycee Walter Goldreich,
Smith Island, Md.

Norman Mailer and the Mystery Woman or, The Rape of the C—k

by Diane Prospiale Ostrander

(Note: As dedicated television viewers are aware, Norman Mailer is a recent appearance on the Dick Cavett show was attacked by Connie as a male chauvinist. He replied that he had a "complained mind." His wit was then attacked by Garry Marshall as a "proposition of violence." To this he replied that "Violent has his sense of emotional pollution." Finally, he was attacked by the audience as immature; he replied that, on the contrary, he had taken over Ernest Hemingway's role as Literary Champ.

It is difficult to understand why the author of such works as *Advertisements for Myself*, *An American Dream*, and *The Prisoner of Sex* should be accused of chauvinism, violence, or, of all things, immaturity. To any serious dramatist show was a bore regressed by the CIA. MARIA-LILI: *Surprise* is directed Mr. Mailer, a fine Championship Match was arranged. Here for the first time at the surprising side of that encounter, its celebrated judges, and the startling announcement, which, if it doesn't credibility, may reward us all that Mr. Mailer himself has long been a baleful man Major and Dread;

Sail through white curtains shot a tempestuous ray,
And chewed the ball-point that wrote *Some the Day*.
Once lean and hungry, now his girth like gnarre
Of Herring swells, and Master Shremier's Planet.
(His heroes were Explainer, by vociferous,
But why did he explain their explanation?)
Near Philip stamped on, like gypsy moth,
Nimble author of *The Gripes of Roth*,
Yet sadly pale he seemed, and ugly faun;
Could it be true he'd caught Portnoy's Complaint?
Was he then doctored, always to seek renown.
As cocktail jester, or as campus clown?

Poethocast last, like eagle on his epic,
Was carried in on sticks of Commentary.
How frankly he'd confessed of Making It!
And all the world had wondered, making who?
These took their places at the panel table,
Though bulky ego made them near unusable.
"Notison," they whispered, "Norman shall be he
Who'll demonstrate true masculinity."
But where then dwell the females of the schwarm?
Should all this stage be ruled by chauvinism?
No, no; on t'other side, fair Millen goes,
Armed in means of diacretion prose,

Which proves conclusively that Man is Goat,
By grade pamphphise, and cute huff quom.
Wheat'er she writes, it makes the media rave,
And D. H. Lawrence rots in his grave.
The word Gloria next, in stately dance,
Repelling sex-fests with Melba piano;
The plunge up front, the mislark behind,
Inspire all guitars to admire her mind.
Lastly, Germaine completes this Trinity,
Brave paradigm of femininity;
Sister she bags positions all to try,
Liberty (and mascara) in each eye.
She knows she'll be a judge *per excellence*
Because she's had such broad experience.

These now the table's dismal side adorn.
The studio audience brightened like the mtns,
Each seat a candle's flame, on marshaling wick.
As NORMAN enters, greeted by Smiling Dick,
Our genial host—but with an arm like piano,
And a left hook picked up from Sonny Liston,
Or maybe José Torres—Biff! Bam! Bush!
Poor Caven hit the carpet with a crash,
And joyous was the audience to find

That NORMAN had a complicated mind
"Let all thus fall who dare contend with me
In hours of intellectuality."

Quoth NORMAN: "Once again, I've shown
the nation

Something about the Art of Conversation."
So speaking, he displayed his warlike arms
While cameramen shot close-ups of his charms
Around the neck a microphone he wore,
Which birds might bliss, and journalists above,
Through vanity craving to this task to rise,
Pulitzer laureate, winners of Nobel Prize,
Conquerors for a National Book Award,
All knew, all saw, all recognized their Lord—
O Tobe, that gives the public what it wants.
Sometimes Vietnam, sometimes deodands,
O Tobe, with power to make democracy
Swish like ripe wheat, from sea to shining sea.
NORMAN's other name too a hero name:
Brute Batman rape, coulson, and corral boots;
Upon one hand a gaugistic glove,
A dry martini in the air he wove;
And on his massive chest a button reading "Love";
Such were the trophies of his ascent night,



From *Naked and the Dead*, heavenly fight
 Where soldiers gave a fig more than a damn,
 Up to the lofty Why Are We in 'Nam
 But most him bearing sheets of scatter silk
 (The Harvard Club had never seen this ilk),
 Men knew he kept AVENGER hidden there,
 That fearsome weapon! New Escalier!
 Could he withdraw this tool? And could he wield?
 And would he prove the victor in the field?

Now came the moment we had waited for.
 At MAILER'S back, beheld! an open door
 The hand struck up with 'All You Need Is Love,'
 And forth did glide—a WOMAN!—Siamese! She wore a mask, and none could see her face.
 Though clearly she was full of Inner Space,
 With skin like dead rags or dali's bright,
 With glances like fire, and with step like light,
 With raven locks that from her shoulders flow,
 With measurements like Marilyn Monroe.
 Clothed in a clinging gown of rainbow hue,
 In mystic sphinx panarea strange and new
 Circle within circle did seem to frolic,
 So round, so swish—you see, it was symbolic.

All studied was for this amazing fray.
 But first one hero hardly knew to pray
 Invoking virile spuma, as these named,
 Lawrence of Yale, Miller of compact framed,
 Ernest the bold, whose arms met many a dint,
 Count ring brass balls, and hickey bobs, in point
 "Jocks of the past!" he cried. "I will nor flinch,
 I will fight on, till death or victory!
 I've proved, if combat 'twix the genders ceases,
 Civilization will go quite to pieces
 People would soon to think that sex was n'er,
 Guilt, fear, and shame would vanish in a trice,
 Divorce attorneys such a thing would ink,
 Sweer social workers would go out of work,
 And borgage bonds their analysis would boast,
 And what would whiners have to write about?
 Further, I have, dispelling realms doubt,
 This penetrating argument employed,
 In the immortal words of Dr. Freud,
 What do they want? Good Lord!
 What do they want?
 Poor silly dears, although they plead and jive

They wish to be the weaker sex no longer.
 If they're not weaker, how can we be stronger?

This said, the hero boldly cast aside
 His ornaments, and stood, dressed in his pride
 Applause rang through the hall, and shouts of glee
 Awesomed, the band played "Nearer, My God,
 To Thee."

Likewise the lady's prisoning garments flew
 Down to the ground, and to it quickly they go.
 He turns her this way, and he turns her that,
 He heaves her upright, and he slants her flat,
 He hugs, he handles, and he hauls his prey,
 In beautiful and passionate display,
 Each orifice his manly skill excites,
 Sometimes he sucks, and now, perhance he bites,
 But chiefly in the good-old-fashioned mode
 Of plowman over fertile earth he rode.
 An hour passed by, on blushing, glowing wings,
 A second hour prime eminishment brings,
 And still the dauntless warrior battles on,
 And still another hour it flows and goes—
 How long, O Lord? the doubter might inquire,
 But Earth would soon reply, with lips of fire,
 "Like bold Achilles, brilliant Alexander,
 Great Charlemagne, or whosoever's greater,
 What though the rest be him, sleep the fret,
 Strike on for fame! Strive on for victory!"—
 So struggles NORMAN, eagle of insurance,
 Lion of courage, colossus of endurance:
 Each muscle deep, like stormclouds passing o'er,
 With fragrant droplets sprung from every pore,
 Not once he violates the dismal taboo
 "Goin' sailing any gal? Does this please you?"
 For none but cowards seek to gain their bliss
 By lowly inquiry, "Do you like this?"

Now in the outer world, the night had fled,
 The mystic moon laid down her silver head,
 And rays sunlight bathed the USA.
 Yet nothing moved, yet nothing moved, today
 No factory spewed out offensive smoke,
 No shopping center filled with merry folk,
 No railroad roared, no Fried burned gasoline.
 All eyes were fixed upon the lamen screen
 Then at our hero wielded Cupid's shaft,
 At last we knew his was no elching craft.

The wretched lips betrayed a gentle moan;
 Another followed; then a heavy groan,
 And as a roaring flame mounts to the sky,
 Purer and fainter did the moments fly—
 Yes, blare the trumpets, yes, and pound
 the drum—
 Together, like a textbook, they had come
 "Ah," breatheth the viewers, as a single band,
 And "Ah" reverberated through the land.
 And "Mmm," the judges sigh, with
 unfogged binoculars,
 Giving over NORM the prize unanimous:
 "He's just like Oh Gee, March," intones the
 Below.
 Miller cautions that he's a dishing fellow,
 Roth says the Lemming Go won pretty nifty,
 And followed all the rules of acetate-fifty.
 Gloria nods, Podhoretz thinks he's fine.
 And Groucho decides to be the new in line.
 Now banners wave, All Power to the Glads,
 Corden flies, the CHAMP triumphant stands.
 A parade of mankind, in whose face,

Flushed with victory, in smiling grace
 All features of all victims seem contorted:
 Now like Bert Lancander, and now John Wayne
 He seems—now darker—now a little blonder—
 And now he seems to look like Peter Fonda
 But us? O strange! O marvel! Can it be?
 Do we behold some wondrous sorcery?
 The dazzling orbis vanished from his skin—
 But peoples groan where peoples had not been
 Changes afoot! His voice begins to crack,
 And now, his figure swaying forth and back,
 Grew thin, grew slight, grew smaller every second,
 Grew back to youth . . . and the Lady smiled,
 and he bowed.
 Sure 'twas some magic, some divine leap!
 He flew, he raced, he dashed after her lap.
 "Moms! At last!" triumphed the charming boy.
 Yes, 'twas a sort of deep, erotic joy.
 Then spoke at last the MYSTERY WOMAN deejay,
 These words, for lost mankind plainly to hear,
 As in her tender arms she him did keep,
 "My darling! Would you like some chicken soup?"



Diane Arbus,

who first appeared in this magazine in 1962, died a year ago last summer at age forty-eight. For the most part she photographed, as in these examples, unusual people. Suddenly a lot of young photographers are to be seen walking about with a Minolta 1000 and a flashgun, as she used to do, but it is yet to be seen whether any of them can capture the dignity and intelligence of unusual people, as she used to do. A retrospective exhibition will be held at The Museum of Modern Art in New York, November 7 through January 2. Be there.



A MEMOIR FROM THE LAB

by MacDonald Harris

Lie down with gods, forget strange heroes

I never knew my mother very well. I understood her well enough, I think, insofar as there was nothing she wanted me to do, which is to say that her affection was long in spite of the absence of any love, filtering kind of affection she dispensed as oil does, without any real regard for or understanding of the recipient. And moreover I came on the scene late, toward the end of her oblivious years, and the more important parts of her life took place before I was old enough to take notice of them. Even when she was young, I imagine, it was difficult to be intimate with her. In my earliest recollections she is always in motion, always talking in her thin, slightly scratchy voice with a faint break in it and usually with a glass in her hand, wearing a long velvet gown in pale mauve with jeweled trim. Maize was her peasant color as violet was her texture; she was free of chains and heavy rings, and my wife was so looted that the weight itself must have drawn her to the taking and the resultant healths nothing but a burden and not a pleasure. But she was a bad mother, simply that her life was too complicated for her to take notice of her children in any substantive way. In any case, growing up as we did in the enormous and decrepit world of the Villa with bards that abhorred the ballouments, any intimacy would have been difficult, and so we were left very largely to our own devices. In the subadolescent chancery we wore what clothes we pleased, or no clothes at all. We grew up like marionette birds, brilliant and neglected, a little vicious perhaps an expensive sed and even less animals often became. We hardly named mothers because no one could call us home, when she was still a relatively young woman, I imagine she must have been a rather attractive person.

She liked to be surrounded by people, and once having collected a crowd around her she liked to pick and choose among them in an impulsive way, choosing favorites and banishing those she was tired of according to principles that at least from the outside seemed totally random and whimsical. Toward Party Alice she was always the same; cheerful and casual without any genuine affection, a quality of something friendly mocking in her manner toward him. It was fortunate that he had his own resources of energy; it was because of this, in fact, that the two were ideally suited to each other. If she drank a little too much this only aroused the hilarity between them. In her sober state she was as intelligent as he was, or perhaps a little more so. But when she began to drink this acuity became blurred at the edges and was soon submerged in a sort of

generalized longing for every kind of sexual gratification at once, so that she failed to distinguish any longer the individual objects in the world around her and saw, or felt, only the huge elusive sensuality of the whole universe shimmering just out of reach. This itself became the shaped of her desire, and hence it was an unattractive one to her because querulous and was an easy victim.

Yet like all drunks she refused to concede that the habit put her at a disadvantage; she maintained instead that she had been born with a kind of natural alcohol tolerance and only became her true self after a glass or two. Impersonal, magnificent in her massive gown of velvet that swept the floor but almost buried her breasts, she was a figure of a formidable presence even in her own family, her children, if the passage can be applied to such a tenuous and occasional relationship. Although she was slightly shorter than average she somehow gave the impression of being tall. Possibly this was simply her way of bearing herself, the chin slightly tucked beneath the brows, the corners, the sense of superiority and fierce congealed over every angle of her body. Her large eyes were dark in the obscurity, an otherwise artificial whiteness of her face, a trace of fatigues clinging under the eyelids and a rather brittle surface of her features, and she was always talking. Moving from person to person without breaking the thread of the single conversation she seemed able to maintain from nose to navel, holding a glass in her perfectly manicured pale hands fragile against the velvet, she drank slowly, savoring freely and yet somehow secretly over the rim of the glass at the person she was talking to. Her voice was parched with a hint of something more certain, perhaps mystery.

The guests of these parties, which usually went on to midnight or later, were many different kinds of persons, partners, mistresses, Egyptians, emigres, balladeuses, professors of comparative mythology, naturists, and a nucleus of vaguely poetic young men who had read everything and talked knowledgeably about most of it but the few obscure literary critics but were not exactly poets. They were all well-formed young males, with narrow waists and plump black hair, and they dressed alike except that their garments were in various shades of pastel; sartorial pretenses that cheap to their like stockmen, tight creation or jerseys, shorts and undershirts, leather wristbands, bands with things Party called them the Fingers, which relegated them in a kind of decoration of the Villa, not essential to its structure but doing no harm if your bats instead that way. To (Continued on page 222)



Illustrated by Ann Lapergola

The Day the Movement Died

by Dotson Rader

December 6, 1971—and all the right people mourned its passing:
Tennessee, Norman, Abbie, Diane, Jerry, Gloria, Germaine, Andy, Gove, Oxie,
Tall, Rennie, Rip, Geraldine, Julian, Judith and the author

I do not know when the Men first took hold in my mind, but somewhere between the Winter of 1966, when I first met Ian at Columbia University, and the formation of the Weathermen Collective in Chicago in 1968, somewhere I became hostage to the idea that I would end up like Gus Hall.

Gus Hall! Let me explain my obsession with this man who at head of the Communist Party, U.S.A. I don't mean to imply that I am head of any party or movement, or that I ever will be. My credentials as a radical activist are those strictly of eye of the troops. Like so many others, I became involved in New Left politics during the Sun-the-bomb days following the Cuban missile crisis. The first demonstration I ever attended possessed both the Bay of Pigs and segregation at the local Woolworth lunch counter. And then in 1968 I went to Washington for a demonstration sponsored by Students for a Democratic Society and got arrested and put in jail. That was the first of four arrests. At Conference I joined SDS and participated in all kinds of early events at the time. In 1969, I quit SDS in Chicago at the convention when the organization fell apart and Weatherman was born, but I stayed with the movement, working with the people I knew and trusted and were, I felt, most dedicated to true socialist change in the country and not adventurist activism. My role in the movement has been that of a brokerage broker—I work with people in the various assessment groups and some outside who are friendly. The purpose is to help raise money for people in jail, for people needing legal and defense funds.

So my obsession with Gus Hall had nothing to do with aspirations toward leadership. Let me tell you how I tried to explain it to Norman Mailer early one morning as Mailer and I sat looking at me as if I had taken leave of my senses.

It was May, 1971, about seven months before Mailer would join Gloria Steinem, Rip Torn, Phil Ochs, Tom Watson, Diane Ravitch, Jerry Rubin and other celebs of the Sixties in a benefit concert in New York City's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, a benefit I would help organize. Mailer and I were at the Manhattan apartment of Senator and Mrs. Jacob Jacobs. Also there were a number of rock people and two other writers, Germaine Greer and Jerry Kramnick, a wary, manic Polish-American novelist who babbled nonstoply about the evils of Capitalism and the decadence and stupidity of the American student left.

I got a drink and sat down with Mailer in the living room. I had come from dinner with Dave McReynolds

of the War Resisters League who had told me of the conspiratorial nature of People Coalition For Peace and Justice (P.C.P.J.) I was in as a result of the May Day demonstrations in Washington weeks before. I started to speak to Mailer about our money problem, but his mind was on other things. He wanted to know about the May Day demonstrations, about the massive disruption of traffic, the street trashin', the 35,000 arrests. He was concerned about the future of the New Left and as we sat, but maybe both of us should have been more concerned about what we were doing there. I was aware of the intimate, indeed incestuous relationship which had grown up between the left-liberal establishment circles, the good-intentioned rich, and the radicals. It had reached absurd proportions based, as it was, on a psychological symbiosis, an acknowledged interdependency which was really pathological.

The left-liberal pack was armed with traditional liberal demands, along with the more uncompromising liberal position, for politicians in general, for the corporate state which produced and protected their privileges. And, worse, they were haunted by the sense that history was ignoring them, that they had lost touch and could no longer affect history as it was affecting them. They felt disengaged and impotent. In a word, they believed that the connection between themselves and the energy centers in the country, between themselves and the new sources of change (which they saw in terms of radical youth) had broken. They longed to re-establish the link. Patriotic left-liberals knew that something was at work in the nation which they neither understood nor felt comfortable with and therefore could not harness and manipulate—something—a movement—which sexual energy and cultural creativity they sensed and, failing, threatened, must destroy.

As for the communists? By May, 1971, I think most of us perceived that the Party was dead, perhaps irreversibly. That decline could be judged on any hand by our financial bankruptcy, and the increasingly greater portion of our time and energy which had to be devoted to fund raising for legal defenses. One could also reach a judgment on our diminished prospects by our apparent inability to organize masses of anti-war demonstrators. The days of half million plus peace demonstrations were over. We continued to meet the rich because we needed them. We needed their money and their encouragement and the necessary confirmation of our importance which their attention provided.

The year before, for example, Senator and Mrs.

Jacobs had hosted some demonstrators following our attack on the Justice Department and march on the White House after the Cambodian invasion. Then in some of us went to the *lavish* Watergate West apartment several midnights, our clothes smelling of smoke and tear gas, and had drinks and conversation, all very pleasant, with the United States Senator and his wife after, only hours before, attempting to make accusations against the Government he represented.

May, 1971, then, at the Javits in Manhattan, Norman Mailer and, "You (the New Left) have no program. You make a mistake there. You ain't going nowhere."

I disagreed about the lack of a program. SDS's original Port Huron Statement stood and, to see at least, still seemed as adequate if reasonably moderate program. It espoused reformist measures leading toward democratic socialism in this country and advocated a political policy of non-violent revolution. But I had to admit to Mailer that yes, the movement wasn't going anywhere. The issue of violence was part of the trouble. I knew that confrontation politics were not working (in 1969 I wrote a book about it and tried to face up to the fact that only extreme measures would bring change here). But as radicals meant anything to me, it meant a profound respect for the human person—and that's why I couldn't accept geriatric violence even though I reasoned that violence might be the only way. Like so many others I was caught up in a contradiction that was frustrating and bewildering.

So Mailer and I argued about history and about the political uses of violence. Germaine Greer getting into the act with irrelevant comments about Australia and sexual revolution in England. Mailer told her she was all wet.

"There's already a break between the two generations in the New Left," I said. "Those of us who found our politics in the sixties Sixties, and the high-school kids coming into the streets now. We don't even communicate anymore. We don't see violence in the same terms."

Mailer said he appreciated the appeal of violence. And I said without irony, "Yes, it's a way to create your method!" For I was convinced that by now the fundamental personal motivation behind the street violence of young male radicals was sexual in character, not political. I thought I saw a pattern among those who more enjoyed and advocated extreme violence. Among these were failed athletes, eager for a way to employ their bodies to affirm their masculinity.

He nodded. "You're crazy, isn't it?" He paused and then added, "You know you're right." He paused again. "I'm gonna get married," he said, smiling. "I'm gonna get married," he said, smiling.

Later I sat in the study with Mrs. Jacobs listening to Ray Charles's *Georgia On My Mind*. It was late, and we were all via the locus, and a kind of melancholy was in the room. Mailer came up behind me and put his arms around me in a hammerlock. I got up and went into what I thought was a boxer's ring and slapped him on the arm. We play-boxed a minute, awkwardly, Mailer with his fists up, grinning. Thus we left.

We ended at a bar across the street from the Dakota Hotel. And here was where Gus Hall entered our consciousness.

It was early morning. We talked about the composition, about Andy Warhol and Billy Graham and Nixon, short sex and disfigurement, about how Mailer was the Champ, and how a writer was and holds his turf. And then we got back onto the left and I spoke

about our money problems and about the massive demonstrations we were planning for October. Elect Nixon.

Mailer said the New Left suffered from a failure of imagination, from futurism. And then he asked where I thought we—the New Lefters—would end.

"We're going to end like Gus Hall."

Mailer, into the beer like we, shook his head—he was sitting back in the seat with his hands in his jacket pockets, his shoulders hunched, and it was that gesture, the pocketed hands, which reminded me of Gus Hall—"Gus what?"

"Gus Hall, Head of the Communist Party."

"Oh," Mailer was surprised.

"He's got the largest collection of social realist art in the Western Hemisphere."

"Jesus!" Mailer was beginning to go nuts.

And he loved the break in a two-story house and parties in the basement with a Sears fit-kite. He was Robert Hall's son. He really believed an American proletarian exists."

"...believe an American?"

"...And he needs the Owy World, d'uh? He watches Monty Hall at television and dreams has seriously an example of post-industrial capitalist decadence."

"...Mony who?"

"He takes William Buckley seriously. William Buckley?"

Mailer shrugged. Dubkeef.

"We vacation in Miami Beach and he thinks Konya is just like the Party's membership is Government agents and he boasts about success! He still thinks you're 3961! And You going to end up like him?" A Red optimist?"

Mailer sipped his drink.

April, 1971, immediately before the May Day demonstration in Washington, I spent several hours talking with Gus Hall at Communist Party headquarters in New York. The Communist Party was one of fifty organizations on the Steering Committee of the People's Coalition For Peace And Justice. I was going once more to the Coalition as an organizer and field master. We discussed Coalition matters, although Gas continually turned the conversation around to the subject of the Party. I think he saw it as a potential convert.

The Communist Party headquarters is a four-story red-brick town house which once served as the offices of the Veschiotti family. Across the street, in brownstones, with windows darkened with dirt, the F.B.I. sits behind the glass monitoring the doings of C.P. headquarters and tapping the phones, a fact of life in which Gus Hall takes pride. The Government still comes.

To get to Gus Hall's office on the top floor, you climb the stairs past rooms painted mustard yellow, past striped walls and naked light fixtures and wall posters of Leonid and Marx, prokofiev, carlton at the edges like old campaign signs, past a beehive box abandoned on the landing, a Fine Angels sticker pasted to its side. In the rooms, in the tiny cubbyholes off the narrow corridors cluttered with packing crates, old men sit around tables arguing about the revisionists and the left-wing adventurists (i.e., the New Left), about the betrayals and the pangs and the disputes they alone remember experienced after fifty years. This is the Party which for ten years, ever since the New Left was born with the SDS at Port Huron, this is the Party which has been telling us it is the Home of the Revolution . . . waving the bloody flag and, before



we produced our own martyrs, throwing the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in our face the way Nazis once employed the Alger Hiss affair to intimidate Republican irregulars. Gao Hall sees the Party veterans as the leaders of the left of the Chinese revolution, but still narrowly the Americans might feel jeo. But what I see are old men given over to memories of failure in Duxtruct and Madrid, purge and death. I see despair.

On the second floor is the trophy room, which is a repository of the battle flags of the American left, or at least that part of it influenced . . . to put it diplomatically . . . by the CP. It is an eerie thing to enter that room, some of whose young you ever had visions of red flags flying over Washington. For there one is impressed by a rather lost generation, opportunistic blower, history muffed by a tatty, apparently violent . . . posters condemning racism and warism and child labor and militarism and Hitlerism, the New Deal, capitalism and Zionism and Ho Chi Lung, posters crowding between the filthy windows. And beside the unworking fireplace, the trophy case itself . . . a home statuary of a former working generation . . . a generation that has unashamedly promoted Gao Hall's *China and Friends* [Workers of the City and Country] . . . an eight-volume history of the C.P. of East Germany given to Gao Hall by Comrade Walter Ulbricht, and over the fireplace, deer antlers fastened with dust like Australian bows hang with Spanish moss, posters presented to Gao Hall by the General Secretary of the Mongolian C.P., Comrade F. Tschabal, as a reminder of having been in the Mountains of Mongolia with the leaders of the People's Republic.

The Mountains of Mongolia, it was days before I would find myself in jail with 15,000 other protesters in Washington, and Gao Hall is telling us that the Mountains of Mongolia and how I must go there sometime and how the Party is the Wave of the Future and how, sooner or later, you kids will wake up to the fact that there are no revolutions outside the Party. No end, yes, but without us, no hope outside the Party. Gao Hall goes.

Gao Hall sweeps into a room like a swindling, slow, old locomotive, chunky body swaying from side to side, his shoulders, like cement slabs, thrust back (his sense of dignity is heated stone), his arms hanging down, uncrossing, uncrossed like two long legs now to his jacket, Gao Hall is given to backslapping and bone-breaking handshakes and had, clean jokes and jamming his large hands into his jacket pockets à la Kennedy à la Marley, stretching the cloth out of shape. He is a good man yet a lone, and to me he is to what the sand book is where he is from, to think of striking laborers sitting at dusk in saloons in company towns Hibbing and Hib and Iron and Aitkin, telling the same local cerebral jokes. Gao continues to tell, and causing the Pecksters and the scale in the rough Marxist jargon of the Thirties.

Gao Hall grins and continues. "Pee an optimistic outline," he says, his hand extended to the Norwegian original. "I am a good man伸缩的, he says. "High high here at the Party. We're with St. Key, up to a couple of years ago I'd of said socialist wouldn't take place in America in my lifetime. But now, now!" He grins triumphantly, and takes a bite from his tan sandwich. He sips his coffee . . . More and more youth, even teen-agers, are the Party as the necessary part of revolutionary development in the United States. We're closer to the scene now . . . It occurs to me that the Robert Humphrey weeping Peter Max dies and dying his hair palmier-black and wearing waksep and bobbing with terms like "Groovy" instead of "Golly"! Gao Hall has

adopted as self-consciously the verbal badges, four years late, of the Flower Children. Will they ever get in step? . . . We're very much hip! We're growing! It's like a new day for the Party! Max, you kids [I am forty-eight at the time] get to come aboard! We're writing it . . ."

It is the kind of ride of ending like this man which obsessed me. As spivved by memory, trapped in his role, so late, too late. This was it: I was frightened of losing grip on interior, the moral courage or bance, the irony or whatever it is which less renders a man's soul to decay and madness and the nature of alienation and driven him into moral and intellectual exhaustion. That I never wanted to happen.

So, to be frank, sometimes I was tempted by the thought of slipping through the history of leftist struggle here, slipping through, yet retaining my radical credentials by signing on with Gao Hall and company and taking one of those wooden swivel chairs with the squeaky sprigs behind the plywood desks at Party headquarters. It crossed my mind. Anywhere who tells you the New Dealers, their radicals are not straightforward. In fact, of course, organizes themselves for their own ends, and the younger, anyone who says that is out to lunch. Because one of the things we have been doing for the past ten years is trying to create organizations with impressive names and hierarchies and bureaucracies in which is play out our fantasies of status and revolution with unapproachable majesty rather than blood. We, who ridiculed functionaries and bureaucracies. Because what has taken hold of us is . . . I am speaking now of those of us who were young in the Sixties and are now pushing thirty and for the first time grasping with boozes and berberishes and skelepleans and sexual disorders and the creeping sense of political failure, of having been in history and having blown it . . . what has taken hold of us is the need—when real youth is gone and we find ourselves feeling nearly out of touch with the generation of teenagers pressing our rear—the need to find a new credibility, a new status, a new role, a new office, a new leftist organization or a place or a sense of some crossover, dull, left-wing periodical, something through which we can maintain our political credentials and let the world pass. Something to relieve the goddamn guilt coating in the atmosphere that neither revolution nor翻身 was created anywhere but in the streets. No more to take the stickings and the jail. Because you see we find ourselves winded in the race, seated in a different way now before charging cops . . . growing sentimental, understanding Tom Hayden's desire for children, family . . . we find ourselves nearly thirty or beyond and having known boudoirs and sisters who down yester, exiled, sold out, betrayed. So if you went through Berkeley and Columbia and Chicago and the Pentagon and Seabrest, as much of us did, that revolution was around the corner and, finally, the year before last, when we around the corner in History book, the Party, is now the test-tube and soap, and beliefs come through bedrock doors at night, well, the Party that the political bureaucracies appear attractive. Safe to be a USSR McReynolds, a functionary with the War Resisters League, to speak of small changes, to get to bed at night. To die in your sleep.

Is that option or what other? To take the literary route and watch your political faith decline from hope into contempt, to end like Gore Vidal with your politics fueled solely by cynicism and contempt? And if you don't become a functionary and if you don't want to watch hope and the sense of justice bleed out of you,

leaving you Voisington quip and moral superiority and little human sensibility, what do you do to keep your hand up? You get arrested at dozens of sit-ins. You score money. You adopt the Liberal Policy; you teach yourself and other Few progressive benefits!

So it was in May, 1971, in Washington demonstrating. It was a fauna, the May action. I sat in DuPont Circle with a demonstration of cranes and Weather people and street kids looked out on nests of deer or coke or Hitler or God knows what shit, I squatted there with the kids screaming and running and the cops picking them off and I gripped my eye balls and were we're unapproached self and my contact lenses were soaked in my tears of fear. I guess I am a bit of a born-in-the-grass. To hell with it. I am too old for it. Born between us too often. And I thought of Gao Hall up there in the Bronx driving his Plymouth in the del, rising in the morning to write an editorial for the Daily World condemning my May Day demonstration as a pack of crazy left-wing adventurists, with too much physical courage and too little sense. And I thought "I'm probably right!" Flogged out, worn through, about to be arrested . . . what am I doing here with these names? Why not go the academic route and speak at using text about democratic socialism and write unreadable books about it? Why am I become a parlor liberal like Max Lerner or Ed Sorkin, Michael Harrington? Tightened and making your policies in *The Millions* (gram) *The Governess* (gram) *The Progressive* (bitch)? Why not? Because it does not work. I know that as well as I know that the May Day march against through DuPont Circle trashing the Bronx Banks, roots being whoring and coughing from the tear gas and, to the sheer amount of racism and homophobia and other idiotic American yuppie poison during my lifetime. That also did not work.

Fair days in the sun, in the central locker, crammed with whom ever else demonstrates in hundred-degree heat in a six-by-seventeen-foot steel cell with a broken toilet and pee on the floor and bald breath and one piece of bologna and two slices of bread and no sex and no sex and Moog, and what was on my mind? The war? Sex? Getting out of the can? No! Gao Hall! I think. I'm falling in pieces. We're going to end like old Gao! Something went to be done?

What I did was to organize the *Remember The War* benefit for the Peoples Coalition For Peace And Justice at the Cathedral of St. John The Divine in New York on December 6, 1971.

For initial conversation with Bob Dylan on the idea of organizing the benefit, I went to Chicago to see Tennessee Williams, whom I wanted to enlist in the project. Williams was organizing his new play, *Our Cry*, which was receiving a lowly production at a restaurant-theatre. Williams was soon out from rehearsing the cast each day, running through their lines because he found the director to be inadequate.

Williams was sick and tired and he was doing local television interviews with hosts who wanted to hear about Brazil and the Phillips, doing the show because his producer was unwilling to take newspaper advertising for his play. I spent five days with Williams, sleeping on the sofa in his suite where he would write each morning and read me out of the text of his play. He had to write. In between I drew heavily and spent hours talking with him about the war and the young people who opposed it. I urged him to involve himself personally and dramatically in the anti-war movement, and I offered the *Remember*

The War benefit as a possible bargaining point for that engagement with the movement. He wanted to connect with radical youth, to catch up with history, for someone who had lost the States to bad times and worse and God knows what horrors. He would find them, the States, after they were over, gathered in the Cathedral months later.

I came in late one night to find Anna Maschom, the actress, and some aging blond actor from New York shooting at each other about their relative importance in Williams Tennessee was lying on the couch exhausted, still dressed, a grey hot-blooded throw over her.

"Baker" Tennessee said, looking at me, "these people do not understand revolutions. I've always spoken for the oppressed. And now I've decided to do something. Help, it's time for me to do something for the oppressed. It's past time. I must speak out! Maybe it's time to pick up the gun?"

Pick up the gun? The movement couldn't pick up both for two of Ned's?

I think what drew Tennessee Williams to the movement, what made him accept an invitation to speak at the Cathedral benefit in December—his first public appearance against the war—was what drew Maike and Vidal and other writers, a romantic conception of the young and of history itself, and the sense that there was a new imperative for direct, active participation in the struggle of the left if you were to maintain any credulity among the younger generation. Sorire had said that and that intellectuals who did not take to the streets in support of workers and students, who stayed at their typewriters, were guilty of "dead faith." He stated, "In my view, the intellectual who does all his fighting from an office is unrevolutionary today, no matter what he writes." Some American intellectuals insisted it was true, or that at least some sort of direct public action was expected of them. Benefits and other leftist public assemblies were attractive to persons of an artistic nature, especially if they were celebrated persons. It allowed them to maintain their radical credentials and seeks their coherence without submitting potentially to any sort of collective authority.

Also, what drew Tennessee Williams and the others to the movement, to the Cathedral benefit in this instance, was the fact that young people, most especially young people of color, were the ones who were most aware of creating change. They made intellectuals feel alive, in contact with history in a way that books and theatre did not. It was important than that writers and other artists be well-represented by them. And, of course, there were profound moral and political reasons for the intellectuals' involvement on the left.

When I asked Tennessee to speak at the benefit on December 6 at the Cathedral, he agreed enthusiastically. He also, later, when we were as desperate need of both money and publicity, wrote a poem for us ("*Rip Off Off The Mother*"), which we sold to *Evergreen Review*, and an article ("We Are Assassins Now") which was published in *Hooper's Bazaar*, the money magazine of the Coalition. And during the months preceding the Cathedral benefit, Tennessee spent himself in the company of movement people. He was changed by that experience. Let me tell you something about his involvement with us.

In New York we spent an evening with Abbas Haffez in his apartment on the top of an office building in the Village. Williams and Abbas embraced warmly and Abbas introduced Tam—(Continued on page 24)

"I always am myself described as 'definite,'" complained Texan Capote. "There's nothing delicate about me. Do I look delicate?" he asked, pushing his hair back from his forehead and running his fingers through his hair to show his shabbiness, totally indifferent to the fact that he was wearing a dark-blue short-sleeved shirt and a black-and-white-striped shorts—a large, middle-aged beige that would look at home on a steel-worker. His appearance habdaded and he sat down. "In actual fact, I have a strong, steady, peasant frame and an over-sized head. I have always worn the biggest hat." Mr. Truman Capote, author of the best-seller *The Castle*, who has been in Europe for months, will now return and defend his credit and expect cash. "Where-can-I-buy-it?" gleamed Le Grosne. The fancy things he would probably get them.

Checking in with Truman Capote

by Gerald Clarke

Notes in passing on life-in-progress

hopping from yacht to yacht, Fab Beach to Acapulco. He lunches with New York's grandes dames at New York's grand restaurants, and ends with the Goldey, one of the four or five he considers worth the trouble of flying back to San Jose. The last time he was there, in 1971, depicting him on more of his special buck table used on the TV set, "Well, I didn't actually go boozing," he told me, "but I did pass to my eyes. It was such a shock I had been going there so

At forty-eight, Capote is no longer the slim, exotic-looking fop who was pictured on the dust jacket of his first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*. He is now to be seen in the garish, over-dressed attire of a man who finds his territory suddenly crowding up. "It was considered very bad form," he says, "to make a whole book-style twenty years before its time. I was the only public character who didn't care what anybody else thought." The wacky, childlike voice—"It is not a boy, it is not a girl, it is not the mother, my father, my mother, that sort"—so shocking in 1948 are now amazing commodities, always good for sales, and Capote himself has been captured by *Say and Johnny* Custer as a Public Character, St. Truman of The Tonight Show.

After spending half a lifetime with his nose pressed against the glass—"He wants us to be at the inside staring out," Holly Go-Lightly said of Capote the narrator in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*—Truman admits that most of the world is sterile at home. His party at The Plaza was one of the social events of the nation, and he is still busy about, a smoothie, a power, a freebie, an evening, a movie, a burrito, several dogs, two enormous cats in camouflage colors, a honk holding up a table, and a snake in the form of a stick. He also has a real cat, Biscuit, named for a woman philistine, a brother, an English teacher, and Margot, an English builder that en-

joys dining on the clothes and flowers of his friends. "She is," says Truett, "very wealthy."

Still, even in the years of peace and quietness that followed his brief, Truman has had more than a few of the common ordinary problems. He was in a near-fatal automobile accident. He spent three days in a California jail for contempt of court after he refused to give evidence under a deposition in a libel suit. He was hospitalized for exhaustion, and, in 1951, was operated on for cancer of the prostate. "People say that if you have cancer, you can't feel it," Truman told me. "I can tell you, you can't. I couldn't sleep more than two hours a night, and I was dripping with sweat. Finally, I went to a doctor. When I got up from the examining table, the nurse wouldn't look at me, and neither would he. It was like a jury about to hand me a death sentence." We both insisted on that awful moment before he succumbed. "I am," Tennessee Williams once said, "not as bad as that." That's what he said, then. Then he broke down and said, "of course!" Capote once drew several octaves up to approximate Williams' voice and said, with admiration, "Well, that's where he shone!" "I said," said Wall, "no writer could come true, I would be." Actually, Tennessee has been telling everybody for the past twenty-five years that he was dying of cancer, and, Jesus, Gore has been concerned about heart attacks for years in my certain knowledge. But I'm the only one who did know.

When I talked with Capote, most of the time New York surprised me. On Long Island, his problems seemed well behind him, however, and he was off on many grisly, with only as occasional dark interplay through his boozing boutades. In New York, in fact, he was so ill loved that he was taken to his dying bed, peering at us over his footstool. "I'm never afraid to anyone," he signed, as if confirming a chance

ful, meiotic weakness. "I know, except intellectually. My great fault is that I understand everything. When somebody does something deplorable to me, I always understand their motivation."

His comments on most of his fellow novelists are, in this generous spirit, almost Olympian in their detachment, and he seems genuinely sorry that he has only so many good books to offer. He has, however, ready-made titles by such favorite men as Jane Austen, Flaubert, Proust, Dickens, Henry James, Willa Cather, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Raymund Chandler ("one of the great American artists"), and Sarah Orne Jewett. "Sarah what?" I ask. "Sarah who?" she replies, marveling at my ignorance. "Sarah Orne Jewett," he adds, crumpling up the paper and dropping it into the wastebasket.

"In such an exalted society there is no room, even if Melville invited, for a Faulkner or a Hwang, much less a Mailer or Updike. "I find Faulkner's prose cumbersome and tiresome, stuck up to us myself. There is so much undergraduate and so much trash work that has to be done. Hemingway had the understandings of a man who was a man; that he can seem like a parody of himself. I side with that, he was really White. He was twenty-one or twenty-two. Nelson Algren published *The Heat* with the Golden Days and Heartbreak. I was quoted on the dust jacket: 'All you Capitalists, get your last cents and leave the room, come a real writer.' I said to



self. "Jesus Christ, here's this great guy Hemingway, and he looks a kid in the head that hard." I would call that *penitent bullying*.
For his living colleagues, some of whom would dare have a writer

when when was last seen a writer named Capote, he measures his prose as simply as if it were a mere, unpredictable brandy. None of them is likely to find it interesting. "Norman Mailer is a good novelist I don't think he can write fiction Gore Vidal?" I don't think Gore can create anything. The same thing is true of Master, but he is a much better writer than Gore ever thought of being. John Updike writes so well but isn't it Narrows who said that Updike's

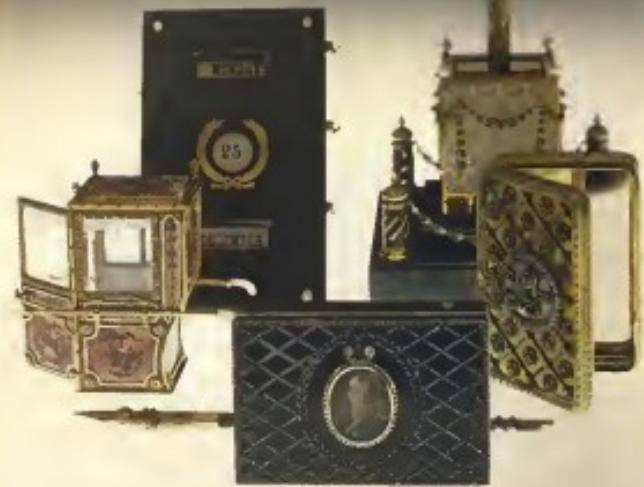
was writing?" All the effects are on the surface, with nothing underneath. I can't remember what one of my stories is about when I've finished it. There's something wrong when you're aware all the time of the writing, don't you think? It's like trying to group people. But there's no way to do either, some, where she chooses the body. The rest is loose." *"Nakaboko."*
"I liked *Lolita* and *Desperado in the Dark*. Other than that I've never particularly enjoyed how I do think he writes well, though." Kurt Vonnegut? The most perfect fail? "I haven't read him," said Bellows. "I like him, gal, but I just logged down in all of his weird intellectual Jewish gooks. I get so sick and tired of the whole Jewish muck that

"For me," he admits, "that is a fantastic length. I never wrote anything remotely that complicated. I began it in 1958 with scenes, a fall ending, and an ending. In 1959 I got involved in *The Gold Ring*, went downeast. I would say, for example, it was 1960 before I went back to the book and continued from the end of 1959 to the end of 1969. In 1969 I began writing. I always planned the book as long my principal work, the thing I always have been working toward." One of the editors at Random House is the only other person, according to Traiman, who has seen what he has written. The editor calls what he has read "brilliant, malicious, very funny." (Continued on page 257)



Photographed by Harry Wolf

This space is usually reserved to tell you to get off your hobby and do your taxes shopping early. We also give that one to you for a price. This year we again urge you to get off your hobby—but also here are pictures. Merry Xmas my way. The items belong to Molotov.



Breakfast at Fabergé's

Fabergé's collection of works by Carl Fabergé, nineteenth century Russian sugar powder box known for the Easter egg held next to the Tzar, at left, an egg which houses a gold, a bush bracelet a box, which houses a Tsarist portrait. Above, a cedar chest with rock crystal windows, a nephrite desk calendar and pen, a snuff box with a miniature of Nicholas II, the Orange Tree egg with a gold bird inside, a Coronation Presentation Box, with a diamond Imperial casket. So when should you get your mother? How about a new speed blender or some such?

The Nouvel Art of Caricature

The mother of civilizations, the land that has taught us six hundred and eighty-five ways to cook eggs, is once more great with child, this time in the form, as is frequent in France, of artists. On these and the following pages you will confront the handiwork of three remarkable young French caricaturists, Claude Morchoisse (below, left), Patrice Ricord (below, right) and Jean Mlatier (opposite page). The chances are you have seen very little of their work before, except for Mlatier's painting of Rex Harrison in last July's *Esquire*; but the chances are you will presently see a great deal more. Being Frenchmen, they are very good at explaining themselves and their art, and we have asked them to do so, beginning overleaf.





Histoire de la caricature

Nobody knows what caricature begins, though some people think that surviving portraits of Attila the Hun (Charlemagne and his son Pepin) were deliberately stylized by artists who disliked his ugliness, and if correctly interpreted, the exaggerations or deformities of significant features, then Michaelangelo's Sistine ceiling, to my notion of his merits, is caricature personified. But by and large, except for hopeless cases like Charles V, artists through the ages generally made people's features, if anything, more regular and ordinary than was in fact the case. All that finally changed, drastically, as Jean Maitre observes, because of the proliferation of photo-

graphy in popular culture. "In the westernmost country," he says, "it wouldn't have been possible to do such precise caricatures simply because people then were not accustomed to finding themselves photographed. Goya worked in Madrid, where there was no newspaper press, and the illustrations possessed the actual references of his models, the details of the date of the process he was at the process of passing. But Valley everyone is informed by the visual abundance of the movies, magazines, posters and newspapers." So thanks to Mr. Kodak we can have Maitre's Charles Bronson and Steve McQueen.



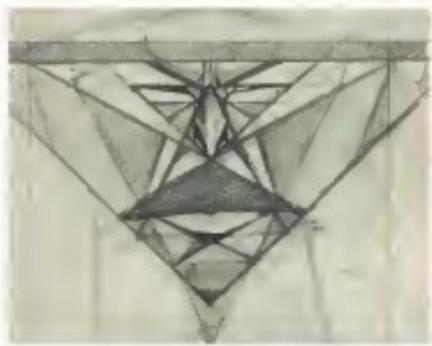
MAITRE



Quelques observations sur la théorie

"Technically speaking," says Matisse, "the idea of expression has practically no meaning. What type of expression people look ridiculous, to put them in a potentially determinist situation. But we are engaged in the search for character. One's memory of a person, a thing or an event is essential; I mean that one only retains the essential character of that person, thing or event. As I see it, Bernini's intention consists in revealing the personality of a face, of its essential character; thus it is not necessary to show the face in a dramatic pose, particularly sighing, as one might have a tendency to conclude following the development of political discourse. All set which tends to reduce the essential character of a subject in contrast. Van Gogh's expressions are concatenations of expressions. What light is in connection of light, and what should I sing of Pissarro? All these have to do with the essence of their models in order to reveal the highest pitch of certainties of resemblance." For a practical example, see the successive sketches and the final result of his John Wayne drawing on these pages. Above, Biroli's prominent Lee Marvin which the artist analyzes in rendering apparent somberness. "I myself usually regard 'Faces' as 'expressions,'" he explains. "To be more specific, and other than flesh, bone and so forth. The columns of bone volumes and primary colors transforms Lee Marvin into a block of granite." And no wonder, since making the implant explicit in what French callizations, and expression seems to be all about. "The advantage of expression," Biroli says, "is the demonstration [such a word exists in French!] does not always have to be done with words. For example, the 'Connection is a little pocket helicopter. In a helicopter one flies above things, one becomes detached. New York, for example, is dirty and smoky, but from a helicopter above the actual New York is as pretty as I had imagined it could be. In a helicopter as in a drawing, there are the two places where I can be perfectly happy." So do not shoot down the consultant, he's flying the best he knows how.





Vies et pensées des artistes

When Francis Bozzet, who is the one on the left in the photograph, was asked to say a word or two in explanation of his drawing of Lee Van Cleef, he responded only: "When one has a serpent before oneself, one must become a serpent in order to understand it." Which means, French is a language to live by, like biology. Mr. Bozzet, who is now forty-five years old, first met his contemporary Mr. Matisse (center frame of the photo) in secondary school after which they both studied at the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Arts Décoratifs. Both began to draw for *Playboy*, the French

brave and valiant magazine, and fell under the spell, among others, of Modigliani. Drucker (no such as that, Matisse's capital M in his signature is copied from Matisse's) and for Tintoretto, which is French for TV Guide. Mr. Matisse, those same five years, adored them both, sought out their work, and invited them to his studio for drawings of art history. What's more, it seems safe to predict (and we are predicting) that they will soon show up frequently in American media if Rizzoli is correct in his analysis: we are all in fact quite a spell of caricature, which he regards as

springing from the deep wells of human nature: "I believe," he says, "that caricature is unshakable as a principle and will always respond to the more or less pressing requirements of reality. And that all the more so as reality is in crisis, history shows (cf. Marconi, Bush, etc.) that a recognition of this form of expression corresponds to the political needs of our time. The more the individual grows, the more it becomes necessary to show how to handle it! And as we all know where human values are at these days, take another look at Lee Van Cleef."



A Few Words with the Masked Poet

An unpeckably disgusting but refreshingly acerbic conversation

ESQ: Let's begin by exploring why you can't reveal your identity.

HIM: I've already explained that.

ESQ: I know. But for the record—so the reader will understand what's going on here:

HIM: In my opinion, this will be obvious to the intelligent reader in due course.

ESQ: Sure, but we have a general audience, and I think it would be a good idea if we got the matter of your identity cleared up right here at the start.

HIM: You mean my anonymity.

ESQ: Right. The reason why you can't tell us who you really are.

HIM: You know who I really am. You mean you want the reader to know why he must be denied that information.

ESQ: Right, that's what I meant.

HIM: I consider you, of course, to be the first place it's just fine when it comes to words, so what we gotta do is this, I will... I always say, tolerate nothing less than absolute transparency.

ESQ: So you're a poet?

HIM: Precisely. And as you see also not unaware, I am a celebrated poet.

ESQ: Being famous has something to do with why you can't tell us who you really are?

HIM: Being famous has everything to do with it, yes. Persons who read know who I am.

ESQ: People who read poetry.

HIM: An you wish. In any case, I could never do it since I revealed my name. Never.

ESQ: You know, you wouldn't work the campus circuit again? Well, I'm asking you, shouldn't tour the campuses again if people keep coming to the performances in that interview? Is that what you're saying?

HIM: You must be kidding. Are you kidding me? Not even a smidgen I couldn't show my face. Listen, you must be kidding me.

ESQ: You're saying you wouldn't get invited to lecture, to read your poetry?

HIM: Of course you're kidding me. Any fool can see it would be safe for me, certainly. My God, you can't be serious.

ESQ: I just wanted our readers to realize the risk you're taking.

HIM: Risk is squarely the word for it! Look, if you want to know the real truth, I'll absolutely cheer to do being this.

ESQ: Come on, it's just an interview. We'll cheer the fat boy a little bit and chuck it.

HIM: Chock!

ESQ: Take it easy. You have ever tried to one will ever find out who you really are.

HIM: That's all well and good for you to say, but I here this distinctive way of talking, don't you know—

certain phrases, certain diction, a cadence that is unique to me and therefore recognizable by literate persons everywhere.

ESQ: Yeah, well, you don't write the way you talk, you know. I mean, your poems are more like, you know, poetry.

HIM: Obviously you do not know my work.

ESQ: Bare. Bare I do. I read it a lot.

HIM: You do not know my work. You know my reputation, but you do not know my work.

ESQ: I've read your stuff. I mean, I really like poetry

HIM: Certain poems, perhaps, but you do not know my work. If you knew my work, you'd know how absurd that statement was. You would know that it is through the medium of spoken language—ordinary, everyday American speech—that all my poems arrive.

For your information, I compose in precisely the same way I am trying to address you that very instant. As I always say, I, for one, do not derive art from life, or vice versa.

ESQ: All right, but we're not here to talk about your poetry. When you suggested that interview, I assumed that as a poet who is asked to visit a lot of magazines you have come up with some specific ideas concerning the whole state of poetry, the profession of poetry itself.

HIM: Completely put and needful of at least one correction. What I will attempt to communicate to you is in the nature of observations, not ideas.

ESQ: Okay, suppose we begin.

HIM: Very well. Ask you first question. And I think it's only fair to inform you that I am going to diagnose in a somewhat unorthodox manner. I'll feel more comfortable that way.

ESQ: Sure, go right ahead. But I was sort of hoping we could, you know, just have a conversation. The question-and-answer kind of thing gets sort of stiff.

HIM: Oh, I agree. I agree. What you would like as a dialogue, is that what you'd like?

ESQ: Sure, let's just talk.

HIM: Splendid, splendid. First question.

ESQ: I'm going to just talk, all right? So let's start talking about our first idea.

HIM: Observation, dear fellow, if you will. Well, the thing of it is, you're a poet. (Continued on page 254)

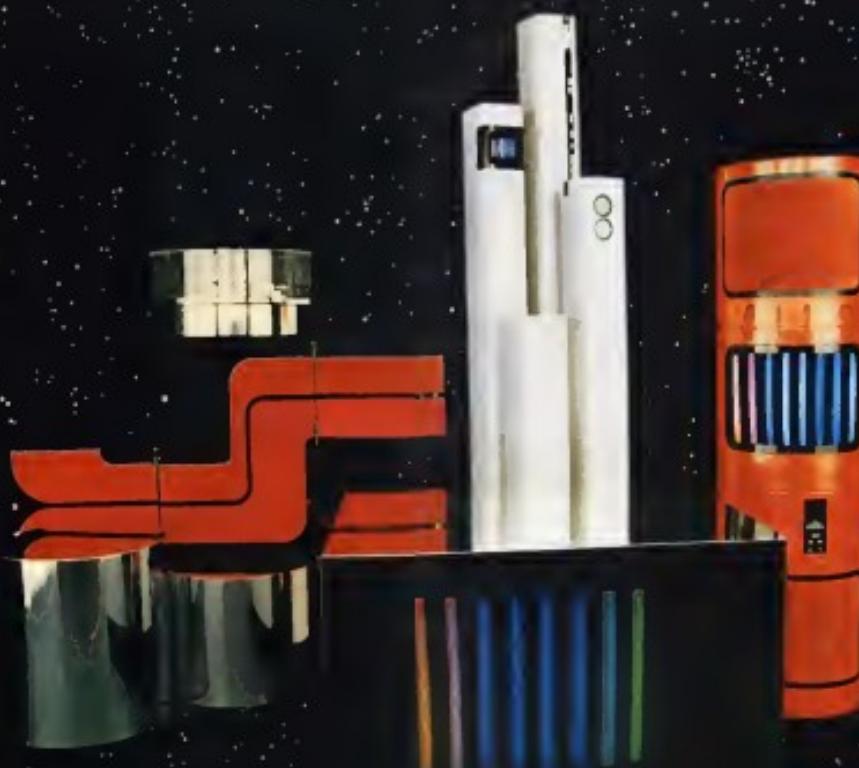
The reader is advised that this photograph is a dramaticization and not the record of an authentic event. The girl, however, is a real girl, and of course the masked poet appears as himself. The reader will realize that under normal working circumstances the masked poet does not sparrow with a sleeping bag on his head. The book and pipe, on the other hand, are tested standard performance gear.





SI-FI TV-HI-FI

A few years ago, you probably expected that the TV screen would shrink to maybe five inches so that everyone could have his own. President Eli Broad, when he made his *Futurama* (45), expected that the screen would expand to cover entire walls. But miniaturization has passed only partial acceptance and the big screen is still not technically feasible. Most likely, the television set of tomorrow will look like the prototypes displayed here. It will be clustered with other audio-video components; the controls will be hidden away and the screen will be built-in—designed, I suppose, to make it look like a television. Behind the plastic panels, from left to right, are a color TV, a tuner and amplifier, a record changer, and speakers. The other necessities are from RCA and, from left to right, they include the audio return port, shown here with speaker cutouts. It looks like a cylinder. Beneath the record player, mounted on top, are a timer, small tape cassette, and a digital clock. The smaller cylinder in front is for record storage. The large cylinder set in front translates at the push of a button into a polyethylene of polished aluminum and glass. The base strengthens behind it to contain a day TV, a tape cassette in the short one in front, a tuner, and a digital clock, with provision in the tallest pillar for a house intercom and a multi-track stereo cassette system. The stacking feature is high-gloss orange plastic containing a color TV, a tuner, a tape cassette and stereo system. The bottom-most part (the neck) will provide floor and weather checks and can be set up vertically or horizontally. None of these ideas prove anything, but maybe you know what's ahead.





Bernie Cornfield Honors His Mother

by Candice Bergen

And the days are very long upon the land the Lord gave him



Edied now from the company he still calls "The Investors Overseas Services Family," separated from the 20,000 employees he once oversaw as chairman, and having bowed to his much-publicized twenty-nine children in the Haute-Savoie, Bernie Cornfield has sought refuge in a Beverly Hills house he built for his wife, "The White Umbrella" by writers who had trouble finding it, is a forte-pointe ivy Gothic mansion with no ground. Possibly because he could have an landscaping and probably because it had historical potential, Bernie bought the house from its delighted owner, and what was once George Hamilton's home became Bernie Cornfield's castle. Or, "Grayhawk," as they answer the phone.

Here, amid two-tonne limousines, a doorman, luggage, a sauna, Racquetball, a forest of pinball machines, a bevy of seem-not-quite beauties, and his mother, Sophie, Bernie quietly sits out a living off the land.

He had been, of course, the Johnny Appleseed of mutual funds, selling them in New York and then in Europe—saving the seeds of capitalism across the Continent. He found Europe to his taste, and superbly assimilated. Except for an occasional hard "g"—as in Salzburg, a favorite residence of his native Brooklyn—he had trouble finding. His company, Investors Overseas, had assets of \$2,500,000,000 and effected the balance of payments in the Western world, until a managerial overnight, some say, precipitated the collapse of the company and induced the alibehoats of its spouses and patriarchians, who sold out for what is said to be a tidy profit.

Bernie's Beverly Hills house is decorated in early fashion. In the spirit of medieval splendor, a Basque bound name Segurano walks by and lifts a leg against a marble bust of Caesar on the floor. In the dining room, sitting at a table as long as an astrophysic—so it seems—at Bernie, Cary Grant, and Bernie's seven good friends. The centerpiece is hinged with fried chicken, salmon, mangouste pot, paper mache, and the kind of stonewall-topped wine they serve on airplanes. The time passed, and Sophie, who looks like Barbra Streisand after a fast, sits at the head of the table in a broad-brimmed Nehru jacket and affably accepts the curtain-raiser. Cary Grant provides the charm.

After dinner, they sit on the den, a wood-paneled room lined with huge oval prints of head shots of girls, male shots of girls, and sheets of Bernie shooting solo shots of girls. Cary Grant plays backgammon. Bernie says, "What's the movie tonight?"

"Patton."

"Oh no, I've already seen it."

About midnight they go into the projection room, Grayhawk, a nocturnal household, bedding down at dawn and rising at noon.

The air is high overhead, there is a gradual escalation of ambient activity. People drift freely in and out of the house. There are a few friends, many acquaintances, and sometimes various tourists. Whether or not Bernice dreams, her hospitality is always manifest in abundance. Drunks, buffet lunches, an open bar and sofa fountain—the house is at everyone's mercy. Or vice versa. There is no abnegation. The generosity seems to know no bounds.

The outside cast is fairly consistent: a small coterie of regulars mixed with visiting celebrities like Larry Harvey, Tony Curtis, Al Capo, Gina Lollobrigida ("Cary really grows here," Bernice says "Always!"). Altars are strictly informal: tailored work shirts, faded jeans, Van Cleef & Arpels pendants. Gucci belts, bracelets and shoulder bags. The place is like a gigantic cruise ship adrift in a sea of leisure, vacaciones, movies, buffets, swimming, tennis, Torpe karts, heavy... .

After such talk, Bernice several questions about Investors Overseas Services, she says warily, "Let's not talk about I.O.S. anymore, let's talk about something else." So I say fine, let's talk about whatever you want. And for two hours we talk about I.O.S. He is like a man in mourning, keeping a lock of corporeal hair.

Finally Bernice turns to his present concerns and says, "A house for a man is either an extension of his virility or a throwback to his childhood, a place to play. My castle in Europe is a delightful place to play. You ride around on horses and the countryside is very beautiful!"

"Twenty-five rooms to play in?"

"I like to have a place for my friends to stay," he says simply. "I'm never alone, I'm on the other hand, I always have enough people when I'm in Israel. I had a terrible sensitivity to Israel that being alone there was not like being alone in other parts of the world because you feel you're at one with history. I've got a lot of houses and I've been very much involved with them. I decorated them, I bought every piece of furniture, every painting—but I don't really feel at home in any of them. And while I don't have a home in Israel, I feel at home there. I guess it's something in the genes... . something in prior lives."

I had never before met a man who had a home, as I ask him what he feels about one-to-one relationships.

"I find them very difficult." (Continued on page 210)

If the Democratic Convention was the American system in action, how did it look

to a Red Chinese? to a Russian?...



Jack Chen,
longtime resident of Red China.

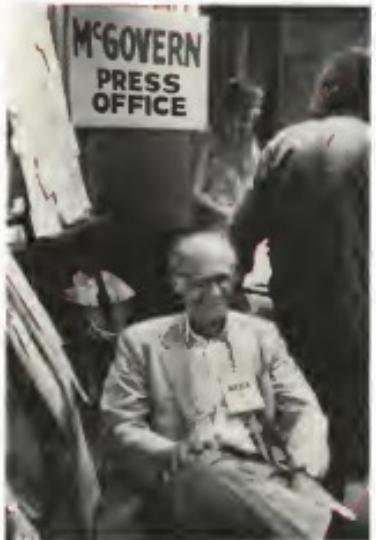
"It seemed strange that the candidates should say how bad their fellow party members were and boast themselves. In China, this would have disqualified them in the first round. Chinese candidates, in fact, engage in serious public self-criticism."



Gennrich Borovik,
Soviet citizen

"'Aha! You're from Moscow!' the woman cried. 'Well then tell Bella Abzug that I will fight against her to my death!'"

...and to a gentleman from Connecticut?



Arthur Miller,
American playwright

"McGovern demonstrated that a new Crowd has been forming itself. A rarely random collection of people becomes an operating Crowd at the point when each of its members begins to feel a strong sense of equality with all the others. Whatever the Crowd's larger social purposes, its first purpose is to exist as a Crowd."

Jack Chen

A view from the Chinese mainland

Sitting across from abroad through the eyes of the U.S. media, I get an inaccurate picture of the land and its people. It was not that the components of that multi-faceted image were inaccurately reported. They were reported honestly, but the relative weight given to the various phenomena described was at fault for various reasons. America is a far more complex entity than one gathers from the *Voice of America* or *The New York Times Journal*, *Time-Life* or even *The New York Times*. But the malaise of America which these journals chronicle so lucidly is in fact, it could be seen in Miami around the convention hall and in my

What could one make of the Miami hotels that house the Victoria Secret Showgirls in a ten-foot floor plot, selected by an Apollo and another Greek goddess? When I now hear the speech I quote, saying "Free Martha"!, where longspands are small replicas of Machiavelli's Medici tomb figures? How could one understand the Poodle Lounge in which the people in the Flaggard-type pictures all have poodle heads, or the Room Seven Room beneath it or the pottery green with plastic grass? But then perhaps this was just an intervening convention delegate that they must work fast to stop the destruction of America. And then came quickly presenting the most important news item: the young man in the high-heeled sandals reverting abruptly to a Cobain Avante garde, clad in trousers that seem to defy the law of gravity. A Miami newspaper says: "We live here like Kings never lived in sullen days." And he is right. Even leave the Fourteenth never had wall-to-wall carpeting, ice water out of the bathhouse faucet and Walter Cronkite at the flip of a switch.

Just over the causeway you pass a wooden shack with peeling white paint. It leans at a crazy angle. An old black couple rock on the croaking porch, children sensible in the dirt yard. Whirling above on the bouncy curves of interviewing correspondents the cars shrill like batons, triumphant.

Melvin Humphrey, Maxine, Wallace. The process by which these four men advanced to the finals of the nomination status at the Democratic Convention does appear strange and confusing to the outside. Only an expert can unravel the astonishing system of party conventions, primaries, caucuses, meetings and mixtures of all those used by the states in selecting delegates. Yet this combination of systems provides a test of worth of a man's ability to perform some of the onerous duties of President. The primaries particularly and the accompanying "veto de media" set a test of character and status. Whether it is the last test is another question.

At Miami, McGovern emerged as the best of the bunch, the man with the organization, the TV presence, the authority, the man who spoke out what many

people wanted to hear, the man the young people wanted. And it became clear that this was no backfoot boy from South Dakota. He had been working on this thing for about four years and he and his followers had made the rules of the game before, and after they won. His men and women had been working at the grass roots where it counted at the convention. Melvin and Humphrey had been working among the political pros who were compromised by their names.

But, the question has been asked, for many years past, in China, is it normal enough that the Democratic Party should nominate a Jason candidate who speaks a great deal of their time reviling down each other, saying how bad their fellow party members were and boasting themselves? It seemed that for the greatest music came from their own trumpets. In China such a procedure would have disgruntled them all in that first round. It would have been taken as evidence that they were all boastful and arrogant, self-aggrandized and lacking in proper modesty. In Chinese ears that would make them completely undesirable for the highest post in the land, or for any other official post for that matter.

I can well imagine that had I told all this to Leo Man, the farmer with whom I lived for nearly a year in a Hainan commune, he would have been astonished. Leo Man is an excellent farmer. When there is a well to dig or a wall to be built, he digs or builds and leads the digging or the wall-digging or wall-building work song. He himself had been elected to the production brigade management committee. His neighborhood had been a consciousness refresher of his feelings and an earnest undertaking to do his best. If all the Presidential candidates emerged in such self-aggrandizement that might be a cause for alarm. Mr. McGovern has won. A man should know himself. How can he know anything if he does not know that? If he is intelligent, selfless and really wants to serve the people, he will examine himself carefully. Through criticism of his own shortcomings he will demonstrate that he can indeed examine questions with honesty, sensible insight and a readiness to tell the truth fearlessly. He will show that his enthusiasm in work is inspired by the need of social service, and not mere ambition. On being advanced by the people as a candidate for office he will also, of course, present his ideals and aspirations. At the end, by remaining committed to his beliefs he is忠于 his other personal opinions. This kind of integrity of self-criticism would eliminate the weaker brethren and infidelity against who would make the best President. If more than one person qualified you could see the crossover as your Vice-President. Their attitudes would ensure that they would work together sufficiently. (Continued on page 222)

Guenrikh Borovik

From the notebook of a Soviet journalist

The telegram arrived during the family breakfast. "You are invited to Esquivel's special corregidor at the Democratic Party Convention." The letter (Esquivel jumping out above the dark tiles like a bird) was written on tissue to find out how the address would respond to sound. I could feel my face turning red.

Father (age seventy, retired as a pensioner, classes resting on a copy of *Possidai*): "It's an international master. Diplomacy. I wouldn't accept."

Daughter (age fifteen, staring with one eye, the other covered by bandages): "They aren't interested in history; they only digest it."

Wife (times in parentheses her age from editor): "And what about our vacation? Besides, in August you've got to head in your play."

Mother-in-law (age seventy-four, on a pension, works as a volunteer librarian): "There's a hurricane over there. It's terrible. I read it's called Hurricane Death."

Son (age eleven, loves ice cream and ping-pong): "It's Agosto. You always says things up."

The journalist alone took no part in the conversation. (He had decided immediately to agree when he saw that editor letter "GO".) He ate his meal and said nothing, as if interested in nothing.

The radio from across the seven sound holes, shattered into pieces the way voices sound in the mountains:

"Stop your first name, please. Where were you born? When...? Now, what else? Ah—secretary, secretary-bar-bar..."

"What's that?"
"Social security number.... Though, you probably don't have one-one-one."

"No," the correspondent agreed.

"It's just that security is everything for us now," the editor continued. "It has become really crazy. Especially since what happened with Wallace-allison-ase."

"Yes, yes, I understand. But assure them that they can trust me."

"Thank-you-ahs," the voice reported earnestly from across the ocean.

Apparently they really were serious.

The eleven hours of flight time is compressed into four, thanks to the seven hours' difference between Moscow and New York. You can have lunch at home in Moscow and dinner in New York, as though visiting your neighbor. It brings to mind that all in today's world are neighbors, that the distance between Miami's farthest apart is counted in hours, and the distance between continents in minutes.

An American journalist asked me whether as a Marxist I had a desire that would give rise to the capacity of (incredibly) understanding and explaining everything that would happen in Miami. Apparently to

explain his question he stated that since he had been, in his expression, "an orthodox Marxist," but later—added with a feeling of pride—he left it (he didn't say for what). I felt rather happy for Marvella.

Friends greeted us with heat, almost one hundred percent humidity, the smile of the indestructible Herbert Marcuse, fishing rods in hand, a bottle of beer, the words "No Letting Up" (in English), "No SMOKE," and a note: "Thanks for Coming." The Duke Yacht Company never sent one car up as the bridges over Biscayne Bay like a stone skipping over water and finally onto Miami Beach.

Overloaded by so many changes in the scenery since Moscow, the journalist rushed to the Hotel Fontainebleau to get the badge that would certify he had joined the ranks of the eight-thousand-strong army of representatives of TV, radio, wire services, newspapers, magazines and books and so forth, and as forth, assued the "media" which had gathered in Miami in the awesome proportion of two thousand and a half percent of the "world" for this event. Here he could catch his breath and relax a little, possibly because the lobby of the famous Fontainebleau vividly reminded him of Moscow's Sandokovsky Bath, though even more redundant.

My friend Chen, an artist who possesses a delicate sense of beauty, at first looked frightened and then began to laugh softly. His laughter was provoked by the enormous stone vases on the lobby, by the little vases on the columns, and the statues in the lobby. He caught hold of his cheeks trying to maintain proper decorum when they showed him the paintings in the Picasso Lounge. And when he finally stopped laughing he turned to me:

"It seems to me that a man just put here with his jackets hanging with menor tennis his head around and taking himself. 'Well now, what else can I think of to make this even more ludicrous?'"

The luxury of the Fontainebleau was manifested in a surprisingly organic fashion by four broad-shouldered metal barriers that were kept conveniently prominent with exercises as they manufactured house-headed beetles and axolotl monster balloons labeled "I'm for McGovern, I'm for Humphrey, I'm for Mankin, I'm for Wallace." Delegates with balloons were having their pictures taken with the poster "Miami Demands Democracy" as background. They broke the robots, inextricably in their love, would for the same contestants give birth to Republicans, bathers, and the word "Democracy" would be replaced by "Republican" as great cost.

A girl selling T-shirts bearing an appropriate image of McGovern and the message "Love the Truth" tried to persuade a potential customer: "It doesn't bring you anything."

I, a representative of "representatives" of the congressional delegation against the terrorist attack on the service station "Freedom 7" (sic).

mother. If you're not for McGovern, it doesn't look much like him, anyway. You can wear them whenever you want and for whatever you want..."

I went to a party I learned about it from a chalked announcement on the classroom blackboard in the lobby of the Fontainebleau (reserves were always crowded in front of the blackboard like schoolchildren writing down their homework assignment): "Open House in honor of Robert Humphrey Begins # p.m."

We arrived at the open house at that brief moment when "the last guest is just about to leave" and "the first is just about to leave." There were many guests in the splendid house that was separated from the access by only a few yards of asphalt road. The house obviously must have reflected in the same dimensions the owner's soul, but I could tell that the owner was working at full steam. These two circumstances facilitated the music in the house and the vivacity of the guests.

I asked someone whether Humphrey himself would be there, and I received the anticipated response: "Humphrey? Why should he be here?" The man who was speaking was as "I'm for McGovern" button in his lapel. I saw every with the same button. Even the host, tall and warbared, had a McGovern button on the open collar of his shirt. By mistake had I gone to the wrong open house? No, the address was correct. Seeing a man with the familiar badge of the "media" on his chest, I turned and said: "Tell me, please, who is in this party?"

The host's owner fixed his eyes on me suspiciously.

"I don't know your name," he asked.

"I'm sure you who spoke to me..."

"Excuse me, but I didn't say your name."

"How's that?"

"I said, 'Tell me, please.' And that's all."

The man wrinkled his brow and for a while looked searchingly at me.

"And what's more," he said, "how is it you know my name, and I don't know yours?"

"But I've been telling you, I don't know your name."

"Maybe you're from the Secret Service?"

"No," I responded weakly.

"Then you don't understand at all!" The eyes of my fellow countryman almost expressed a despairing desire to hang onto the thread of thought that was breaking in his hand. "Where are you from?"

"From the Soviet Union."

"From the Soviet Union..."

"Ah! Well, now, it's clear," and the man suddenly grew calm. "You should've said so in the first place. What are you drinking?" And he left for the bar, staggering a little.

Only as the third try did I succeed in clearing up

the bottom confusion that had been disturbing me: "McGovern. But, as a courteous man and an exemplary Democrat he put on a party in honor of all the candidates of the Democratic Party. And the Humphrey people sealed themselves off of the opportunity and announced that it's in his house, moreover as Humphrey is a candidate."

"But, isn't that..." I tried to show my amazement. "It's a very easy political trick. A trick that one doesn't even pay attention to. It's not your theft of a hundred fifty-one dollars..."

At the door I said good-bye to the host.

"I have been in your country," he said affably. "An unforgettable trip." He was interrupted by a tall woman in a long white gown.

"Tell me, you...?" she asked with a Southern accent and with a threat in her voice for some reason. "Where do I know your face from? Haven't we met sometime before?"

"In Moscow, perhaps," I answered.

"Aha! You're from Moscow!" the woman cried. "Well then tell Bella Abzug that I will fight against her in death!"

"But, I'm not acquainted with Bella Abzug, and besides isn't she in Miami?"

"Let her know that," the lady because snarled. "To my very death! I did say that I know you! You're all my party!"

The host behind her back signaled to me, pointing to the glass in her hand as if to say, "You must understand." From the woman's blouse Wallace stared at me,

I walked around a clearing in Florence Park, among the mounds of large and small seats, trying to listen to the segments and catch the remnants.

"They have to know that we're here. We'll watch every move they make. And we'll protest against any retreat from the pre-elections platform. But we can't permit a clash with the police. It would be counterproductive."

"We had it with their speeches and platforms. Everyone talks about the war, about our means, about poverty here. There's been enough talking, something has to be done..."

"McGovern can do it."

"How do you know what he'll be like when he becomes President?" I asked, brother, when I read the *Evening Post*. I just grabbed my heart—he'd never say a word like that!

"Tell me, please," said a man of about seventy, politely entering the conversation, "are you going to ok, organize, eh, organize on the sofa, eh, in Olsson's, The sofa, eh, shambles?"

"We didn't organize the shambles in Chicago, the police did. How the police will conduct themselves in Miami Beach, we don't know. (Continued on page 220)

Translated from the Russian by Albert C. Told

Arthur Miller

Making Crowds

In Chicago or in Miami—this had to be the Last Convention. So he half-suspects nothings of my opposition. And I felt the same myself a good part of the time. There is the sheen and charm of the American crowd in all its variety and sheer animal power, but in my real sense the thing verily expect work. How can the same man "represent" Richard Daley and Bill Ahern? For that matter how could Franklin Roosevelt stand for the principles of Georgia's Governor. This logic and his red suspenders and sergeant-major-like way of talking was a moment when some answers were being crowded in my mouth.

But that is no natural democracy at first of all a state of feeling. A nominee, and later a President, is not a sort of methodical lawyer bent to win a client's claim, an ambiguously apologetic figure upon whom is projected the conflicting desire of an audience like the protagonist in a drama he rises to a level of the坐. As he comes closer to being the nominee he becomes less an ordinary man than a performer who is nearly like a man. One proof of this is that we demand a perfection of character of him which would be absurd and childish were he not a nominee but which is somehow reasonable as he approaches that point. For he is now a hero who must act out what we would believe in the best in our own finished personalities.

So it is inevitable that the issues dim in a Convention quite as they do in a good play whose several characters and thematic point, while necessary to give it form, needs no importance for the mood which is swept by remonstrance, color, the surprise and validation switches of the action itself.

A Committeeman delegate in '68 I was at first surprised by the relative reticence of the issues for the Humphrey men who made up the bulk of our delegation. I had assumed that the main reason why very few keyboards dispensed with swearing the election, which would be raised by this nomination, but I could not find one who believed Humphrey had a chance against Nixon. One could assume they would therefore be casting about for an alternative. This would be treason. Nor were they under the illusions that continuing the war would do anything but hurt their cause. Yet they would not have of any idea to set themselves against Johnson's policy, which had no hope of bringing peace reasonably soon.

It was clear then that it came down to their belligerent suspicion, the way people belong in a certain neighborhood and are stronger in another in an objective way different than their own. Win or no win, issue or no issue, they belonged with Humphrey and the bunting tie was visceral. And when I thought about it later in the colds of total disaster for my side, I found my own cause too similar. But Humphrey by some miracle turned against the war and came out

for immediate withdrawal I knew it would be hard for me to go with him. I did not belong with him. Obliquely, his record on other issues was as good or better than McCarran's, yet in his camp I'd have been a stranger and at odds with myself. It is a bit like asking an audience in the last act of Hamlet to side with the King. Assume you suddenly learn that the King might well be blithely innocent of the murder of Hamlet's father, could it change your non-identification with him? Humler has already said too many things which caused us and earned us with him, and there facts could never prevail over expanded feelings.

I could have been a feeling of déjà vu which made the Miami thing seem so manifestly theatrical an occasion, but there were also striking ways that whatever principles they had come to fight for the delegates were as they had come to symbiosis, not merely to transact public business. It was another element in the transformation of the Party which had now become contemporary. Nobody running eye or muscle Admiration on rebel rolls from blue-eyed Yankees, and surely the highest IQ level in any Convention in history—they actually kept up with most of the participants—disavowing which was lost in the crowd in Oregon. They had come to a kind of total identification in the first days, like a friend in class at a large university taking where the grain is, but those people love a double perspective like actors they relate to the reality around them, but at the same time they played it for the home screen.

One could remember when people went shy and retreat before the TV lights and cameras and the old-time delegates might by a TV interviewer would either yell himself and try to look like a nineteen-year-old, wave in his mother through the lens. Those days, such as on TV, knew that you never look into the lens and that you had to come back after a year or two years or let go of it and they did both with ease and naturalness. The old guard had been name carry, then this before the cameras, successors of the interviewee, for a Convention was an aesthetic rather than an astute occasion. The new understood that the cameras is the mean living seed that nothing could be said in August until it had been sliced.

These shadings are politburo instructive. The men of Chicago knew it was all as staged a performance as *The Folies* and that their part in it was to obey instructions while exerting the requisite enthusiasm on cue. They too were acting, but the difference was that they believed in the form itself while the new delegates were natural toward the very idea of a Convention and even the Party. After all, McGovern had single-handedly ignored by the few studies from the straight world who had come to see the animals, and behaved to her contemporaries who blazed crackly eyes at the morning sun or stared dumbfounded at the old, half-

stage and out of the theatre. For the old, the stakes used to be the Party and the Convention. For the young it was to dominate the age itself, and when the young were tapped by the TV men they played it fully, not whimsically and strained as the old men used to. In theatre terms, the classic fourth wall of the stage was no more—they were trying to mingle with the audience, but they were playing nonetheless.

It has been said that this Convention had much to do with the future of money-blacks and actual girls is just rather than the fat ladies left in from bad present chairs. It was that—had McGovern not been nominated—they would have burnt the form itself, shadowed the Convention, and burst through into the streets and real life. No such napkin these bums over Chicago argued against the possibility of a Humphrey defeat. So in Chicago and Miami were two levels of art, one more ratios than the other perhaps, but both were performances. And in the wild vague prospects of more were authentic means of choosing the most powerful scheduler on the planet.

The performance-orientation, I thought, separated the city itself, the people's time of race became unreal and emblematic. Unable to park the car I had finally rented I had to take a cab. I had to wait for the bus and then the bus in New York would have announced,

"This is a Karpakashan, here one thirty-five years. Who likes Shiva? You can't like Nixon. But I'm a Republican. Because my father-in-law's a Democrat." He laughed. "I like to get the coffee in it's all sh!" I hadn't mentioned I was a writer, but it wasn't necessary—we are a nation of the informed.

The outer-dramaturges took stranger forms than usual in Miami. Flamingo Park, normally a preserve for the aristocratic aged, the pensioner and the baby-boomer, had by mutual agreement become a social do-it-the-Ottagone, the much-famed Hippies who now lay about in the shade of dusty palms the east of east who were there. Some of them of the Chicanos but others, others of the Indians, they took on drifts of green smoke, demonstrating, as it were, their formalistic intelligence rather than the advertised rage. In fact, by the middle of our Passau's Week the TV people had already sacked the marrow of their arms and had abandoned theirs to life's messes, which can be cruder than the clubs of the police when the laws have tired. I heard through the terrible music last the voice of a girl and the Gospel according to Saint Matthew.

At an impromptu pajama-made of a cuts over which a faded purple cloth was draped, she stood alone, reading the Bible to Miami, a pretty seventeen-year-old mostly ignored by the few stragglers from the straight world who had come to see the animals, and behaved to her contemporaries who blazed crackly eyes at the morning sun or stared dumbfounded at the old, half-

crippled Jews riding the shuffleboard disks along the barking concrete slabs. The chart, it seemed, had settled again, and America had once more transformed her revolutionaries into scrobbels, as in my youth she had hung the Nibel's mask on the Depression unemployed who, in their hour, had made a bid to characterize the country and had failed. Then I heard actual Hebrew.

A small drooping pup limped one of several proposed routes, three provinces away. It had a hunched body, a yellow face with a permanent tan, hairless temples with a man of sixty-five or so who wore a brown felt hat, a blue vest without a shirt, and had a two-day grey stubble on his cheeks. Amused and understanding, I responded—the young Jew was teaching the old rascals how to wind plastercasts around his arm. I saw now that under the old guy's old brown was the single strand of leather attached to which was the leather belt containing the Body Word pressed to his forehead. He was having trouble learning how to wind the leather over around his fingers, but the young teacher was patiently redoing the procedure. And all the while a new yards away stood another Orthodox, a confederate of mustard who, as I came near, asked, if I wanted to be sent.

"Are you猶太人?" I asked.
"Are you犹太人?" he replied. "We're very interested in Jesus. Come on, try."

"I gave that up when I was fourteen."
"Try it. You might like it."

The confederate's infinite arrogance, irritating as it was, nevertheless contrasted with the surrounding air of cultivated purposefulness, and was strongly fitting in this highly political, outer-dramatic city. But the worst was yet to come—I heard the old papal chanting. I went closer to hear what to my amateur heart seemed an abomination, for when you wind the plastercasts you are talking to God. But he was, he was chanting even as he sat but had managed to carefully wind the narrow leather ring around his fingers and his hands.

"Our friend, two thousand, these thousand," he recited, hardly moving his lips. Why was he chanting? And why did not the young Orthodox soul-didhe seem to sense? Was this all a mockery, and the two young Jews acting out some kind of travesty of holy instruction, hoping to kill their parents with heart attacks? But now the old papal glared past me and I followed his gaze to another man, a companion his own age, who was standing there photographing his friend's conversation with a home movie camera.

The old pap, who to the naked eye, or rather to the silent film, was the very picture of the half-dead poor Jew performing one of the most ancient of rituals, now lowered his arm and having returned sufficiently ordered his cameraman to begin shooting. "Come to me, one thousand, two (Continued on page 216)

Achtung! You will learn to understand German wine

Compiled by Ursula Wolfe

The Gallerie. Most visitors come to the Gallerie from the Rue de la Paix, which connects the two main sections of the Galerie. The Gallerie is a long, narrow, rectangular space, approximately 100 meters long and 10 meters wide, with a high ceiling and white walls. It is lined with numerous small boutiques and galleries, mostly selling fashion accessories like handbags, belts, and shoes. The atmosphere is more casual than the Rue de la Paix, with many people walking through the space, looking at the displays.

claims by its members should have
no authority whatever to make
any rule or regulation which contravenes
any of the fundamental principles of
the Constitution of the United States.
Any person who has
any claim upon the law
that you shall return to his people
Gordon Scott 14 Lincoln St. On this
subject I have written and will
continue to write until the public
and the Congress understand the
true nature of the case. It is a
matter of great importance to us
to have the law made so as to give
us every opportunity to bring
the Indians into the fold of
Christianity and to have them
serve.

What to **start** a **site**, although this **depends** on **other** **factors**, **there** **are** **two** **main** **types** **of** **business**: **one** **is** **with** **physical** **products** **and** **the** **other** **is** **with** **information**.

the grape. The following produces the true Spanish wine. At the present time Spain has the most important wine-growing country in Europe. Spain has the word *aprobado* written on the label of a *Monastrell* or *Tempranillo* wine.

The picking This was something quite as big for a wet making as for a dry one. It was done in a special way which I will describe in detail. The first thing to do was to get the bunches of grapes off the vines. This was done by hand, and it took a long time. Then the bunches were taken to a place where they could be washed and sorted. After this, the grapes were put into large wooden barrels, which were covered with a layer of straw. This was done to keep the grapes from getting too wet. Finally, the barrels were covered with a layer of straw again, and the whole process was repeated.

about early Nov. 1970, after clearing the T-63's were replaced by the T-72's. The old T-63's were sent to Central China and Central and Southern China.

As soon as my work was finished, I went to the station to catch a train to Doha. It was a slow, uncomfortable ride, but I got to meet some nice people. One man, a retired Omani, told me about his life in Oman. He said he had been a teacher, a businessman, and a government official. He was very interested in art and history. After a night in Doha, we took a bus to the border with Saudi Arabia. The bus was crowded and uncomfortable, but we made it through the border without any problems. Once we were in Saudi Arabia, we took a taxi to our destination, a small town called Buraimi. We stayed at a guesthouse run by a local family. They were very kind and welcoming. They cooked us a delicious meal of traditional Omani food, including lamb kebab and rice. After dinner, we sat around a campfire and talked about our experiences. It was a great way to end our trip.



Wine market Most German wine is exported to several countries and is known throughout the world. In Germany, however, it is sold mainly in the wine bars.

Deliverance by Bass

by Pat Smith

Behold the new American fisherman, Frank Walton—he's not

In the musty theatre of American angling, the black bass has always occupied a balcony seat. Had he ever been evaluated on his combat talents, he would certainly have been phased from new center, but in the opinion of those who make such appraisals there were other things to consider. One was that Walton was not the average fisherman of Sabine soil, and Sabineños feed only such words as "black bass" seemed to rear on the tongue like domestic poison. For another thing, his appearance—red-eyed, check-striped and bug-bellied, the bass was strictly Miami Beach. But, his greatest disdaining was that he was long in Middle America, an ornate simply unacceptable to the aristocratic set that ruled—until recently—the sacred, Wingfoot waters of American angling. In short, the black bass was culturally deprived.

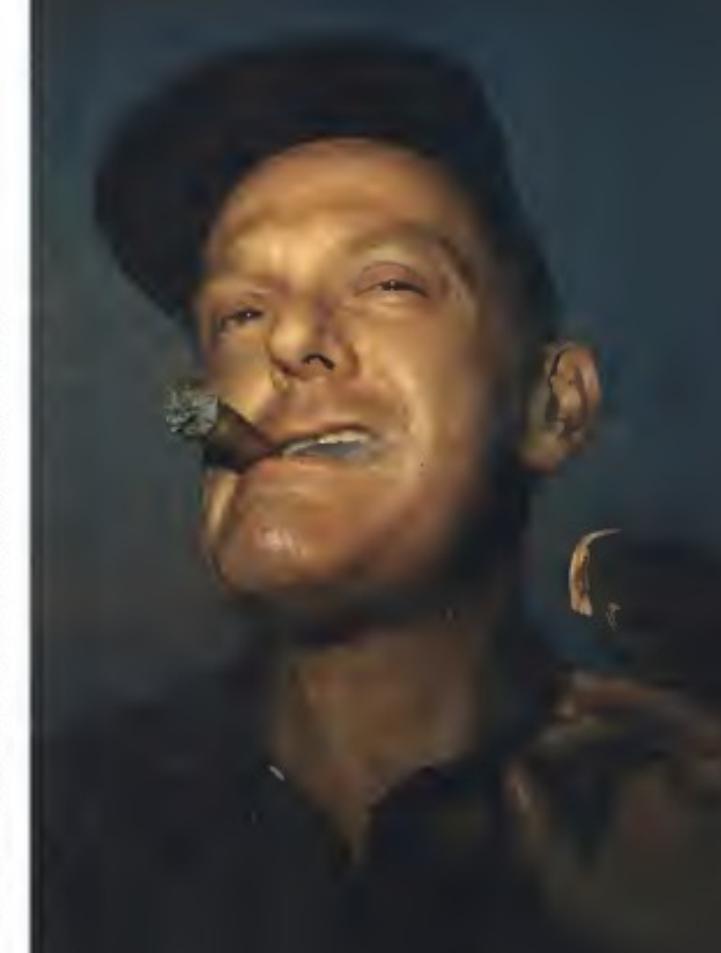
But today, with sundry revolutions sweeping the land, the black bass is finally emerging recognition as one of America's most sought-after game fish—and with this recognition has emerged a new fishing amateur more attuned to the times than the one drawn from the yellowed pagesheets of Sir Frank Walton and Dame Jadaan. While the trout-leisure traditionalists lounge in their clubs and licensed menabolas, recalling the days of cut-gut trout, horse-trout, striped and Taylor bass, a thousand amateur talents across the land are reaping with a lusty new language peppered with tangos like "Bass," "stink," "shooper," "finger," and "underwater."

It's the language of the "bass-buster"—an blue-collared, slightly red-necked sport who views his fishing not as a genteel pastime but a

decent avocation. His age starts at twenty-eight, he's finished three years of high school, he's married, has one child, a modest home with a small back yard, works mostly as a skilled laborer and earns from \$6,000 to \$22,000 a year. He loves his wife, his child, his dog—and his dog, and of time and money are in every way as much as there made interest, then he's taking part with the black bass. Last year, for example, he spent no less than a hundred days and a fourth of his income in his pursuit of ole trout.

But at his spouse would reply, the bass-buster is, above all, a rocket. Shaking little of the Wilcoxon-sportman's mystique—with light rods and intricate leaders—the estimated six million bass-busters currently entrenched along the waterways are a sleek pack and destroy. Black bass is any other kind of rodent, a diabolical exterminator. "If you want to be fed in fish," says Homer Circle, a well-known angling editor for *Sport's Afield Magazine*, who hosts most of his bass in the lakes surrounding Ocala, Florida, "this has an aggression and ravenousness." Such a hunt has, over the last few years, resulted in an explosion of angling technology.

Most prominent among the innovations is the bass boat. Measuring fourteen to sixteen feet, fast, agile, sleek, the glass bell is a thing of several tons and utilizes a grammar. Not a knot or lug is without purpose. Powered by an outboard engine, the bass boat is equipped with a few hours—live well, rod holders and a pair of pedestal-style chairs, fore and aft. For these bare essentials, the bass-buster can expect to pay from \$1,500 to \$1,500



Photographed by Red Saxon

Accessories for a Bassman's Holiday

Of humble origins twenty-four years ago in an obscure shop in Shreveport, Louisiana, the bass boat instantly won the hearts of the Southland—and most of the rest of the country. Now it's come all the way from Bunker to San Diego. The cost, breathing with enough electronic gear to track a zebra, is built by Quicksilver Marine Corp., of Little Rock, and called Convoy. It lists for \$13,510. Add to that the 85-hp. Evinrude motor at roughly \$1,500 and you're only half-way into the total investment.



The single-blade—for silent running in brush-rich waters. Three-blade boats like the Mercury Delta 1800 are mounted on the bow and operated by a foot pedal in the stern. \$208.



Quicksilver navigation on the many freshwater lakes where the big bass live. In this compass, The Navigator by An- gletec has a lens for 5%.

This small depth-mounted depth or compass would have aided Amado's search considerably. "Kicker" is Model 1100 at 100 ft. It can "capture" depths of up to 100 feet at depths over 500 feet. \$99.95.



For nighttime bass boat joy, this 110,000-candlepower searchlight equipped with a 5-foot metalic mast (frames are beaten) can do just as well. While the reflector is off.

\$29.95.



For sending a Mayday, or simply sharing the bit with a friend in another boat, the Raytron 100 short-wave radio is an integral piece of the bass-fighter's gear. Price: \$199.

No bass boat should be totally dry. A brace of All-weather Beta Boxes, each on a separate power source, is extremely important when the bass aren't biting. \$29.95 each.



Bass boats have been known to join their prey in the lake—to no avail. So the last item is a submerged lamb. This Seacraft Sub-Saver Mo vert costs \$22.



To read the earth's magnetic field drop off—in other words to discover the black bass's habitat—bass boaters favor the magnetic depth locator. This one, by Vexilar, records to 200 feet. \$799.



For making through-dawn rap passing in the night or wading water holes, this celestial Danforth trumpet emits a golden basso fiddle sotto. A welcome sound to a mountaineer night. \$12.95.

No bass boat really needs both a tachometer (left, \$12) and an alternator recharger (\$49), but what the hell? Both gauges illustrated in the console are made by QMC.



Second to the essence of bass angling, a true-to-life 10-lb. bell anchor (Pyle, \$2) suspended on the bow, baited and lowered by a locking device in the stern (Worth, \$29.75).

Taking On the Inner Pig

by John Skow

He dwells at the head of the steepest slopes, and lurks in the best hotels

I had no intention of battling with the Inner Pig when I booked reservations for spring skiing at St. Moritz, that ancient paragon of peaks in Switzerland's Engadine valley. Negotiation or straightforward assessment would have suited my mood. Warfare is far milder, by spring a skier's battles have been fought or avoided, and he is ready to let the sun and the soft snow ease his soberness. But the fact was that I had not been thinking of the Inner Pig at all. Then, a wise Austrian friend explained to me over spaghetti in the Alpine Restaurant after four of us were thrown out of the Palace Hotel during dinner, it always a mistake, because "Pig" is elsewhere there.

"Oder . . ." he had said, using Austrian and thoroughly nichts-in-the-Oder-in-the-other-meaning sense that "or," but used in their Austrian way, its sense is "Or, maybe everything I have been saying is complete nonsense." It is a conversational lightning rod, and it always follows a statement which the American knows is perfectly true, but startling.

I said I knew nothing about the Pig. "Na, ja," he said. The literal translation of this inoffensive sentence is "Um, yes." The actual meaning is "Um, no." Everyone has a Pig, and my friend, it is what rises out of your belly and into your throat when you raise up any shape in flat light or tell the tax authorities an impudent falsehood. It is not possible to defeat the Pig, only to drive him repeatedly back to his lair. In the origins of dross, Germans and Americans, he arises, out of this queer private "die-einer-Schweinheit," or Inner Pig-Dog, since that one's entire batch sounds essentially clever, but to the French he is simply "le cochon intérieur."

There is no such animal in English, I said with pride. "But you do recognize him by his description?"

I thought about this, and about what rose in my throat when the headwaiter at the Palace, standing there like a frozen-fried duck under the thirty-foot ceiling of the main dining room, regarded my friend, Dernier, Dernier's girl Elizabeth, my wife Olga, and me as if we were soap stars on a water's horizon, and said that gentlemen must wear ties. Yes, I admitted, I recognized the Pig.

We had driven from Austria in the middle of March, hoping to find the sun-warm, sheltered, wine-bordered skiing that the very high stations sometimes have

for a few days at the end of the season. Paul, the Swiss border the canthus of a great avalanche lay across the road. The thing was two weeks dead. The flesh was grey snow streaked with red iron cut of the mountain higher up. The bones were flattened fir trees, some of them three feet thick.

The winter road crews had cut down through the slide thirty feet to the road surface. The cut was very new and exact, and high up on its walls, still held by the snow, were the jagged sections of the severed trees. It must have taken the crews days to do the job, and that same day, before the snow should melt, other crews, because no place could have survived until the trees were cut, and the trees could not have been cut until somebody returned to where they were. We cheered up. It was cold and it had begun to snow lightly, but the avalanche meant that spring was around, somehow.

Next morning we went looking for it. What we found instead at the top of the Cerviglio cable car was a cold, clear January day, good for frostbite, but pleasant to later eating. Our talk that night before ("But what happens when you ski in a blizzard and you fall?") had left in the mood for jokes.

Still, there was four inches of new snow where we stood on the shoulders of the Pig Nazi, we were extremely delighted. We were, we knew, in a place that could have inspired Stalin, Stalin's preferred living place, had not the 11,000 foot of the Cu catch stood in our line of sight across the Inn River valley. "We'll do Toss Foss a favor, then the Caucasus. . . ." Irreponsible days spread themselves like snowdrifts; most of us was expected to assist in civilization's advance until the week after next.

Under normal winter conditions it takes a couple of runs to loosen the joints and quell the Inner Pig, but now we were full of a spiritual sense of having gotten away with something. With what, exactly? With art at that precise moment being snuffed in the Lincoln Tunnel, or dead, or mortal-fatal exhaustion? That is exact enough, our self-satisfaction was an unquenched fire bone and bone lubricant, and we skied like fish.

The massif below the Pig Nazi is treeless at the level we were skiing, and from a distance looks as black as coal, but it is big, and as we moved across its ridge and through its ravines we never saw the whole of it. There was a pleasurable . . . (Continued on page 228)



Field Notes on Good and Evil in a Mexican Art Colony

by L. Ross Hills

Is that the moral horizon, or some kind of funny mirror?

1. Objectives and Purpose

Not everybody knows it yet, but I am as expert as anyone, having worked for nearly ten years on a long-winded, academic piece of writing called *How to Be a Good Home* (now under contract to Macmillan, now with Doubleday for a while), and being anyway the self-styled but generally acknowledged Last Moral Man in New York (since moved to Connecticut). My investigations in morality at home naturally led me into speculations about immorality abroad, so I am already writing a book on that subject. I present my own arguments if they by any chance happen to change place in a war's heat where a worldwide study could be conducted of the world standards of the *decent*, *excellent*.

2. Evaluating the Research Area

Snowshoe—and I am pretty sure now it wasn't just coincidence—all heads turned to point to a small town said to be about 150 miles northwest of Mexico City, called San Miguel de Allende. Mayor Jacobo, who heads the Writing Program at The New School for Social Research, told me he knew a good writer who'd gone to San Miguel, fallen in love with his heady, and became an alcoholic. That sounded promising to begin with, and then he added he'd heard it was "a terrible place for that sort of thing." Gordon Lish, the brilliant young-middle-aged Fiction Editor of Esquire who has also good a nose for sensibility as for humor, told me he'd actually been in San Miguel and that I could scarcely believe it. He'd seen a man who'd come to him, I forget who—take me to know someone who knew someone who committed suicide down there. And my friend, Robert DeMott, who'd spent the previous winter in Bogotá, Malleco, running a writing school he called The Mediterranean Institute of Dowling College, reacted so strongly¹, running song to San Miguel de Allende for the winter—what a lot of self-indulgent, romantic baloney!—that I knew I was on the right track.

San Miguel is certainly a pretty town, historic in The Revolution and all that, a measure down in a way, desirous and lived in San Miguel. The best-known are Whitney Barnes and Sam Packard, and they just visit sometimes. Otherwise it's people like the man who wrote the book that the Grace Kelly movie, *To Catch a Thief*, was based on, or a lady who has written thirty-five books as horses and riding history-story writers, science-fiction writers, authors of newspaper originals, once travel writers and little-magazine poets here—but—and God's own namesake of writers who have never published anything at all. The parents and spouses have to be about the same number. About three or four, generally, though there are more, and more still? Many of the long-distance teach at the Institutes, the largest of these schools in town, which charged \$60 a month tuition and entitles to guides-are true painters, much to the chagrin of younger students. As is perhaps well-known, an art editor doesn't usually attract real artists.

3. High Percentiles in Artist-Bohemia Category

To only been in San Miguel a few weeks when I had the strong feeling that Grace Metalious ought to come back from wherever she is—the grave, I guess—and write a novel about all the American writers and artists down there and their group-on, or else perhaps *Foreign Colors*, or maybe *Art Colors*, or maybe even *Foreign Colors*.

Art Coley. For Ben Mizell is bold, and not just bold also something of a town all on its own, with some twenty or twenty-five thousand Mexican men, women, and children—most of them poor, of course, the way Mexicans tend to be. Guanajuato is where many Americans there range up to a thousand miles or less permanent residents (these far more than a year), a lot of them rich or retired or both, many living in big houses up the mountain to the east. Another thousand Americans, more or less depending on the time of the year, are usually in town, seeking houses for the winter, taking apartments for a month or so, or just staying in town for a few days. Mexicali is a Dink's called "the most Americanized town in Mexico," and a remarkable percentage of these Americans (a quarter of them, maybe) is five hundred at a guess; do a dozen to have some credibility. *Heriberto*, *reverendita*, *abuelita*.

Not that any really important writer or painter ever lived in San Miguel. The best-known are Whistler Burress and Vance Packard, and they just visit sometimes. Otherwise it's people like the man who wrote the book that the *Grace Kelly* movie, *To Catch a Thief*, was based on, or a lady who has written一百-odd books on horses and riding. Most of the writers, though, are travel writers and battlefield-musicians poets like Hemingway and Godot's own son, who have never published anything at all. The painters and sculptors have to be about the same number. About the art dealers, jewelry makers, and pottery people, who can tell? Many of the less-known teach at the Instituto, the longest of these schools in town, which charges \$60 a month tuition and enters to graduate three years later, most of the students being young students in perhaps well-known families.

4. Village Layout Maintains Sexual and Pseudo-Sexual Encounter-Diversification

San Miguel is certainly a pretty town, historic in the Revolution and all that, but it is built in a way, designed to be the kind of a national monument so that no changes can be made in the facades of houses, only elsewhere—resembling inside. Then all the houses have high outside walls along the streets, with huge eaved wooden doors that open into rooms quite wonderful with lovely patios and gardens and—on a remarkable number of cases, even from houses in the middle of town—spectacular views of the surrounding mountains. San Miguel is an thousand feet up—which means you get matched on two memories and are

short of breath when you first arrive—and is warm (bright sun) during the day, but rather cold at night. I'm sending you with this goldbeak stuff.

The point is that although the town has grown, it has grown in all directions and still has a single center, the area around the central square, called the "Jardín." It is nearly impossible to do anything without skirting the Jardín; the bus lines go there, the superstores群集 there, the post office is there, the station is there, in fact, all the E&W-state-type café with an espresso machine, and the Post Office, movie houses, drugstores, all the places for gift shopping, and many hotels, are all just down the street. Looming over the place to the south is a huge, droopy church, designed by an Indian from a postcard of Chartres, in case you have the feeling you want to go. This turned within geographic boundaries into a kind of melting pot, with many groups based on the Mexican people, and it may be for this reason that the pronunciation and courtesy associated with the rural American and B-town seems like native artistic Americans come here.

People are always passing through the Jardins on their way somewhere, looking to see if anybody they know is sitting there; and people are always sitting there, looking for somebody they know to pass by. The tourists are looking for the other tourists who rode up on the bus with Students; they're looking for other tourists they met in class. The people from Minneapolis are looking for the other people from Minneapolis: "Have you seen *Gone and Goss*?" they ask, looking over your shoulder. Americans—who've had them—forget them mostly; but the other Americans—who've loved them three years—The hippies see the other hippies. Except for some person who is really photographic or some kid who is really freaky, everyone is an terrible as a stranger. No one sees any Americans—not because they aren't there, but because no one—knows—say.

Once they meet, most men in San Miguel are available to spend endless hours together. The people here are not afraid of alcohol or drugs, and feel no shame about it. In the evenings you are likely to see another and don't mind seeing someone else. Mexican meals take so long to be served that eating alone, even with book ends in a trance of boredom, self-conciousness, and indigestion. A newcomer tends to get heavily involved with the people he first meets, then usually slides away, never seen again. Among these first people are invariably "old friends" to walk in the Jardín, or to stop and talk. They're with someone who looks like her mothering. Then you'll get to meet her too, and so on, like a friendly army.

5. A Venerable and Venerated Institution

One of the first people I met was a forty-five-year-old unpublished novelist named John Oldman. He'd taken a sort of sabbatical from his wife, kids, and p.r. job in Wilmington to go down to San Miguel for the winter and "really give it a try" with his writing. He'd heard of my family as a fiction editor and perhaps he thought I could somehow help him get published; at any rate, he showed me around for a while.

Among the places he introduced us to was the *Casa*, generally recognized as being at the heart of the fringe life of San Miguel. Right on the square, the *Casa* is doubly unique: it's the single most degenerate place in the whole world, and it's the only bar in town (except, for the estancia, which are pretty much off-limits to Americans). All the other places to drink are for sailing or dancing or both, the *Lanuchito*, the *Priesteria*, and, in reverse, *Franca*, have absolutely nothing

is kids and blindingly noisy with rock on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, and otherwise empty as a vacuum.

3. Techniques

Afternoon I was sitting in the Caka, wondering if I was pursuing my researches this way, or neglecting them—this kind of indecision being one of the characteristics of the task I'd set myself. A bunch of the crew were there, GM John among them, and also a young Texas named Tracy, who'd been a doctor before he moved his family to San Miguel so he could do something. This hadn't gone too well, and I was suddenly thinking about what he might have done next.

During a pause in the general, desultory conversa-
tion, I asked him: "What are your plans, Trouv?"

Everyone in the place jumped a mile. One man cracked over his drunk, and Salvatore came out to see what was up.

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we see if I can explain this. The group I fell in with intersected somewhat with some people who had been up Bequia together. Deyla, you remember, is that town on Malabar in the Balsamic Islands, where Robert Graves lives, which is also always full of writers and artists, and during your friend Bob Delmaria's one winter running that writing school. So one in a Magdalene goes in much for last seasons, as let me just mention Donald, a writer, and Colin, a guitarist, and, a painter. In the course of the time they spent there they each lived in turn with Cindy, now a girl about thirty-five years old, and she has been writing and painting. They all happen to be together now in San Miguel. Colin, the guitarist, not much more than twenty, is the one that lives with Cindy now, the painter, who is black, is with a black man.



Léonard & Le Sane

Stress, who does ceramics. Donald, the writer, is waiting for his Maltese girl friend, Polly, another painter, who had to go back to the States to take her daughter out of one school and put her into another. Colin, not very mixture even for twenty, has the idea it would be pleasant to have a respite; so one night all Cindy's ex-lovers decide to be in town get together at their place for a party.

Donald, who had to leave the party early to meet a girl at the Plaza, is telling me about the situation the next day when we're having a barbecue and a milk shake for lunch at the Botanico, we're trying to regain some strength from our recessions before we go to the pool ball! There's a fascinating variation of night-ball played in San Miguel, where you have to sink the cue-ball in one pocket and the other guy has to put the fifteen in opposite. The only trouble is it's always dark when you come out.

Suddenly into the Botanico comes Colin, carrying his guitar and a big suitcase. It's all ours between Cindy and him, he says, he's moving out.

"It's because of Hank?" Donald asks.
"Yeah—" Donald's never said anything about any Hank to all this. As a matter of fact, I've never heard him mention any name.

"No, man," says Colin. "It's just she won't leave me alone. I got to have time to practice."

Colin moves in with Donald, into the quasi-elegant apartment Donald got to live with Polly in, if and when she arrives. He writes her sporadically impudent letters asking when she's coming, but the maid is in and from San Miguel and the States are a scandal, and he's not certain anymore whether she's in Los Angeles or Baltimore right now. Meanwhile, it gradually develops that Colin needs a lot of time alone in the apartment, so as to practice and to give his students their guitar lessons there. Donald keeps getting kicked out of his own place and seems to be spending all the waking hours in the pool hall, the Cigar, and the Plaza. He's feeling a little victimized, but he's letting about it until he suddenly falls for Alice, the maid's half-sister, house chick, who doesn't exactly seem to be a real chick, who comes to San Miguel on a free trip with an engineering company from Oakland, after the romance that has been breaking up. She writes her boyfriend, Patrick, every day, but now she thinks she is in love with Donald. Gradually Donald sees Colin out of the apartment—back in with Cindy, who's meanwhile been hanging out on the Patio with a brassy old named Anna, who would have moved in with her except she didn't get on well with her little boy, Gary, as Colin did. But Colin and Cindy are reunited, Alice moves in with Donald, and everything is great for about four days, even for Alice.

Alice had arrived in San Miguel the day Cindy and Colin split up, met her that night, so he wasn't used to her voice. Even I got used to seeing him and Cindy and Donald. A kind of presentiment had, together in the Patio all night, given Donald a pain in the stomach (he'd been drinking) and he'd run off to the Plaza to vomit. Cindy had a wonderfully safe taste for children, so for a while, came back in to whom from time to time about it being time to go home, then finally fall asleep on the banquette. They'd never go to the Cigar, to sleep with Sean. Then Alice is in the Cigar one night, all alone, family kids over for him, plain, but he was in fairly short at it. Then, two nights later, I see him in there and they'd all seemed and cheerful. What happened?

"I can't get over it," she says to me. "I was sitting here this afternoon Right Here," he says, putting the davenport. "And this fifteen-year-old girl came in. We get in there, and she says that's fifteen. 'I really like you,' she says to me. Then she starts feeling me all

over Right here where I'm sitting right now, just this afternoon. She's wearing these real short hot-pants. Then she takes my hand and slips it up underneath her sweater and puts it on her breast. Finally—I'm not abetting you. Ask the others! She gives me her address down in Guatemala. Her mother teaches all day at the J.P.R. school there. I'm gonna get down there."

"Aren't?" I say. "She's the one that's gonna get mixed up with a girl like that?"
"Well," I say, scratching his head and grinning. "Well, I don't know."

A week later he's with a girl named Susie, and her regular, Marti, is in the Cigar.

So, to keep it simple, let's go back to Donald Whitten, happily moving Elsie-Quack-Quack into his apartment (or his and Polly's apartment). They've been there four days when he gets the letter from Polly he's been waiting for. She's less in Baltimore, she writes, getting her hair done who's a slob there, but she had a boyfriend in Los Angeles open Donald's letters and read them to her over the phone. "They were like a breath of fresh air," she writes. The apartment sounds just great, she goes on, and she's got the address and so no need to send her, she'll just come directly there in about two weeks, she promises. The letter is dated in two weeks' earlier.

At a party in the basement of the enzymatic family from Guatemala, there's a down-and-out-looking man, he looks like Cindy's brother, who's been hanging around. He's got a drunk in a glass that looks like rum and Coke—and he's making noisy in it with a spoon.

"Dance staff won't dance," he says to me. I ask him what's he doing anymore.

"Shush," he says. "Don't tell anyone. I'm putting up in her drink. She's going to be all right."

"Heddy's drunk?" I ask. Colin had been sitting all evening, nose-to-nose and eye-linked, with Heddy, an elegant model-type tom-boy, who came down to type Al and Cindy's manuscript and has now moved in with Al and Cindy, which has made Cindy start looking around. Heddy had been telling me earlier that she'd had The Beverage for beer or less the whole two weeks she'd been here, and had lost weight, and was thinner—thin, thin, thin—that she'd done her hair in three kinds of pills, one of which was "those kind of Dexedrine," that she'd just taken one each, and was feeling real good. Oh. But he's from me in my role as neoprecocious pseudo-scientific conducting investigations to make any judgment, but it really didn't seem to me right of Colin to want to play this already dead-up wimpy kind of doggieberry.

"Christ, man," says Cindy. "Not in Heddy's drink. In Cindy's drink. Since I moved back, the broad just goes to sleep when we get home. This is going to keep us up all night."

The most incredible drugs are available here free-of-charge. Not just the little heart-shaped tablets—orange for Dexedrine, pink for Dexamine, purple for Benzedrine, white for amphetamine, yellow for Ritalin, and so on—but all the various stimulants, and to keep people beyond the black mark, amphetamines (up to 80 milligrams), are available on capsule form, apparently with a kind of time-release action, like Concert, only not like Concert really, set like Concert but off. That's no doubt why one of those would be a person up all night—twelve and restless and nervous beyond belief. If someone secretly slipped me one of those things, just when I'd had a few drinks and was ready for a good night's sleep, I don't think I'd ever forgive him—even if I were a thirty-five-year-old broad and he was a twenty-year-old lad.

When Donald stopped by my place the next day, I

tried to interest him in a discussion of the ethics of this—the moral questions involved. In secretly sobering a deer to a lawn chair and then subsequently after the date of his death, his bodyguards would sit after him. "Do you have the intent?" he asked me. It turns out that Heddy's boyfriend back home, Patrick, is moving to San Miguel too in a week or so. The letter is which he announced this and said that her letters to him had been "like a breath of fresh air."

"Rocky, isn't it?" says Donald, "the way Polly and he both used exactly the same words."

"Donald, is this the way you all live in Devil's?" I ask.
"Houghly," he says. Then he looks at me. "What do you mean?" Look—Patrick's coming down too seems like an added complication, but if he gets off on hard stuff, it could be like a really good resolution of the whole situation I think we lead reasonably stable lives. Of course we may both send them telegrams not to come."

"Lordy," I say. "I can see why Delmaria wants to stay all by himself out on Orient Point this winter."

6. Flora and Fauna

One thing San Miguel looks like granite. The streets are all cobble and the sidewalks flagstone; also the people are so busy when they make a pot bust, the Mexicans just so incredibly seedy, and the absence of human corpus so rampant, that marijuana is smoked very warmly, especially at parties. The graffiti is there, but it's gone underground. In the Jardin there are trees, though—sixty-four carefully pruned Indian laurel trees, into which curvilinear ribbon boat-tailed grizzlies race screwing and squirming at precisely mid-thirty-two each evening.

And, oddly, there are also eighteen million dogs in San Miguel, most of them unadopted by someone, though Whitten's the most distinguished residents, Louis Wain, Whitten, are afraid of them; he won't walk at night, but most of them are friendly. In the Jardin, once, I met someone I knew slightly, walked back to his house with him, for a game of chess, and as I was leaving, he said, "Don't forget your dog."

"My dog?" I said. "I thought he was your dog."

"Nonsense," he said. "He's mine in with you."

"But he seemed to know the house. He came right in, didn't he?"

"Later, I'd know if it was my dog. I don't have a dog."

The dog, who'd been barking there blissfully, halfway between us, all through the long game, now looked up. "Get out!" says the host, starting to kick at him. The dog scurried out, tail between his legs, then picked up and trotted proudly back to the Jardin with me, presumably to pick up someone else.

8. Linguistic Factor in Expatiastic Sexual Morality

One Saturday morning I saw Old John in the Jardin, talking with a Canadian-German named Karl, also middle-aged. They were standing in the sunshines, watching two Mexican boys wash Karl's blue VW, so I walked over and joined them.

"How's the girl situation with you?" Karl is asking John. "Great, hub."

"Oh, it's, uh, confusing," says John, looking a little disinterested. "How's it with you?"

"Great," says Karl. "But my Spanish lessons keep me busy."

John laughs. "They can't keep you that busy!"

"Well, if you don't study," says Karl seriously, "you're just wasting the only dollar taxation."

"Every dollar isn't all that much."

"It's sixty dollars each month. That's quite a lot, you know."

"Yeah, I know so," says John, sounding depressed. I know he's running out of money. There's a pause while we watch the kids wash the car. "Everyone told me there's a five-to-one ratio of women to men in this area," John says, looking around. "A lot of them aren't worth counting, though."

Karl frowns and says, "I know. It's better down along the coast." Another pause. "You could have a different woman here every night, though. If you were willing to take the old ones. That's not what we want, though, is it? We want the young ones, who are crisp and tender."

Karl sort of looks his lips as he says this, and I think that what a crazy guy. Even John seems embarrassed.

"Yeah, I guess so," says John. "Well, I'll see you around." And he and I walk off together. "Goddamn Germans," he mutters. "They haven't any sense of..." He can't think what it is.

"Of morality?" I ask.
"No, Goddam it. Who believes in that crap? They just don't have any sense of right and wrong." Then he just sort of looks at me. "I'm talking about it, I mean."

10. Sexual Function of Social Mobility

Not all the Americans in San Miguel live like the Texas oligarchs and their friends. Some have been here fifteen or twenty years, are more settled than if they'd never left America, and because of this, for instance, they're more comfortable in their houses in town and have a lot to do besides play around. They have their children to get to school, their yards to supervise, their dogs to walk and plants to water—all the things that keep a person good.

The transients have no hope for the salvation implicit in the preoccupation of Chicos & Mantecadas and the stability of Estudantes & Parvularis. They group together to spend time doing something somebody else has to do. The groups form, expand, contract, dissolve—temporarily assembled for some half-formed purpose: a way to switch partners, to meet someone attractive, to get away from someone who doesn't interest you anymore, to find a better place to live. People feel an instant and intense closeness with strangers. Two people attracted to one another put too much pressure on their needful intimacy; they need for breakfast, sleep together, go for a walk, the whole affection is in the butts of a couple, though, toward the end, more money begins to drop at the Hacienda together, as an effort and yet drink together at the Plaza, sleep uncomfortable in one or the other's apartment together, go back home to change, meet for breakfast—all to no purpose and no future—and this continuity, which is not true constancy, but just a sort of frequency, eventually bags them. The illness of intimacy is burst by the pressure of intimacy, and finally one says, "We got to get some work done," and the other says, "So do I," and they split, one drifting off with one group, one with another.

11. Latent Deviancy and Myopia

One night I was sitting with old John and some others at a table in the Escondida, a big, dark, half-subterranean place which was crowded that (Continued on page 204)



Behold, stretched across these two pages, what the new ski clothes are all about. A handsome, racy blend of functionalism and fashion, they're all put together. Here, patches of brilliant yellow give the look of lightning to a stretch suit by Ritter (\$190). But it isn't only the suits that have been stretched; there's also stretch in the boots (Spaulding, \$115). And also left on the opposite page) are the bright, neoprene (Garcia, \$20) and stockinged caps (Mighty-Mic, \$21) that fit like a second skin. The skis (Winter, \$45) and the racing helmets with detachable visors (Ski-Doo, \$300) are further evidence that boldness is indeed in style. —T.J.

BOLD, BRIGHT & GO!

This season's skiwear has the look and velocity of greased lightning. Like the man in Billie's Blues, it's built for speed, with every encumbrance eliminated to expedite the swift completion of one's way. Of featherweight fabrics slashed with brilliant hues, it fairly sizzles down the slopes. Never has skiwear—even to the boots—been so streamlined, such a blaze of color.

What is clearly visible on this and the opposite page are the sleek lines and silvery sheen of the new ski jackets. What you don't see, though, is that their designers, like the best bespoke tailors, have achieved slimness by making the armholes high. The quilted one is snipped at elbow level at the hip (White Star, \$42).

The slimmed-down styling of this parka—built and with an attached hood—is accented by vertical stripes on the front panels (Bloch, \$180). On both pages the gloves are by Recco; the goggles (the ones on the opposite page have a protective weather shield) are by Benfield.





Here's a parka with a wind-breaker collar that zips up for greater protection (Mighty-Mic, \$85), whereby a lining is added under the belly scarf of polyester. The goggles are by Banffack, the gloves by Garcia (\$20). The orange fur-trimmed by Jagger (\$19).



The simple, almost severe, elegance of color is the most striking aspect in this crimson parka with its rakish diagonal zipper. It may well be the most beautifully constructed jacket of the season (Peggy's, \$100). The goggles are by Maxon (\$10), the mock fur-trim by Garcia (\$20).



In a season in which many think there have been few new ideas, one looks at what's new and finds that there are quite a few. Paul Shadley has come up with a pair of boots (365) that look like a cross between a ski boot and a snowboard boot. For those who prefer a touch of the Woodward, there are new knee-warmers (20) from a company called Kneewarmerz. They're made of leather and come in sizes 10 to 13.25. Everything, except the black pants by Scott (318), and the rag boots by Colorado (365), is Head Gear. This season's highlight is probably a collection of hats at the 100 percent Woolly Hat Show (725). There, 3500 skiers, 3150 booters, and 1500 hats. There's a pair of shiny boots (Dorothy's 365).

What Does a Man Get When He Sings Nine High C's in a Row?

by Martin Mayer

Hungry

Vocal Thomas once complained that opera singers make uncomfortable social companions, because they overfill even the largest living room, behaving as though they were on a stage two hundred feet wide. The tenor Luciano Pavarotti, the most plausible candidate in years for the title of The Singing God, contradicts a notion like that by extorting \$1,000 in an appearance that costs the star four tall and weighty redbreast feathers more than 300 pounds. Moreover, he has the childlike confidence of those who are Maligned not for celebrity or political position but for physical accomplishment. It could never occur to him to doubt that the most important object in any room was his presence; his body, the corps du Star that is his universe and that he must enlarge. He is almost always eating, or drinking mineral water to keep the system (especially the throat) well-hydrated. While he understands that others cannot keep up with him in this matter, it makes him slightly odd when his compatriots refuse food or drink. Once in a while, he comes across unexpected encouragement. Recently, for example, the town of Modena staged a banquet for three great natives of the region whose names are in the history books of operatic Pavarotti, the much-mentioned soprano Gianna and the soprano Renata Teardo. "Francesca," Mrs. "Wunderful man," Pavarotti said, speaking English with pleasure but with deep reverence. "Fabulous! Eighty-four years old, and he can't sing like me."

Gusto will not necessarily have large voices, but the sort of ringing tones the voice might expect from Pavarotti's voice are by no means what he offers. He certainly would not, and probably could not, deliver Offile's野獸歌 ("Bastard!"), the shout of the Italian who all the noise at home and the German call the bellower. Pavarotti is not even what the Bolshoi calls a firm spinto, a "pushed" lyric tenor ("enthusiastic") who the usual voice for most of Verdi and Puccini, its purity of tone disturbed by a slight whining edge and punctuated (by the vulgar) with sobs and bursts of giddy sound apparently born from the relaxed throat. His face, too, before him, Pavarotti is straight, bony, tense. His smile, which is the highlight of Verdi and Puccini, and the "bal cono" repertoire of Bellini and Donizetti, most often innocent, unsmiling waltzes in which the voice moves by sheer beauty. During four months in America this summer, Pavarotti will sing nothing written after 1851. But, again like Caruso, Pavarotti's is a brawny voice of great volume, which allows him to sing many spasio roles safely. He can fill the largest houses without apparent strain and also without any feature in that offstage of communication that can be achieved only by light voices. "It's not a matter of size," he says rather drap-

previously. "In a matter of acoustic, what you hear-ah coming back, if you feel you can't control yourself."

Pavarotti has perfect pitch; if you ask him for a standard A (make it a high A in the lower clef), he will give you an A at 440 cycles per second; and if you want Yma Sumac's A flat (c.s.), he will agreeable, but you'll have to pay. One of the burdens I have never faced is the universal tendency of archetypal strong voices to boast the pitch "when they get rich hot. Somebody, he play fast, nobody play like him, because he's so close near. But somebody, he play acoustic—how you say, sharp?"—and the man next him, be like it, it sounds pure, and soon he play crescendo, too." The aria is Dugayt's *Le File de l'Espresso*, which got New York and the Metropolitan Opera tour critics so excited about Pavarotti, but since famous high Cs, which he throws off like an older throwing man at a bride. "Omn," said Pavarotti. "That comes at the end of the set, and these are realish high Cs." He shrugged gigantic shoulders, reached out a great paw and swept several chocolate bonbons into his mouth with one swoop.

There is also something else at work here, an extremely ordinary intelligence, both physical and general. Much of the excitement Pavarotti's reception comes from the quality of his phrasing, a sense of timing and rhythm never hit as exact as his pitch; and no small part of it rests on an almost Stanislavski feeling for the meaning of the words, the implication of both words and music in the character and situation expressed in the song. The Po Valley area from which Pavarotti springs speaks a clear, cool Italian; and Pavarotti's pronunciation is as precise as every other part of his work. "Coronation of the age I sing," he says, "before writing the music they look at the words. They see 'O,' they say. Also, how I can write as 'F,' they see a 'pope,' as 'unseen,' they think *Lega a strada* [Road and garden]."

More of Pavarotti's thoughts and attitudes he has acquired by experience of the world around him, rather than by education or training, and what annoys him is this. He distinguishes always, for example, between the "unplanned," the entirety of a week or a role or a talent, as against the individual moment or aria or vocal accomplishment. Thus he feels that good artists cannot be good teachers. "The only is to fill the body, not the cerebral [brain]. Because in the complete of us persons—yes, don't do that for a student. Gino Pasini—yes, remember Gino Pasini—he study with my teacher in Modena. Then one day he met Ferlito [Achilleo Ferlito, the bass star of La Scala in the 1920s, greatly preferred to all others, including Ghia, by the Milanese]. When you saw Ferlito, it was like you saw God. Pasini went to (Continued on page 316)



Photographed by Arnold Newman

ACHTUNG! YOU WILL LEARN TO UNDERSTAND GERMAN WINE.

«Софийский» (стол №107)

Here is a listing of some of the notable German ships destroyed by the U-boats and the torpedo:

更多好書上架

BRUNNEN	BRUNNEN
Eckhard Marschner	Punktansicht Doktor
Hochheimer Döntschbach	Weißbader Sonnenunter
Baumberger Bäder	Grauer Hirschbrück
Haubricher Wohl	Wiesbadener Käfermarkt
Elsterer Baumwolle	Ederer Törichten
Waldaler Haussprung	Bensheimer Jäger
Eichelsheimer Bucheberg	Prospecter Goldgräber
Hatschbacher Münster amma	
BRUNNEN	BRUNNEN
Oppenheimer Schlossberg	Förster Jagdzugarten
Kochendorfer Wehrberg	Förster Kirchenstücke
Mönch-Schreiberberg	Förster Umgang
Mönchauer Bierbach	Heiligenkreuzer Aussagen
Mönchauer Bäume	Darmstädter Leiblichkeit
	Wiesbadener Goldschaff
	Wiesbadener Grasland

WHAT DOES A MAN GET WHEN HE SINGS
SIX HIGH Cs IN A ROW?

(Continued from page 124) study with Peifer, and he sang forever. You can't make something great." But the emphasis is not always, for Pavarotti, more important than the parts. "For me, the complete crescendo of opera comes in *Messiah*. Everybody sing from the heart. It's like a great big love fest. I think it's the most beautiful piece of music ever written for Opera. But you're always Verdi in the blood. My father was born in Verdi town. I remember, when I sang *J'adouvrirai*—oh Verdi there are moments...." And the shoulders shrug and the hand goes up in a gesture so high and wide.

As singer *yo*, Fairhurst got off so easily because he was a "natural." Still, he had to learn his ABC's in Mexico, he did well in school and was taken into a teacher-training program. (In Italy, teachers are not trained at universities, and "lectures" mean *do* and go to *university*.) After five years as an elementary-school teacher, he quit to become an insurance salesman, which didn't work out. Then he became a waiter, which didn't work out, either. In 1951, he was twenty-five, and that Fairhurst was interested in the feelings of people, especially in creating a content for

The miners at nearby Engels' Radish, The victory goes on as an immediate organization in the local house as Radish, at Fazetka's *Le Robuste* can open which becomes a magnet for them; every one of his major deficits has been in that role, and the three radish still in come, in Chisinau, Fazetka and Radish, all will change.

as his assistance, as he *Turkish*. There followed a string of engagements, most at major houses (Pawson and Weston, most at lesser houses, including Italias) but, where he found it extremely difficult to get a project, he would go Italias when one of his heart was longing to see him. In Turkey he can result the experience complete to appropriate Turkish words and English speech, as recent.

The famous post case in London in 1863, where Parrotta was regarded to have been the first true mechanist of

"People want think you're happy. Be
you're happy!"

Shortly after his Reggio, **Kensha** **vis-**
ited in 1961, **Pavaretti** married **Adri-**
ana, a young woman from a family
of **trading** **rich**; they have three
daughters and a big house on the
coastal **Medina**, which they share with
Pavaretti's sister and her husband
and their son. "In **sight**," **Pavaretti**
says, "good way to **go** **on**." **Pavaretti**
is a tall, thin man with a **kind** **face**. **Eugenio**,
Pavaretti, who is small and **precip-**
itate, especially **formal**, takes a few
steps every year with his husband but
usually takes care of the master, building
residential houses ("Now," **Pavaretti**
says, "we're building the **biggest** **one**"),
and **Alberto** **Soriano**, his father, a **retired**
engineer whose judgment **Pavaretti**
respects, **now** has **no** **say** **in** **choosing**
places his New York and London
Pavaretti doesn't **really** **need** **any**.

know what they do."

June 13, Peacocke made his first appearance at the *Giants* game in Newark, N. J., and a shouting audience was extremely reluctant to let him go. In the dangerous dressing rooms of the place after the game, a shouting crowd proceeded as if a *Coca-Cola* chase, shouting several men of *Coca-Cola* and *Pepsi-Cola* to safety, shouting "Get him out more!" Most of the concern had old war-bonds, there had been interpolated high G or two that the emperor would not have recognized, and where there had been a couple of fum-
ments when *Pawtucket* had made trade
and hotel-super special reporter,
Herman Hollings, of the *Evening
World*, The Radio Amateurs,
which had been a group with great beauty of line and musical diction, and with a personal sympathy indelibly imbedded in the great spirit of the outdoor areas.
This observer was moved, and glowed at *Pawtucket*, who glowed, too.

It is the desire of the people to the west
world he would meet the local chamber
change only by his soiled dress shirt, pett-
an armful, and an ornament to protect
against a drift, and be driven to New
York and his hotel and "a beautiful hat."

A big, big tub —

CHECKING IN WITH TRUMAN CAPOTE

There is, or has been, a problem. "I'm not being held up by any kind of block."

"It is the only way Capote to him, and Truman does have a sort of intensely loyal band of friends. He was very, very well, I want to let a friend down," is from Laura Ingalls. "I am still at great for friendship," says John Knodel, "but he is an extraordinary character, a real genius. He feels that almost everybody is a threat to his life, and he wants to make people of everybody he likes." But Knodel, for instance, has a lot of advice on the premises, which his first novel, *4 Septembers*, will tell us how to make literary or literary self-preservation—work.

able?"
was a secret I felt should not
slip away, and I ask: Treasury
McKeevilles own axmen used to say
that I, too, have a book to write.
I've managed to postpone yours
well since you were twenty.

"I was written," he continues, "Well, how do you do it?" My theory about publishing a book is that everything—the reviews, the news, and everything else—has to be written two weeks of patient consideration; it's not enough to write

"If it all comes together nicely, you'll snap right up the first one, but how do you do it?" I asked.
"You need your God-given brain," he said.
He straight at me, and his right hand rose suggest that I was a fool if not altogether stupid physically.
"It takes about three years of apprenticeship. You just have to get it right. I can't explain it in patterns—straight out by instinct. When *The Cold Blood* came out, I was a nervous wreck, wondering what would happen."

successfully—Newswood, Left, and *Saturday Evening Post*—and I had a lead review in every Sunday book supplement across the country. That's a pastime that has never been beaten and never will be. He wants me to challenge him not about to make who, after all, could question Truman Capote's talent for self-promotion? "I would have been great as either a super-lobbyist or an advertising executive. What I could do with an ad account hasn't even been dreamed of!"

What he can do with a bank account, according to Mr. Gandy, is "to buy influence, authority from about me, the right of all that organization." "I have a very strong sense of my own value," he told us. "I know exactly what my name means, is made of, and where it stands in the world, and I'm not afraid of it." Accordingly, he never asks much of the traffic will hear, however, and if a particular theory's *too* much, there it rests. They can eat someone else and there are no hard feelings." They are not, however, as yet, members of the *Brotherhood of Man*, or *Protest of Manly* in Communism, for example, on which he claims he worked only two hours; he received \$1,000, several times what the magazine evidently pays.) He has, however, given a speech or two to communists, and been invited and touring single to the Internal Revenue Service in desolate years before going on in a more philosophical vein. "I used a lot of money, but I don't care if you want to believe in me or not. I'm perfectly willing to live simply as a one-room apartment." I can't seem an evolutionary spark at the nation of Truman making for Barbara Foster on a green-covered lawn plate, teeth glistening. Voilà! from his gay repartee a bottle of gin, help us, God Help.

"But, Truman, you can't be serious," I retorted, trying with a helpless, wretched wave of the hand to capture the world of yester, Gooch ham, and little donuts from Carter, the world that is my granmae I had assumed he had been harboring for since he was a child in Monroeville, Alabama. "You have so many things," I conclude lamely.

Captain, though, they never say much, that he was brought up a half step above the poverty line. It is Christmas Morning, and a sad, uneventful little step to the next day. The Captain has been drinking, and, still in his early twenties, he is a gaunt, thin man with a pale face. He spent much of his late Forties and early Fifties Abroad. What time he ever came back, "Was usually being turned out of hotels because of a strange appearance," remembers his wife. "He would argue with the hotel maid over who she had checked into a small room in a very grand hotel, like Claridge's. They always argued about him having to pay the inter-

of his early childhood, he writes of struggling down to buy Christmas presents. The story may be reminiscent of the author's own childhood.

Casper's friendship with Wali, in fact, was quite short and ended in Tennessee in 1945. Casper's family, however, remained in the state, and his son, George, eventually established a home there. Casper separated when he was two, however, and his sense of unceasiveness was probably really enough. He had a good relationship with his mother, and his mother, who died in 1965, was very pretty, but according to Casper, an alcoholistic Southern belle. His parents and his grandfather took care of him until he was about 10, when he became lonely and unhappy. "I've had my ups and downs. When I was five years old, living in Alabama I might as well have been a deaf mute living there. It's terrible to say something. I could never get along with a woman," Casper said. "I always had a hard time with women. I had a son, but he died in the United States, so I Q

man's herd, is perfect report, posting on Jack's chart. Like even most of Truman's friends, I was to get no share of Daughly, the man who is, undoubtedly, the most surprised person in his life.

New Yorker followed high school—had given up by the time his early ambition to be a top dancer—but he was first to find a job in New York, and immediately afterward Robert Frost. It was this that Truman had gone to Vermont on vacation, staying at an inn where Frost was giving a reading. II. With the rest, the Truman kept to his room, looking down to the regular only on the platform. The next morning he learned that he was from The New Yorker. Capote was inferior than he thought, however, and soon left. A copy of Frost's poems, chosen by the columnist himself, waited after him. "Who

The hill is the Tucson Capote, anyway," said New Mexico state Senator Tom. The next day, Tucson was back. "I'm not going to be here long," he told his friends. He still remembers Frost. "The greatest man who ever lived," with an old tale dragging around with a shaggy head of hair and followed by patches of lichen from the head.

Several other men were down diamond, and still it has early promise. Truman got off for Range, where he spent much of the late Forties and early Fifties. Asked what he meant by *Vudu*, "He was usually being torn out of hotels because of a strong temper," he said. "People used to say, 'Get out, you're driving us crazy.' I'd just walk away, leave the place and stand on the steps, and

A few weeks after my first interview with him, I happened to meet Captain

A close-up, low-angle shot of a pack of True cigarettes and a single cigarette. The pack is blue with white text, showing 'TRUE' in large letters and '20 CLASS A CIGARETTES'. To the left, two white envelopes are visible. On the right, a single cigarette lies diagonally, its filter featuring a repeating pattern of small circles. The background is a plain, light color.

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THE DAY THE MOVEMENT DIED

(Continued from page 189) issues to his wife, Anita, who was running their new baby, named America "America" Tennessee. "She's got it all," he says. "I gave her a whole country and all I get's are Southern states."

We smoked and Tennessee drank wine and the leather with us sat around the room, sipping up on some. Then we went outside and I shot some playing with my toy, and Tennessee's marriage, Vatos, showed Alice enough trouble, she had you log at the toy counter at Woolworth's, a paper where you look to see a wacky girl and then get a wacky boy, then she'd have to go home, had stuff.

Tennessee and Alice talked of revolution, and later, of Coka. They were both agreed by the regime's persecution of homosexuals. It would be a question—revolution in the Revolution? Tennessee would sit again and again, "I met Castro once," Tennessee said, "in the States. Kenneth Tynes and me, to see him. Hemingway was still alive in Cuba, you know. Now I saw Fidel. Key West is so different without him, baby. I wrote a letter, I think. We went to the Palace and waited on the steps for three hours at least. Then we went in and Castro, what a beautiful man! He understood us! Didn't he? And he was so revolutionary and it was an honor to meet us, baby. What a statement!"

Alice was high and the two of them exchanged jokes and homophones, each other, and Alice gave Tennessee copies of her books and we all agreed a good time. Alice was a good person, we were leaving, low May Day types with the blue work shirts and the coats but books who had not throughout the meeting without saying a word, said, "The bourgeois expect nothing!"

"A lot of us are," Tennessee said with courage. "Magnificent! And with courage. Magnificent! He accepted his death. He's been to the moon."

All that night Tennessee rode high on the moon with Alice and Alice. Late at night they stopped in a park one lot in the East Village after having been to a show and a sauna. Tennessee and I pointed against a wall, Tennessee angling at the top of his lungs, "Merry, anyone you know, and I'll speak out straight to you, baby. I'm gonna tell you about the wolf. Robert [sic] Macbeth," diverse Alice! Tennessee said, "God bless the movement!" and then shy, "Off the pig?" He was leaving the airport.

I took Tennessee to the demonstration. Alice remained. We waited at Endicott Center with Betty Devereaux, Dave Dellinger's wife, for the demonstration to arrive from Union Square downstairs. Finally it came, people in the bus of march recognizing Tennessee and raising their hats in greeting to the two boys, the two old ones. And what we understood that afternoon was that the movement's ability to draw people into the streets had diminished enormously. Expecting thousand marchers, we drew less

than eight hundred. We waited for Dave Dellinger to bring up the rear of the march, picking along at the end in his rumpled beige jacket and brown cords, carrying a package and a guitar case. "I'm David," I yelled, and he joined our gathering, embraced Betty, and then threw her arms around Tennessee in a long embrace.

We strolled through the crowd of demonstrators in Fifth Avenue, destroying Malone Rockefellers as a street sign, and while the speeches ebbed on I pointed out to Tennessee various friends in the crowd, former Whistleman. Beau Brummie was a Pimp too much, but I liked him. He had been trying to interrogate me in the parlour of Major Deegan's cousin's house during the Westerhouse Days of Eggs and had been acquitted. He had known just since Cohen, "He looks Irish," Tennessee said. "When I was young the Irish became cops."

Then Julian and Judith Beck of the Living Theatre came over, embracing everyone, all of us gathered to find that there, out of us knowing they had returned from imprisonment in Brazil.

We left the demonstration, Betty, Julian and Judith, Dave, Tennessee, myself, joined by Tom DeLillo, the writer. We ended at a bar. The Beck's came to us, Julian and Judith, and told us why they were leaving New York for good once they raised the lowest to support their company in South America. Tennessee was in high spirits, we all were, and we kept wringing, laughing loudly, crackin' jokes. You see, we all believed in one, that we had all in different degrees paid out enough to remain unity from each other.

Tennessee asked Judith, "How bad was it, baby?" You know, how did you experience it? Tennessee was referring to his imprisonment in Brazil.

"It was unbearable. We requested a room for the company to perform in at the peace." That was Judith's answer, very briefly. To stop the laughs, she had to add, at the point of her softly that we all learned toward her, Dellinger stopping her ear, to hear her. "They gave the room to us. It was next to the one in which they tortured the men. We heard the screaming, the muffled voices, young, young, so interesting and dying as we tried to believe a theatre piece in the next room. Oh my God, it was." She started to cry, sniffing and coughing, and the whole look of her with the black hair and the dark eyes, the dark skin, the way she was in art, her tension and resonant anxiety, her defiance gave her an unspeakability like that of Edith Piaf, more song beauty who plays to our sensibility, who has spent a lifetime looking so beauty, so beauty, so beauty, in those great, great, playhouses, craters, Julian Beck, great bold hero with the softest of voices, hovering over her, his voice speaking in tones of unutterable pain and affectionate banter between them: Beck,

the judge, the law.

Later, we again got back on the subject of Coka. I asked Dellinger how often he had seen Castro.

"I've been there five or six times. He's been here probably half a dozen times now, maybe more than a day for him, with them constantly wanting meetings with saying one thing or another before his arrival. Some even holds him up."

"But what about the arts though?" Tennessee asked, seriously, "Is that what the role of art in revolution, of the artist, baby?" He took Judith's hand. "It's to do what does best. To do his work."

Dellinger interrupted. "There are two kinds of art. There is the bourgeoisie snobbish aligned with the Soviet Union. They are repressive of the arts and of homosexuals, of sexual libertines in general. And then there are..."

"What does it matter?" Tennessee was being sarcastic. He was having no part of that.

"It does. The other tendency is Fado," Dellinger said, "which is open to experimentation. For a while the arts flourished in Coka..."

"But what is the importance of art?" Tennessee asked. "Can you say art when there is no one to care, pecked or wear somebody's throat?" The master! The Soviets, the Cubans, they are repressed, baby, they are under says? There are more important things than art. What are the important basic principles?"

"Tennessee," Dellinger tried to interrupt. Tennessee was outshining him on the left. I jumped in. "It's moral, moral, Tennessee, what the Cuban and others do to homosexuals and artists."

Dellinger, "It's homogeneous stupid!" We were both trying to think of some label to apply to official behavior in a moronic state to remove it from our conception of true socialism. And then Tennessee said, "I think now that Tennessee did not give a damn. He went ahead with his defense of the Revolution."

Tennessee, turning on me, "What do you people think revolution isn't now?"

"It's irrelevant, baby." They were at Broadway. Blasphemous! Look at yourself! I was speaking to me. "Just look at yourself, you're not revolution, you're not art, you're not revolution, you're not art, baby. Who are we to judge the men who did Ulrich? But I will go to the revolution. I have gone before, Dolores, many times."

In November, weeks before the homecoming, Alice, Tennessee, and I returned to New York from Marin where he had seen Guss Vidal. (In December, Vidal would tell me that he no longer recognized Tennessee. "We've been friends a long time. Her changed. And you haven't left me any. Don't you see? You don't like the party girls. We doesn't do anything what positive?" For Christ sake! You've lived in bed with a lot of crazy radical crap.) I think what bothered Vidal was being upstaged in the press by Tennessee

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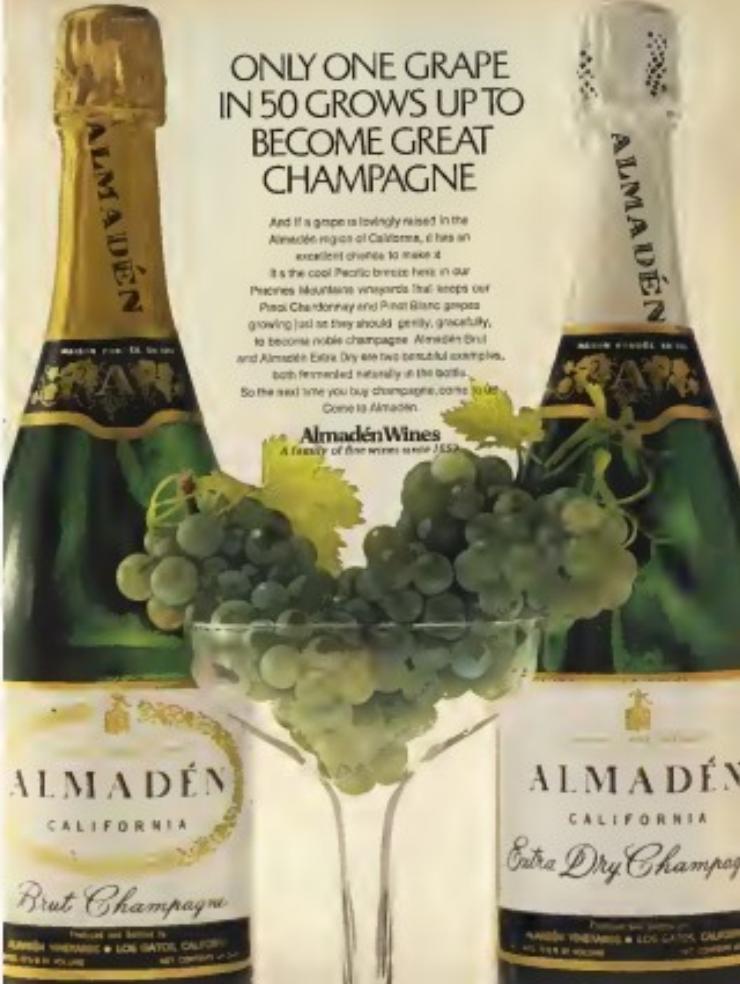
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ing of their male or members, removing my way through the members of the community. We had to fight, we had to hold interminable mass-meeting sessions in the same room plagued by a gnat, fighting with gay gables over the use of our hypocrisies; we had to go to the people of Franklin, who were the ones that really planned on mass around me to confront us with the question of whether this white hand-bank guy could, then, teach an important life for us who skin deer and have no money in our pockets. We were running an outpatient clinic, a long time, God! And for fun spaced-out weirdos happened who who would no more like a dog than a cat, and they were the ones that had a advantage when they could rap off lots of some radical talk.

And who were these masses crowding me all over, these great numbers of the underground, that I had to learn how to deal with? These really efficient unemployed who walked away the day making grass and drying Boone's Farm Apple wine and playing their guitars? FM radio at full power as I tried to get them to stop, to stop, to stop, to stop free arts and big, bizarre art and necessary foods from Mendota but said as though we could in some way enhance the effective life of an anti-war movement. Well, by the time the last few members of us had ended was called the *War Collective*, the "youth wing" of the Peoples Coalition, if you can consider that, in St. Albans, here bellyaching, here bickering, here fighting, here they who fought so every inch of the way on every decision. And it was some of them who would, in the end, in there, "survive," off.

Let me briefly give you some example of the profound ideological differences between the Klan and us. Recently we invited the Klan to speak at the rest of us. We invited to invite Ben McLean to sing at the benefit. The women's section raised him on the grounds that diversity. But, he has been, was "seen". They held that Gloria Steinem was "seen". They prevented the showing of a powerful and well-acted short (*The Star Spangled Banner*) because it contained a low and a bold sound of not expressed political protest against the Klan. They forced a ban on the use of women members as marshals in the Cathedral because they were "too bourgeois and allegedly anti-Renewal". Instead the May Day crowd forced us as a security detail to stand in front of the Klan march and, with the support of Rev. James Davis, gave as at hand of authority a former member of *Armed Intelligences* (that stands a continuation at *Armed Forces Journal*), the rank green, who attacked her being, "State Reprentative". She was the one who organized the longest fight, and the one in which we were compelled to give ground and on which Dillinger and other other person as a leadership position supported as, was over whether Norman Mailer would be invited to speak. He refused to speak and his play, *B.F.* (based upon *Blow, Blow, Thou Wind*), at the



HAMPTON PARK CLOTHES. 

Cathedral. Poor Muller, he wasn't discriminated by the quality of his enemies. Every day at every meeting of his name: Whomper! Soviet rule; chauvinist pig right-wing opportunists; positively contrary to Marconi-Leninist-Maoist; communist counterrevolutionary; capitalist revisionist artist decadent bourgeois snobbish dog.

Thus, organizationally, every day religion and I argued and fought with and finally tried to ignore the new enemies when idea of political action was to try to get a new rock LP of Kestner's "The End, We See It" to the movement.

The three months working on the benefit, all my time devoted to it, the organization, it became clearer to me that our actions on the left no longer fit the times. The war was over, and the moment had become futile. We had failed in imagination if not in results. The failure of the Revolutions The War benefit was not due solely to my own incompetence and inexperience, but also to other factors, including the times. We were trapped in the doomsday sectors confirming lines. Our pretenses had become ridiculous and too large, the sanctimony and rhetoric untrue. For something had changed in American history, had changed the emotional atmosphere. The people, the young people were turning away from religious piety, cynicism and cynicism, from risk. And regardless of new ideas, due to dramatic events, they again would take to the streets. I became convinced that the one we relied upon, who we and our friends, were over, had to keep on like a handful of clowns offering us a place with no seat left to find. Only we could admit it to ourselves. No one looked over her shoulder to see that no one was behind her. The benefit, it was told, was to help the poor, the poor for that era, at least for me. For gathered there that night, playing one more round of the game above, had carried on the road across the country since Fort Hayes, were many of the same people who had been at Modoc, Delinger, Williams, Greer, Bissell, and on. It was a final gathering of the tribe.

I spent the morning of the benefit at the Cathedral office. Tom Bellinger was at the Cathedral trying to oversee the completion of the construction of the stage in front of the high altar, a massive platform elevated several feet above the Cathedral floor for which we were paying the outrageous rate of \$10,000. From Wm. J. Clegg and Son. Some John Light had never showed to create the light show. Electroval cables were late in being installed. The usual last-minute problems.

I called Dave Delinger around noon because I had written him a letter to the editor of the *New York Times*, the other from Washington, warning up that several women's adreses were coming up to Manhattan in order to trash Muller when he rose to speak. We had to tighten his security. (I thought that I should have suggested Muller's suggestion,

One, postpone his speech and the play, and had a banner ready constructed in front of the altar and float him there. He said we should kill it as The Fight of The Century between the Left-Conservative (Muller) and the Left-Redundant (Tennessee). The trouble was I didn't know how.

I suggested that we ask William Douthard, a very strong man who was a Catholic moderator and who could be trusted absolutely, to handle both Tennessee and Muller's personal security. Delinger agreed. I told Dave that we should postpone the benefit. (I general.) I had learned the night before that some members of our security force had not even dinner and discussed how to rip off the benefit. They had decided to steal the collection and keep it. Since they were members of the church, belonging to the people, they would decide to endorse the doomsday cause also belonging to the people. That is, since the doomsday movement, anyone would be let in the Cathedral whether or not purchased a ticket or not. (The tickets were mostly priced at \$3.50 to \$5.)

Delinger said he would speak to the security people. He was sure I was alarmed over this talk.

That afternoon it began to rain. I was walking home from the cathedral, under the direction of Tom Bellinger, arrived. They were making a donationuary on the behalf for the CBC. I was still shaving, talking on the phone, dressing... Now I was on the train platform. The Plan to pick up Ruth Park and Tom Bellinger.

I arrived at the hotel late. Ruth and Tennessee and his sister Rose were waiting. Tennessee was dressed in a grey Confederate uniform. He was high and happy. While the crew finished up at the hotel, Tennessee, who had come from the war, the dead and wounded, the bomb damage, troop marches, the count of anti-war Americans still held in jails, etc. We received a phone call from Julian Beck and Judith, who had been in the Coast and had decided to make it to New York in those Then we left.

In the van I asked Ruth to stay with Tennessee. He had never spoken at a political rally before. And here I am, my mother-in-law, Ruth Park, and my brother-in-law, Ruth Tennessee, who is a woman with long-standing and deeply held feelings against the war. It was she who gave as the essential advice and aid we needed, not in terms of hard politics but in terms of running money and supplies. She had been a member of the peace workers and worked long on behalf of the Cathedral. And what she gave of even greatest value was great tolerance and again, via, close to what we attempted to do. Delinger was aware when he came to me that I was one of the most divided in the peace movement carried through the benefit.

We arrived about mid-afternoon, as before the benefit was to start. We went immediately to Speed Meats, a small building directly across from the Cathedral, where the Committee was giving a press party. There was a heavy con-

sensus of press—several hundred—and most of the members of the Committee itself were there, as were the performers—The Chanters Brothers, Charles Mingus, Edgar Winter and White Trash. Tom Kopfberg, Phil Ochs, Dickie Avila and set up a studio and were holding various collections before the concert. We entered Tennessee and Ruth immediately.

As soon as I walked in, Tom Bellinger drew me aside. "We're falling apart."

"What is?"

"The whole thing! People are being sold out. They're being sold out. The security people in the church? They're all here! We're going bankrupt!" And, once enough, there, with a nose of security detail, was our chief of security donning a kippah. He raised his glass, smiling.

About five thousand people attended the benefit concert. People who had purchased fifty-dollar tickets sat beside people who had bought none. Welfare Rights Mothers carried placards, as did a group of agitators dealing with the National Guard. On the opposite side of the auditorium, a group of crazies with M.L.F. signs stood like clovers in front of the enormous stage and waved them in front of the network television crews; gayaktivists passed out leaflets; people who had come from all over the far side of the stage started out at the crowd, the bottoms on their jackets catching the lights.

Bishop Moore, a tall, handsome, round man, opened the program by welcoming us, as representatives of entire community movements, to his church. He was followed by a tape recording by Lt. Vietnamese soldier whom had been repatriated to us as the day before via Eastern Europe. It was especially recorded for this evening. Charles Mingus played. So did Edgar Winter and White Trash. And then Ruth Ford, Tennessee and I closed the stage. We stood with Dave Delinger spoke of the war and of the young people across this country in support of the peace movement. Anti-war activities for whom the collection was being taken. Delinger knew he that point, so did I, that the girls had been lost. And there we stood, totally helpless, watching some of the most courageous people in the world. (The take was estimated later at 35,000 plus) and, instead of bringing the collection to the stage where Delinger was to receive it, they strolled out the great doors of the Cathedral into the night.

Then we left.

In the van I asked Ruth to stay with Tennessee. He had never spoken at a political rally before. And here I am, my mother-in-law, Ruth Park, and my brother-in-law, Ruth Tennessee, who is a woman with long-standing and deeply held feelings against the war. It was she who gave as the essential advice and aid we needed, not in terms of hard politics but in terms of running money and supplies. She had been a member of the peace workers and worked long on behalf of the Cathedral. And what she gave of even greatest value was great tolerance and again, via, close to what we attempted to do. Delinger was aware when he came to me that I was one of the most divided in the peace movement carried through the benefit.

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Beckengay idea of virtue: that what's good is what makes you feel good afterward. The trouble is you'll seek approval after the pleasure, when you're forced to explain to the parents that being virtuous but obviously more lasting pleasure than both your parents' being a little wimpy, devoted children, getting ahead is your work; a sense of being valuable to the community, and so on. Those are the real pleasures of life, John. John looks at me adoringly, but the drama setting next to him needs no agreement—or maybe he's just nodding.

"You can't escape youth, John," I say. "I used to do that all the time. When you're young, you do that all the time, you go down to Mexico City and you party up in Washington. It was already wrong to delouse those two girls. Clearly it was a terrible violation of the man's standards generally. Can't you see how wrong it would have been to do that? That's the kind of thing I know. You wouldn't be able to do it. I think a lot of us Americans writers and artists are going to prove immensely, down here in San Miguel de Allende, and I just thought I'd like to back home to Concordia."

"Let's have another round," says John, sipping his Suntory. "I already felt awful when I came in here, and you're dispensing the hell out of me. I gotta go back soon too."

15. Hall of the Neopuritanic Observer

When we left the Cafe later that night, John was pretty drunk, but I'd been trying to sober him up. We walked steadily across the Jardin toward our respective places. I felt miserable, but was reassuring my dignity. It was a Thursday night, nothing much going on anywhere. But there was a full moon and the Jardin was very quiet. The people out there were mostly strolled along, perhaps a lot less, or maybe even several of them, for there were dozens and dozens of dogs there, all very excited.

John and I were really scared, but I don't stop running up to join the crew, one small brown dog, one a shepherd, one grey one. They stopped just me, then suddenly the medium-size grey one changed its mind or something, and started around and bit me severely on the behind.

It hurt like hell—really hurt—and it made a big L-shaped tear in my soft pair of wool trousers. Goddess, mind me.

John can't stop laughing. "I'm sorry," he says. "I'm sorry. I know it isn't funny, honest." He breaks up again, "But it's so funny!" He shakes his head.

"I've got to get a cigarette shot," I say. "This wasn't a criminal dog. Why would he choose me? Why not you?" Our eyes meet. Is this Godotism? What's next?

You don't have to be related to get Social Security. Ask about the Supplemental Security Income, Seniors Disability, Medicare.

BERNIE CORNFELD HONORS HIS MOTHER

(Continued from page 162) for a variety of reasons, some of which are beyond the control of the parents. Some of them are different kinds of anomalies, while they need each other. It's really very difficult for them to live together . . . at least happily.

"And in a case-to-case relationship the sort of dependence that occurs . . . is it the love of the mother or the son who's shattered when the relationship ends? To quote Maria, 'It has within it the seeds of its own destruction.'

"So the essence of love I've appreciated is that in the love of the mother, you're not necessarily better than she is, you're not perfect. The kind of thing that's operative is that sort of the girl can go on with whatever they like and can have relationships—with the exception of a girl who decides she wants to have a baby, but I'll like to think ultimately women are free to do what they want."

"Most interesting about I know have been nonsexual for a variety of reasons. One is that men are naturally polygynous and women are not. Women are more monogamous. Men are more likely to have a nonsexual relationship which grows in its dependency by pretending to be faithful and by keeping a relationship on that peculiar posture of the wife pretending that her husband is faithful and acknowledging a huge amount of importance to her."

"Anyhow, the kind of thing that I've evolved to is that it's possible to have multiple relationships and that it's possible for them all to be sexual without necessarily being with the same person all the time. And that's the most important ingredient of a relationship is being honest and not hiding things from one another.

"And then there's a peculiar kind of relationship that I've seen, because there aren't any others like it except, I don't have any evidence growing rules to look to. So I sort of have to figure my own."

"Anyhow, the sort of situation we have here, really, is that, oh, some of the girls are out on dates, and this and that and others don't. It's really their choice. They're free to go to bed with whomever they like if they want to go to bed with them. And I have the same perspective, which is more actively nonsexual."

"They're all sexual relationships. Some of them not up being less sexual, but they all have a sexual basis. You never had a relationship with a woman—except my mother—that wasn't a sexual one."

"He looked at me and nodded.

In a corner of Guayabill, snuggled deep in powder blue and Louis XIV, the sexual exception tries to adjust to life with Steve. Steve is a gay man over forty, a miniature master. She explains in an old-world accent that in 1964 she was four feet eight but now she's four feet six. "Bernie's free free me," she announces proudly. A guest by her standards. "Five feet

tight, Mom," Bernie breathily complains. But Steve is too busy to listen. She is an intelligent lady and Bernice relates to her differently than anyone else. When he is around her he is given. She is, perhaps, his one-one-one relationship.

"She stands in the den, a little off to one, surrounded by the glasses of Bernie's wife on the wall, clutching a pocketbook, half her size, wearing a strand of pearls and an old dress recycled with lace trim, a Jewish mother in the theme of Pictures of Her.

"Steve Cornfeld, I'd like to ask you . . ."

"How long have I known Bernice?" she smiles apprehensively. "Then I couldn't tell you because he changed so many times. In fact, I don't know. What I do know is that Steve has been a good boy. He has never done a dishonest thing in his life. Now, he may have done more evil things, but in honesty it's hard to get past her. Steve has a heart of gold."

"Did she have any ambitions for herself?" "Ambitions, as I just want honesty and commitment. As a child he had that. It was hard not to be a grandfather, but now I'm used to it." She sighs sadly, not used to it at all. "I don't know what she has planned for him. He likes to do what he does, but not what he has to do. He likes planning to be obligatory to her, but he doesn't like to be obligated to them."

"What I see about her is that everybody takes advantage of her and she has a friend or two who are her best but that's it. I see it, and I could see that he had pleasure from it. It would feel good, but I can't say that he does. He has no enjoyment from it. No friends in the world except two or three who have been there for a vacation."

"And then that in Israel he didn't need to be surrounded by people, he felt he could be alone."

"But he took five or six girls with him," she says. "A man in the hotel is like a father to her. She loves this girl with near vest." I don't know what to say, so I tell her, "You see, no one has a factory and all these parts work for him, as much as it is. In Boston he bought them here for a vacation."

"On the way back here he got a job, also gone with very few fees for an outfit in Beverly Hills. 'Steve, Steve!' Bernice calls after her. And she is unaffected by the pain of a waiting husband.

Upstairs, Gaybill is like the Decline of Kappa Kappa Gamma. Does this open-air establishment where refined people "smoke" an invitation-for spreads. On a nightstand, The Steven Cornfeld Story, The Happy Hooker, and The Geography of America.

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girl sits alone in the game room, jazzy music soaring past us on the "Target Zone" surface-to-air missile interceptor. Her name is Bernice. She is just eighteen, and she has been here since her 16th birthday. "I had a slight hangover in my nose and I photographed broken, so Bernice offered to have it fixed for me and then get me on my way home. So I'm writing for the people to go down and buy it with their money."

"The one thing I know wonderful is, why not all the beautiful, intelligent girls in the world, why not? Some can give me my dreams, my interests, everything... why not?"

Other girls, however, are quite interested at the large parties he gives regularly at Graphball where he may know half the girls. He'll see a girl, introduce himself as the owner of the house, and write her back for dinner. "It all goes well. One night, the next week, I come home and she says, 'I don't want to come back to this lifestyle! Are you a jealous person?' If her answers are satisfactory, since her bags arrive at the door.

"When I arrived there were three people from her and within a week the house was full," says a girl with a smile.

There is a feeling of watershed between the girls, of shared secrets, of closeness. It's the first time I ever heard of Bernice, and yet discussing their relationship when the relationships involved the same man.

"There are girls who can usually what's going on a solo basis and they come over for a night or two nights to get to act as such as they are and then leave," says Bernice.

"When a new girl comes to the house, we tell her an 'overnight,' we call her 'kicks,'" another one adds.

"They're called 'rip-offs,'" says a third. "We can get sex, but Bernice can't. I mean, I've never seen her do the whole thing. Well, we might say come here because they know Bernice's very generous and has a big heart. But there's a problem. If it sounds you all you have to do is tell her so. You are, Bernice, a very good girl."

"My relationship with Bernice is different in the sense that when I've seen Bernice, I've with Bernice. It's just me and Bernice. If we're just sitting talking, He gets a sweater, and she gets a sweater, and the other girls that live here ignore know that. We're all something different."

"What if you want to be with him and he's with somebody else?"

"You just go to him and tell him, 'You are...'"

"He's whatever we want it to be. A friend. We're a family here. Each girl that comes has to be part of a family. It's like living in a dormitory or a dormitory with a lot of roommates. A lot of babies, a lot of fun, a lot of love, and I mean it's a fantastic. You're not gonna go to each other with your problems."

The place is suffusive silence. Finally one of them answers. "You can't just tell Bernice and live here. It's impossible. You have to have a re-

ason to stay here... You have to dig Bernice."

And so it goes. All the steps that one does to win Bernice if the place isn't full. The girls are here, the boys are here, the hotel is half-washed. At times I feel almost inexplicably restless. But you should come here in the evenings because the nights here are extremely different from the days. The people are more... more... more... The Big Boss, the ex-governor, was over last night.

So I gave it another try. The same familiar faces greet us at their frontdoor, off-white, off-white.

"We have free dress until ten o'clock (most hours of arrival). Bernice has decided to wear gowns and outfit to work as her autobiography. He is using it as 'Bernice's' the house he rents in Ardenwood. She's been working on getting out assignments delegated by Bernice. They pack towels and all by phone.

One of the girls asks Bernice for information for her book on card.

"You're free," she says.

"Occupation?"

"Oh... unemployed."

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION: JACK CHEN

(Continued from page 172) For the even grand good.

New China had a pretty good leadership in its first fifteen years. There the "primary" was the Long March of 1935 through 1936, the period of the CCP's difficult survival and under constant enemy harassment. Out of an army of 300,000 men only 30,000 survived, in fighting their way to their goal in Yenan. At their head were Mao Tse-tung and his colleagues, and the CCP's leader for the revolutionaries passed through the six trials of the invasion by Japan and the subsequent civil war launched by Chiang Kai-shek. These decisions were the new "principles" of Chinese Communism. Then came the United Front in the inner regions (not incongruously, they had to be won who could lead a community of peasants mostly through a life-and-death struggle against an enemy whose weaknesses were all too clear), then all of the rest.

To become a political leader in those times was to sign your own death warrant if you were caught by either the Japanese or Chiang. It is a kind of peasant, workers and other benefits a reward. "Mao Tse-tung" was soon adopted as the name of the CCP, and also of the Chinese Communists. A another was recommended for Chai Wei-wei Chou Tse-tung. To carry that kind of names around means to put yourself in the line of fire and to be caught if you're caught. That's what happened to many of the leaders of the Chinese Communists. They were all eliminated.

"After that, more, more methods of 'primary' system" came into being—the

leaving destruction in his wake, he sets off in his car screaming jet to write on paper and paint in Ampang. With his go-go girls, the prostitute ring. The girls are now George Washington. He leaves and goes at home to answer the phone.

I had more or less a complete blockade, distasteful to me. I had come to Ampang to reflect. But I was really not anti-self-extravagance; the conversation that my reading, the bourgeoisie genes with its whimsies, the people who aren't, the house we are free at home in, and seven girls in search of a relationship with a man who avoids commitment.

With the castle very rung, Sophie Gwendolyn, in a spiky pink nylon robe, threads her way through the maze of punchbowl machines, almost disappears in the deep-pile rug, and slowly climbs the stairs to her room.

"When he was a child it was such a joy to be with him. He was gay, he was intelligent... sometimes not he can't be a week in the house and not my hello to me."

"I don't know what goes on..."

Perhaps the American Dream is better left dreamt; as a reality, it seems to be a dream. ♦

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**Men's Wear.
By
Pendleton.**

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and particularly the youth, are growing increasingly anxious of this. They are casting around for something worth keeping with the winds of the times. They are looking for a new way of life, for delegates representing new men, and race groups in enormous proportion to their percentage in the population, are certainly an indication that America's own cultural revolution is taking root.

In the last six months I have traveled more than 12,000 miles across America visiting universities and lecturing at numerous colleges, and I found not one American, but at least four in five, the West, the Midwest, the Middle West and Texas and the South, Bach has his own conditions, his own problems, his own life-styles, his own past and possibilities for the future. Each makes its own contribution to the whole.

On the West Coast, the locomotive power generation, increased by the waves of the mighty water, sunburned people, bright, pale, energetic and loquacious, long hair, and airports crowded with speedster aircraft. I met many Americans who had come west with the rest of the species, relatives gone forever with wheat, replaced by sophisticated Mastersmen because people there think their prairie becomes rough God scarcely and gratefully accepts the new. The West Coast is here now, a really private man, not to be favored around on stages and on the streets. Together with such fundamentalist beliefs they cherish the Declaration of Independence with its notion of equality and liberty. This is where Bach comes in. Bach is here now, too. Bach is here now, where the old Bach is dead. I kept running myself.

Then the strange South, desperately trying to forge the past and somehow seem to terms with the present. Ebullient, jolly, good-humored, but with mythical Southern ladies and Southern boys who were riding wild winds (just out Navajo). Masterminding, various efforts going on in the picture and its growth, and then the kind of people who are there, the most magnificently strutting into after-dark, magic from the sky at night, frightening class up in the day, capering until, raising its tail like a pugnacious pugnoe, cities with frequent eruptions of fire, do not know what to do to their citizens.

If all Americans were the Americans of the West, of Texas and the Midwest and incomparable Bachs, one would say that there was plenty of time to think, to organize, to plan and carry through, and plan again. But Bach is here now. Undoubtedly history moves fast these days and space shrinks with the speed of the jet and the supercruise. The problems of the East and the cities, as far as Bach is concerned, as clever and as critical, cross America and Bach's frontiers. Solutions for old landmarks and boyish heroes, for the black shaman, for stripped women and air, for waste, for plutocratic industry, and an automotive economy that no longer seems to be man's servant but his master. Solutions these must be, solutions

not yet in sight. Solutions that the old and beldies either do not see or need at the thought of facing, but that the young in spirit, exasperated, patient, and determined, will see. It will be seen. I saw that in them, and it was good to meet young Americans like those revolutionaries, these dreams and ideals. These frustrations, these desperate yearnings, these fears of change and hopes for change can only be seen in the eyes of the young. That was my deduction there. I know. That was only an inkblot on the dreams of the birth of the new Americans.

I? McGovern was, what? Gonna be the time when popular demand will force him to translate into concrete policies aimed at restructuring the political,

economic and social system itself. That will be the moment of truth for the forces of change and the vested interests of the status quo.

Bach said, "I am taught," he announced in the State of implementation and aspiration that gripped the hall in the closing minutes of the '72 Convention. McGovern's acceptance speech ended in a roar of cheer and sound. People sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Then Bach, in his battle with the old Bach, declared, "Hail" an hour later. He delegates departed. They took, with them every last pot of chrysanthemums from the podium, all the signs of the status, the chairman's given to them. I witnessed the final moments of a historic meeting, the first convention in the style of the new politics. ■

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

AIRTHUR MILLER

(Continued from page 282) blazed up to me," he confided later, and often turned back to perform the winding of the physiologist. Meanwhile, the old man never ceased inviting me to join the others, but I always declined. The old man, who had been a country squire, was the first that I saw in the Old Grand-Dad. When I have seen him in that bar, I have always thought he was like a Greek philosopher, like Socrates, who was also a carpenter and knew how to plant trees. He was a real man, the old man, who was in that room. His introduction would show to good effect on like Macmillane—and this is the final note on this oddly serious—the perfect pat on a look of such powerful prep as he performed his newly rediscovered Godly duty. I was so moved by his gesture that I asked him if it appeared to be "Far all I know he would from that day return to the Synagogue and the Jewish life, the more so when it has all been shed, rejected, and forgotten, as it is, in my view." "Please, Paul," the old man said, "don't take on the air of somberity, the MGM bad locum whose perfect imitation of streets, the extras and trained players filled up, writing scenes, all the scenes of the film, and the stars and the performers carried out the continuity in closed rooms sometimes so high."

Which reminds me of my shock on first learning that Jesus was a Jew. I mean, I mean, I mean, what did I expect? A Presidential candidate avowing nationalism, and his vehicles above? What is this nostalgia for the anti-Semites? Must not Lincoln have had some anti-Semitic object in mind when he left his beard just 'n' stiff? The idea of Lincoln leaving the bar like that, and going over to his mind, "Romance and seven years ago..."

And were we not up for this by the Democratic position who made the miserable Negroes so available for exploitation? Was not the great Negro movement in a Human culture where every official racism was overwhelmed with show business that Jesus knew he really had to be bold through with the message? Ted the wild men of the Chicago streets understood that they had to clean up and they had to

kick on a medium where blood was an exciting theatref?

I assume that even George Mason was convinced away by the pull of the appeal. The moment an irreconcilable cleavage between his and Abe's refusal to go with the Convention's choice, and the cynical would make the stakes even more material—McGovern was not in debt to labor and so would be swayed by the influence of the Pacifists. But surely Mason knew what later was revealed, that the pro-McGovern forces controlled more coverage money than the unions, he and Abe held in their grip, as we are fascinated again with syndicate government. To Mason, the old man, he could see that the Convention might as well have been a Mayan ritual whose application to himself or anyone he knew was simply not possible. The what thing just wasn't a lot of talk about the importance of personalities who they had never even worked, owned business, not a payroll or paid homage to the industrial machine in any form. They watched it all like Legionnaires at a convention in St. Louis, the last performance of Wallace, or Good, or the like. Whoa! What the hell is this?

You can call it a culture gap but you'd think that, faced with another four years of them, they would have had to change language if only to the sake of the lesser evil. Men acting emotionally surely could have done so. But they had been raised where art reaches men—the hollows of deepest and profoundest rage, until they left the field because of objective reason and retreated to a posture of revolt which had to be mostly rough since the forces to inflict damage were not there to command. And so George Mason too, a moment joined the same, even to the point of not caring for or against a plain homelyness for any belief. It was a revision of taste, but taste is always a matter of identifications, as the history of art makes clear enough.

When I went to Mason Beach it was with the near certainty that the pres-

THE GOOD STUFF



One good thing leads to another.



Head of the Seagram Family

would risk George McGovern of the *conservatives*; after a day in the idleness looking in was for the Old Boys I was afraid he would win everything but the power that goes with the nomination. It was the same with the *radicals*, the conflict of issues and life-style and the rest. What we were witnessing, and still are as the election barrels shape up, is the most complicated and ambiguous construction since *the Crows*.

McGovern, a man who is not merely a large collection of people but an organism in itself, having the core energies which are aimed at a discharge. The McGovern phenomenon can be seen as the creation of a new *Crowd* which, in its political and social and economic bases previously known, had as a *Crowd* war adherents. The common assumption was that the two parties—both in the two *Crowds*—had presided over the field and the meet that could happen might perhaps a lowering of the temperature in the Democratic which would demand a greater peace in Vietnam and some changes in the tax and welfare system. What McGovern demonstrated, surprisingly, was that a new *Crowd* has in fact emerged from different sources, and that the *Crowd* previously ignored and disdained, but also in some undiminished degree, assumes that right or no present of the people organized as well, that a marginal group of the unaligned which may shift to or from either side, but which will ride an election. By pulling out, the *Heeys* are signaling their hope and belief that this new construction is merely that—a subtle adventurous seizure of party power by a fragment which is not, in fact, a crowd at all but a collective.

A merely random collection of people becomes an *operative Crowd* at the point when each of its members begins to feel a strange sense of equality with all others. This cannot be overemphasized, for it is as real, as solid, as sacred, and as Democratic as one can be subject to the same general attractions regardless of their opposing ideologies. William L. Shirer once told me that when he was a reporter in Germany he was, as a hostile reporter, so often left the scene crawling on his back as he realized that something within him was being rubbed into the central sweep of the crowd's fused identity. Whatever the *crowd's* language, purpose, intent, and desire to come to a crescendo, it achieves its existence when differences have been eradicated among its members. At this moment, like any *organism*, a *crowd* tends to caput what is when it is itself, and that is where the *Crowd* comes in. The *conservative* is common in the theater where a lot of unrelated people gather and only dare differ if and when a resonant, equal response is ignited in them by what they are seeing. The thing which diffuses, in effect, is making the sort of a difference, a difference of people, which lets the many differences intact. Is it that the *politicians*, like the writer we cited, must make a rouse for himself by preceding that lone around which a great many people may transpire their ordinary

bounds of feeling and join in the crowd's equality?

What has made observers of the McGovern phenomenon realize that its adherents, viewpoints and class membership are not necessarily interlocking. A good many well-to-do people, for example, have contributed a lot of money even in the face of McGovern's announced intention to raise their taxes; the professional women continue working, the Jews, a lot of them, remain behind on his plan to adopt their communities; blacks who until very recently were so eager to support only candidates vying finally to their own have given for McGovern who has not. And as we have learned, the *Heeys*, a lot of them, have remained conservative. McGovern's audience is at best that broad despite his avowals of continuation of past U.S. policy.

Somewhat more than the sheer concentration of masses is working here, however, and that is what McGovern can regard McGovern without falling to grouch.

To put it this way is not to make

Heeys disappear but to set them in their place below the question of symbolic importance.

As far as the *conservative* is concerned, that McGovern's *Crowd* is a real one and not a facsimile, and that it has important possibilities for growth; that this is due as much to the *conservative* you might call it ignorance of politics as to any other factor.

With some surprise I found out, for whatever one man's experience may be worth, that to his own followers McGovern stands for more than his convictions toward Israel, and this may be the main reason why the *Heeys*—at least those in Connecticut—have stopped laughing.

Showing my legspace in the small house, I picked up sandwiches, all of them the McGovern Young, an half-inch thick sandwich, my hands clasped as a hand behind a shiny shiny Colgate Avenue. She was twenty-one, short-haired, wore white slacks with fake stiff lace around the belt, a black jersey, and came all the way from Connecticut to New York. She had never even a dormitory part a "worker" for Georgia; she had scraped the fare together and was now stone broke, trying to walk the seven miles up and down the next town, Bellwood, in the fact she was getting out of date in the *conservative* Convention Hall where the Democratic Party proceeded defined shakily to just such driftwood. I offered to give or loan her money but she refused, rather on some ancient principle or for fear of a social rebuke, and I said, "Well, you're right." She was probably right that McGovern workers were not being paid as originally they had been promised. This did not seem to be a *Heeys* in her case, but simply a fact like the other Georgians I came across, she was remarkably decent. For example, she had accompanied an Endina delegate (there exploded to my mind a round man in this brightish

head) who also had to economize because in order to get here, "We had to borrow his brother's plane to fly to Maine."

She said this with a certain hurt. I asked her if she had any kind of necessary gathering a delegate has been reduced to borrowing his brother's plane, but an arrival Miss E. said about that this piece of information seemed perfectly ordinary. And what, I asked, had caused her toward McGovern? The war? Ecology? The Atom bomb?

"I wouldn't say it was those things," she said, and her tone made "those things" seem distant indeed. "I just wanted participation."

She was a tall girl, drove to McWayne than I had landed in my mind when I picked her up and in the surrounding blurriness between the towns our interview gave way to conversation. She was studying biology and had chosen in the first place to study it because of the existence of whatever Abrahamic being, riding out of consciousness. Her parents were divorced. I looked at her more carefully now—she was rather plain, a turned-up nose, round face, straight black hair, a simple girl. I did not understand the nose. It is not to denigrate it or its political force to make note of it this way. She had felt the pull of her *Crowd* and had answered it as she never could have by watching it go on.

I had told her I also was for McGovern, and before her mind did she waited for the first time and offered her hand. In the morning she would aches hungry and suffer through the day until the Bellwood free kitchen opened. Not, as she said, at work helping her to lose weight. The whole experience had considerable benefits, and should Nixon solve the war before election time or even make the air paranoid, she would be a McGovern worker. And this in strength, not weakness, in a political movement.

In full sunlight another partisan, a boy from Vermont, sat beside me on the way to the Delta Hotel, McGovern's headquarters. He was not only a delegate, he had been on TV on the youngest delegate in history, eighteen. He seemed extremely tired with an inner exhaustion known especially to performers. You can see it even in little girls of maturity, he said. "I've had a hell of a nervousness, he said. "I've got to go on in golden I don't feel like it right now."

Had something disillusioned him?

"Not exactly. But I don't think he should have said that to Wall Street."

"How they hadn't to worry now about his last return. He had no call saying a there like that to Wall Street. I mean to be serious."

Then you've got no home?

"Not exactly. I'm fine, but I wish he hadn't said that."

And what had brought him in? The war? Ecology? Unemployment?

He glanced at me. I could, I thought, have his mind saying, "What was?"—he gave me that kind of blank. But



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Editorial by George and Frosty by Elie Chouraqui, Paris, 1973. An issue specially designed for this section.

what had brought him out to do political work?"

"It was interesting. I met a lot of people and I didn't know, I don't know, just till I wanted to get into it. But I don't think I'd make it a life's work."

A third was Boston Irish and Ivernoak with all his appointments and the assassins, red-haired, thirty-three, he was in the middle of his life. But he was serious. "I think we can take Massachusetts."

And why was he in it? The way? Soddy? What?

Again that surprised look.

"Oh man, I was the Irish and you got the gun."

He laughed. "We're not the Irish, but I do like the gun. I want to do it all my life!"

Why? What's there about it?

"I just like it. I like doing it. I think we can take Massachusetts."

There would be an opportunity later to learn about those issues for the lack of them and the young, but a conversation over breakfast provided a good start. In the end, he was one of the other Craved, the ones that had stopped greeting. Two or three times I had passed these two massive men in the American lobby—I would go to the room in my room or directly because, as Macbeth had said, "I am not怕 (afraid) to meet them." He was in the early part of his second term. As is Shakespeare, it was separated from the chief contenders except, leaving Macbeth's entourage as well as Jules Bredy's Conservative troops. That it was a question of time, and I would drop the name again since John of Gaunt's reasoning of the partition of the Kingdom, this blessed Isle and so forth. I had exchanged words with these two giants who, I figured, must have my face, and I freely say were very good. We are politicians. On this morning I found myself at the seat table and since they looked kind of lonely and in need, the main status, of my country I layered over and joined them. They were very good, and I freely say were very good. After all, they were friendly, so friendly. Also, to talk with someone who might, hopefully, help them understand what had happened to their land in Mexico.

This was Wednesday, when McGovern had already turned back the Colonists and had the meeting in the bar.

I asked, "Can felas for Humphrey?"

"I am. He's for Nixon," said the black-haired man, referring his thick book by stretching his wide neck. "He's been elected star to me."

"You desperate?"

"No. Just here. You?"

"No. I'm trying to write about it."

"The papers?"

"Magazine. But I'm for McGovern." "You know you are?"

I know he doesn't like what he did, but I wanted and he finally pointed a finger. "You were with the McCarthy side at the '68 Convention."

"That's it. I'm Miller."

"Dear god. Then he agreed to have dinner." "Not that writer."

"Gosh—oh, the brown-haired man

said. Their curiosity overtook their doubts. The blonde-haired man's eyes shone at maturity no closer. "Well, I believe in democracy," he said.

"Still, he seems to have come up fast for the nomination."

"He got that for one statement. When he had said and the was an Inauguration Day."

"That's right. He was the last Statesman, wasn't it? When he had said go to Korea?" Stevenson said and will have to fight again forever."

"That's true." He opened a little, his nervously picked out. "You think he's right?"

"What's your opinion about him?"

"He's not honest." And the brown-haired nodded.

"By the way, where you from?"

"Harvard."

"What do you do?"

"I'm...SOMETHING. We both are." The brown-haired man nodded again, smiling. "Sheriff?" I could see them both retreating from the sound car sheets someone hadles shouting Americans in charge.

"What do you mean, not honest?"

"Well, Humphrey... a man goes out and works for him, he takes care of you. McGovern, I'm afraid, is gonna tell you that you don't qualify, yet sort."

Unshaken by his unshaking honesty, I asked him again, "So can we meet for the first time? But you could work with him, couldn't you? With his people?"

The brown-haired man spoke. "They've got us for the ethnic. I'm Ukrainian. You don't see any Ukrainians up there?" (in the Convention platform).

"Oh! Politics either. I'm a Pole. Poles present at the debates are Black. White is all right, but where's the ethnicity?"

They looked hard. Black-haired, appealing for justice. "You're right about that. He's going to have to come to you people."

"I don't know what you are, but..."

"Okay. If Biffenoff was made Vice-President, I'm sure he'd be a good man."

"He won't take it. I just talked to him."

"Sure he won't take it." The Pole said. "He's not going to work with a bunch of ethnic."

"I don't think that's it. He's been supporting McGovern for years. You just don't want me more than he's got. He's a Senator and that's what he does."

"And he's got the scratch," the Pole said.

"Pleasant," the Ukrainian added, rubbing two fingers.

"But say he was Vice-Presidential nominee," the Pole said, "would he be a terrible disaster in your eyes, now?"

"Sorry."

"Well, that's it."

The point drove home, they both leaned back heavily in their chairs. But they wanted another round, now! It surprised me.

"Under Roosevelt they had all kinds

of Democrats close where I come from Ukraine, Poland, Irish, Little..."

"...and the Pole need "Economic" over to the other people."

"Supporting McGovern came to you people. Is it too late?" Could he make a difference now?

"He won't do it. He comes from that place over there. They go to others and then..."

"But if he did, would you accept him?"

"You can't live on 'it.' What is like in these places? What is it won't fit in Chicago, where they make such a difference?"

"Well, Humphrey has been here. Those riots destroyed the Democratic Party."

"The war did that."

"Well, naturally the war. Without the war it'd been heaven. Even now, people don't realize there's a lot of trouble there."

"McGovern's trying to keep them home."

"That's right." They both nodded agreement. They believed or disbelieved each separately things differently. There was no doubt, wrote, the two individuals were as straight line. I didn't think they were lost to McGovern at all. If he need enough, and if he, as native as an Indian, could project himself into the immigrant heart which in turn projects the immigrant heart into his bearings and movement of that shown. Their most heartfelt emotion is a sense of the dignity on which Nixon even more than McGovern cannot ever give them. They have been simple and innocent. One of the Polish country people in Poland is advanced; he stands up to Mazur and can boast of artists and writers, even if they are Rodriguez. Similarly Indians, McGovern, strange as it sounds, is in the best position to free them from the past. The past, after all, can be bad, and could more easily reflect upon them than the regeneration that would bring them home. Looking at these men I was reminded that they had been left as far out as a limb. Is it possible that they are the last ones left? Or can he really look the appropriate sympathy as they appear? Or is it that they represent the other hearts of the new America? Surely a Kremlin would have been satisfied with Biffenoff. Marvled by this time, But the Krautoids are immigrants.

A policeman, like a ploughman, has to work with his horses as well as his master or his son, good Roosevelt, Dealey, McNamee, Kennedy, and all the changes in the country...—Sister Alice Biffenoff at eight-thirty in the morning in the lobby of the Americana Hotel was walking outside the revolving door to take her son to McGovern in the Board, but he sat down to talk to her. He was a good man, how to relax the moment and not be ruined by time. In Chicago on the west, night of the carnage in the streets, he had stood at the podium of the Americana, over the heads of the Ukrainians, the Poles, and looking directly at Barbara Bailey, and seen the first official Democrat to flunk the facts

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced "De-ers" "White Label")



SHEILA ANN T. LONG

HOME: Hampton, Virginia

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Physicist

Hobbies: Ballet, Sailing, Car Racing, Chess

LAST BOOK READ: "Beyond Freedom and Utopia"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Member of the team of international scientists who are mapping earth's electromagnetic field for the first time

QUOTE: "Scientific research in all fields has been a prime contributor to America's greatness. Let us not forget this in our concern for the dying environment, for Technology holds the very means to save it."

PROFILE: Befitting, beautiful, in love with life. Involved, and stimulated by difficult challenge. Selected by *New Woman* magazine as one of the 20 women who "made it big in their twenties."

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platform to one side, but no photo lights were on yet, the sporadic curtain evidently being delayed, for what more we can assume to know. It needs to be assumed that the cameras were off because the extras down a door or so straight in conventional clothes were standing around, people with Midwestern expressions and dressed dressily, who looked as if more correctly than the sparsely dressed students, they were there to observe their extracts of the round-trip out to be quite correct, probably because the route they had used on TV was never run but never hammed.

The other side, though they were among their own, were nevertheless treated as an object, to force McGovern down from his seat, understanding the program, the TV men were not wanting light and tape on the performances. "We want McGovern," said one. "We like him." Five half hours the drama repeated itself under the orchestrating eyes of the young girl at their head, and now, having achieved the major organization of a true Crowd, which was the purpose of the exercise, they had a victory or disaster beyond near shooting had to be faced. But nothing of that kind seemed about to happen, as heads were raised quite as in the classroom. Then the press conference began. The four panelists prepared to climb the stool to McGovern, to eloquently ferre the bourgeoisie to turn on clowns on. Now the TV men stared but continued smiling and drinking their Coke. The two students, McGovern and McGovern, as well as the pointedly perturbed implied in the surrounding underlings, had raised the volume of their pie to drown it all. Long since to the state of rock music, the sound machine was now to be the sound machine. That pull of stalemate dissolved when anything can happen, they had convinced themselves immediately and there could be no retreat that role of confrontation or violence. And the cameras were on, the cameras were on, the cameras caught the danger by some telepathic means, for an elevation does speed and McGovern appeared. A roar of cheers, applause and calls greeted him but he was as calm as a child in a room full of children, that is to say, possibly because by this time the girl leader was clinging to the shoulders of a boy and was bent over looking down at her, while she carefully held his anaphrodes close to her mouth so that her tongue could wriggle throughout the boy's throat.

Now one camera was tracking into the center of the hole from the audience most at one side, and the Chicanos carefully made way for it. From the raised F's great hands came the words and the smile. McGovern, but the student's lights were not yet on and this was done away. Now the Chicanos, who had been left behind by the moving cameras, pressed these into the crowd with the numerous following pictures, at large-scale, at large-scale levels through their pie, but suddenly gave silent to hear the cameras crew's

advice not to block the entire view. They moved accordingly and, very properly positioned, restored their particular version of passion, composed at the moment of the first appearance of the girl leader. She was looking at McGovern, who was looking at the girl leader, like the Progressive Laborites who were circling on the other flank of the sitting majority. So he had the ball marginally against the left wall, the P.L.'s program, someone on McGovern, the girl leader, the last of the others, waiting for orders from the sharp-faced girl perched next to a very serious if not humiliatised McGovern, and on the right flank the Hippies everything up front. Tragically, McGovern had left off his shirt.

I can't write for the acceptance of McGovern's dialogue with the girl leader because his expression caught me to surprise. A moment before I had seen three or four of a series of faces, however, each of the people present, who I suppose would serve. Laughing, she and they were huddled together, but these were lied-huddled, but these were for doubt. The virtue of McGovern hung poised by these dozen eggs from a crowd of young, mostly students, of whom the girl leader was one. The TV had charged over and sat to one at all. In addition, as these bunches of eggs were moving from hand to hand up to the front, a hunched, hunched fellow in a torn jacket had broken through the crowd, shouting, "Play the game!" He had played on The Crucible in college and thought now that he should strengthen me out as to what was happening here. Inflicting the Progressive Laborites and their Punk supporters, he said, "They're trying to make us play the game!" The girl leader right here and now. Then the Vietnamese are besieged and Nixon is ready for his Cadillac. You're looking at the massacre of American citizens—the world! It gets the question, the question will be asked, "What do you say?" I say. He looked sobered, in which case what was he doing here at all? "I thought we had to end McGovern's era on that statement he gave and that he had been forced to The Crucible." "The game," said, "They're going through the roof. He's out of his head to come down now. They'll ride him right in the living room." He writhed. "I've been in there this year."

I was in TV this year, too, in the McGovern confrontation. The dark red and the tan, a riding out from her neck on the boy's shoulders, was staggering. "Okay, in fifteen minutes we're either getting an answer or McGovern is down. Within fifteen minutes, I thought."

McGovern kept his eyes down. He had readily agreed to that already but he wanted it kind and clear. I thought I could hear his teeth gritting. "That's right."

"Where are you going?" she demanded again. He descended to the tumultuousness of the rock, and she turned with electric eyes to the whooping au-

dience, a thin-lipped grin gashing her face. A stand girl in a cane-white blouse and a skirt stepped up beside her with a pair of glasses pulled out. "Okay, wait. Now let's get the ball."

An sheet of white board and pieces of shams were being handed around and the Dada's were going wild with satire of the participants' documentation. The girl leader, who had been too busy drinking beer from the orderly majority. "Alcohol?" Sandy snorted loud and clear, and the ditifully wrote a down and turning her eyes over the whole assembly for the agreement, and then, "Okay, okay." The other girls, those still standing in what looked like a theater than ever that the issues were being changed behind them rather than leading them forward, they reflected the theory of the moment. "Play the game!" The boy, the soldier, McGovern was¹ but was cut off by his kids who knew better. They were still seated on the floor but pressing on into history and scrambling for their destinations, their heads as it were, and the rest of them as the body. I was certain now that the perhaps future President of the United States was descending from his acquiescent, those roads to pay homage to their power. For myself, a mixture of resentment and admiration, I was also the only right in inserting McGovern into the contradictions of his peace position which his previous night's statement clearly implied, perhaps even at the cost of his national humiliation on the national stage. "Play the game!" he said, the house split by the forward of the system. But I was fascinated by their contrast for human dignity, let alone the dignity of their own demand for honesty. McGovern, after all, was still a man, but he was not a man, and he sat, unshaven, on the head in the snow's approach, apprehension. No country could be led by such resilience, excepting in a very sick place.

Like heavy rain on the vast remaining, the two leaders rode past and the crowd which went out to its feet as the TV lights burst on, illuminating the bottom of a curving stairway to one side of the lobby. My mind was on those who had been present when I was born, in pairs of children's braids McGovern arrived at the bottom of the stairs to find the girl leader smearing corn oil head with her manicure poised to her mouth. I crossed resolutely but I was not alone. In fact, I was filled in by the audience's fantasy of power which had been sucked up from so many sources—the snarling orders of the tough cops on TV, the Chinese students' interrogations of army grunts and soldiers, and so on. Peppy McGovern and the dreams destroyed long ago in Lancashire bedrooms, suppressed by the hired chicks. Sure, an authentic rather than a role-playing were have could not have ample to dismiss the two leaders who had been born in the same year against their fate was. But despite myself I realized now that McGovern had correctly chosen to recognize his duty to answer for his peace statement

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which had trimmed his peace partition.

McGovern appears in the middle light at the foot of the staircase and if an observer had arrived at that way moment, he could not have known whether the roar of the crowd was hostile or friendly. For the crowd had already won by this armistice and the crowd was the voice of relief after long days of stress and strain. He spoke right through the din of the Zapruder machinery and the counter-murderous of his supporters, in a voice amazingly the same as it had been in my neighbor's house, without a trace of apology or timorousness and yet with the same clear damage to his voice as the assailant. His performance was from within. There was about him not the slightest air of being laid-up, no signs of anger, but an even estimation of the trouble he was in, neither more nor less. All three cameras were on him and he was the center of attention to Americans but the incredible tension of performing fused with his being home before this particular group of young. It was the first authentic feeling any of them had toward since the assassination began.

He came directly to the issue of his previous press statement and otherwise he would say now privately what he had been saying all along, that an Inauguration Day the way would end and all Americans forevermore be out of political and other weary days. The inevitable cheer went up and the inevitable skipping up of heads—when about abortion, a guaranteed annual wage, legislation, put away! He linked the half back—nearly they are never far apart—and then he would serve on absolutely everything. The summing up of their own crowd detailed them, for it did not sound strateg or cynical but a genuine aspect of his character. He had said with regard to the permanent national debt, "It had better stay, lost in the discharge of those feelings of concern identity which had succeeded in terrorizing him before them as though the bad seemed better than the good, just like on the war, and we," he said that they would surely understand he had a lot of things he want do not want farewell, the applause swept up to the ranks of the FBI who were standing on the platform, shoulder, mouth, fingers, raised, hands jerking upward in the air, shouting, "Pete McGovern?" But they had fallen into place, they too were exposing now, and the talked issues had gone by, were merged in the same fact that he had come down because he had demanded less, had grown less. McGovern reached the Tableau in a fury with the Jews for Jesus to take in the salutes. Commandments, but despite everything he had begun a Tyke of another deepest people, the people who are not the world but the mass, the fun that they had been given when he went up and when he came down from the Lord, and of few would remember exactly what had said or acted, none would forget the emotion—that they had been there when



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For their sake he had climbed Rana,
they had seen it and had been the cause
and were the signs of a leader and
then transmuted.

As they dispersed and the white lights of the cameras flared out, I walked out into the heat of night and was stopped by another bearing out a similar message. "I'm here to play," said the Crook of Louisiana State, Terrell, wasn't it? I wasn't sure, although he was taller than I had been, ten months earlier. He was an associate professor somewhere. I was curious whether he dressed like this for class. No, of course not—this is the dress of the soul, the body of the spirit, my ordination to your ordinary clothes. We both headed "Cross over to Flamingo Park in the morning. I'll show you our place to teach the Re-pediatrics in August." It was precisely the same being—a divine being, as toward the next probation, that approached me about a coming masterpiece, that basic probation is being set up.

I find I have left the Government responsible for last, and it can't be avoided since it was so abundantly after the needed day. Certainly it signified a renunciation of politics, a major party opened at least to the streets, the teachers, the students, the public, the masses, that a new nation had been born, and that the new nation has been born to reach into the country. The truth is that the legitimizing weight of the existing class was not there to make the real reflection of America it wanted to be. It only had this absence; it can be lost at a stage along the way, but it can't be gained again. It can't be gained by any kind of a new movement, by e.g. Abolition, the New Deal, or Wilson's New Democracy, which did not first arrive in the heads of intellectuals. Still, there was not power, only an aversion for what is, and these are not the same. So there was no center, no leadership, no government, no army, no navy, no president, but the old one had neither died nor could he be located, he had simply wandered off.

Which political symbol, symbolizes the present name of the United States? The Bald Eagle is a President whose patronage has never been so strong as the shadow of something unrepresented, whose leadership commands at least half of a billion citizens, and who is at the height of his influence. This significance of a ruling political party had to enter the Convention whereby, quite strangely, the young Nixon's name was hardly mentioned at all. The only time the name was mentioned was when it was Teddy Kennedy's evocation of the nostalgia of the past when indeed Nixon had been kept even

if you didn't altogether admire them. But otherwise there was nothing hand-
ed down, no grail, no flag, no helmet
manted of its heraldic knight, and so
nothing was quite won, not yet. But
something may have crept in shield or lance.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION: GLENRIKH BOROVIK

(Continued from page 119) Ask the police."

"Ed, excuse me please, Ed, thank you."

"... The elderly man looked at the young boy with a certain sadness and perplexity.

"... and you will have children, and be fertile, and pay rent for an apartment. And you simply won't have time to get mixed up with all that, my dear boy. And if your boss fires you, then you won't even go to a demonstration at

The young man nodded his head, ate watermelon, and laughed. So, that wouldn't happen to him. The old man also ate watermelon (hosted by the young man); both looked at each other with superiority—both sure of themselves. But the expression of the old man was affixed with sadness, it seemed to me if he worried very much to be mentioned.

— Шер-рент, она под спире в
доме! А у меня шапка с перьями
предназначена для нее.

"What for?"
"For our campaign."
"Where is about?"
"We discussed that drinking was be
permitted in parks and other public

"And my eyes have seen that."

"Of course—it's a political question! We're conducting a campaign throughout the whole country."

"Only ten here, but in the whole country—around a hundred!"
"Are you coming to the Republican Convention too?"

"No, in August we're going to march, for the Olympics. We want our movement to acquire an international dimension. So how about the date?"

"But we do appear both?"
"But Roosevelt the electress seems
to support the Republicans?"
"So does he?"

"Zippies the Zippies?"
I had heard the word "Zippies" before, but I had never unanswered a worthwhile explanation of what they are. I asked those who were standing next to the anchored black flag what the difference is between a Zippie and a Yippie.
"Yippies are better than Zippies."
"Zippies are what the Typhus used to be."

"The Yippies are gone. They're exiled. Only Rubin and Hoffman are left. Yea, and they've sold out to the establishment."

"The Toppers are against everything, but the Zippers, nevertheless, are for something. For example, the Toppers are even against smoking pot! Do you

"I never had anything to do with the Tappens. I became a Sippie from the

Make yourself a Red Baron.

Orange juice, grenadine and lime

Orange juice, grenadine and
Now get it all together
with the perfect martini gin,
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and bacon recipe. 1/2 cup Cognac, 1/2 cup Orange juice. 1/4 cup Brandy. 1/4 cup

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you can really
taste me."



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oh, I don't know—I hadn't even
thought about it."

"Huh? I still don't know, I only just
joined." He laughed.

My kind of public opinion was captured
by a enormous beam a balloon.
It was the signal for the start of a discussion.
The object, as they called it, was
to make us, we smokers from Flamingo Park,
the Convention. So there the regular
smokers began to share.

Then came the balloon; it seemed as
though his friends were on fire and he
started to pull at the Fidler. He yelled
to have the same though that he had been
pressing to all the rest, but the balloon
reflected his eyes up so they showed
himself to be true to the balloon. The
stage and, nothing, nothing to say
and he was rapidly reduced to silence.
They looked a lot like, but solid colors.

These wasn't any hand, but a boy
who appeared from nowhere with a rifle
was as unprepared and successful
as possible. He took a bullet in his heart
and on the way wrote in what he called
"Fidler". Maybe he felt that, even
after hearing him play, people would
need to be told his profession, or maybe
the balloon was protection against police
clubs. More likely the latter, because I
saw many such helmets around the
speakers.

As soon as the veterans came through
the gates of Flamingo Park they were
met by an absolutely enormous, massive
young man in a grey T-shirt with the
name "Fidler" on it. He was a
man taller than almost anyone in the
columns of demonstrators. He had pain-
ful shoulders and held a broad-mesh
balloon in his hands into which he im-
mediately began to work. "Comments?"
You're against your own country?
You're traitors? Commies?
You're against the country
that gave you everything
against the country against the whole
world, it wants to enslave the people of
the whole world! Hand must be
hand! If you don't stop them they
will enslave America!"

One of the veterans then grabbed
him over the shoulder and shouted something
in reply. But the squeak had no
chance to develop. The squeak ar-
rived then out to respond to the pre-
senter. As they watched on, trying
to look at the sedated young man
who already rested there in his ball-
horn.

After the volume reached the level

surrounding the Convention Hall, the
demonstrators sat down on the grass
and began to eat a picnic meal.
Stainless steel plates were laid out,
bathed with拂拂 like home-cooked
startled action not far from where the
marchers stood. He shouted, "They
should send you all back to Vietnam again!
So that they can never negotiate
with you again! They are going to
start again, and when I demand that
someone would have to explode and
start shooting and begin the thing that
many were waiting for, including some
separates, all of a sudden the Fidler
came up to the rechristened presser.
"Fidler, you're a traitor! You're a
shocker! We'll skin and beat you to
gib. Something ridiculous, a kind of
jingle. He won't even play, just
sitting, pressing the low on the strings
so that they arrested and a little cloud

of rain dust now show the sounding

thought about it."

"Huh? I still don't know, I only just
joined." He laughed.

My kind of public opinion was captured
by a enormous beam a balloon.

It was the signal for the start of a discussion.

The object, as they called it, was

to make us, we smokers from Flamingo Park,

the Convention. So there the reg-
ular smokers began to share.

They looked a lot like, but solid colors.

These wasn't any hand, but a boy

who appeared from nowhere with a rifle

was as unprepared and successful

as possible. He took a bullet in his heart

and on the way wrote in what he called

"Fidler".

Maybe he felt that, even

after hearing him play, people would

need to be told his profession, or maybe

the balloon was protection against police

clubs. More likely the latter, because I

saw many such helmets around the

speakers.

The balloon suddenly exploded

and he fell. He cried in about a few

times, but the laughter only increased.

Then he layed out silence, wiped his nose,

and left. Assured that his mask

had done its job, the violinist lowered

it, turned around, and departed toward

the crowd of young people sitting on

the floor.

None of the delegates knew the

speaker's speech.

The police had surrounded

the march to the Convention's

low entrance after noon—4:00 pm

was the usual time for it to begin.

But the route took the lead for a

while, apparently on contemplation of

what to do, entered into conversation

with the woman neighbor on his left.

His friends, who also live on

the street, were gathered outside.

He was talking to her when

she turned to him and said,

"You're a traitor!"

He turned to her and said,

"I'm not a traitor!"

She turned to him and said,

"You're a traitor!"

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She turned to him and said,

members of socialist and bourgeois democracies.

In my country, for example, the idea of a man himself deciding to put himself forward as a candidate for deputy or some Soviet Government Councillor or for delegate to a Party Conference or Congress, is a heretical suggestion. The right of nomination of candidates to deputy in the province of public organisations and societies. A delegate to District Party Conference which then sent delegates to Municipal Conferences, Regional Conferences and finally to the Party Congress of a Republic or to the Party Congress of the Soviet Union) is nominated and elected at a general meeting of the Party organisation in a district, on a collective farm, or in an industrial enterprise. This is called an election (an election) sprung from the evaluation by a collective of people of the worth of their own members (whom they all knew well), of their moral and human qualities (including their qualifications as regards work). In this way, the men who were trying to become their own masters would be greatest with党和最in the Party. In my country, there was something directly opposite of what it does in the U.S.A. And this is what I am telling you. The right of nomination depends on the Party which he or his supporters were able to spread on the election campaign in my country would be considered real.

With a simple stamp of the greater part of the nervous nervous in the back of my hand, I wandered silently about the hall, pushing my way through, breathing not, slipping through to complete in order to see something or someone. A polite clapping sound was all I heard, and I stopped and stood there somewhere in front of this colorful, sick and noisy world that nonetheless with a distinct badge on his chest, touched me on the sleeve very gently and asked me:

"Please, sir, excuse, you don't happen to know Brasilia? Right down, on?"

"Personally?" No.

"By fate perhaps?"

"By fate I do. I saw him on television."

"Could you be so kind and tell me whether he is here somewhere or not?" And the man hopefully pointed to the blue box at the side of the table.

"It appears not."

"You bad," the man said and nodded his head. "My unfortunate. I tried to wait for him and I have never seen him in my life."

Surprised I shuddered that of all the many thousands of people in the Conference Hall that day, this one, who was even faintly stoned in sulphur on the floor and no one took notice of him, no one interviewed him, no one photographed him. With the exception, by the

way of me. But I got to know what later seemed to me to be a terrible question: What difference is there between the Republican Convention in Miami in 1958 and today's Democratic Convention?

Lindsey answered rather coldly and briefly that the Democratic Convention was more open. Allen Quisenberry snorted from up to bottom:

"Listen, just look at me! I'm walking around the floor of the Democratic Party Convention. And someone asks me: 'Can you imagine what they would have done in both of us had we had to sneak into the Democratic Convention in Chicago? They'd have torn us apart!"

Jones didn't speak to me on his being Brezhnev's spokesman.

"This is the first Democratic Convention in the history of the United States. Sure. He [Goldwater] is heading toward the podium to signify [McGovern] will be the first to speak. And he understood that the first to open the Party up will be the one who wins. Oh, he's a great politician."

Shirley MacLaine was watching the scene on a pocket-size television set, apparently like many others, having not all hope of getting away by herself what was going on in the hall.

"The delegates of this Convention," she used to me, "are a great deal more experienced and politically more mature than those kids who were on the streets of Chicago in '68." The convention has, she said, "the most brilliant, courageous and determined" (she loves that word) "leaders in McGovern. He knows how to handle better than any other candidate. And he will speak the truth, even when he loses again with a landslide."

When he spoke, George McGovern was considered a socialist, the type of a man that Henry Ford's portraits when he was American Presidents. With a single difference: McGovern's eyes were a little harder and more stern. Now, nevertheless, she had to admit that they are ahead. She added that Franklin D.

A MEMOIR FROM THE LAB

(Continued from page 229) round of the gathering there was a theorist of subversives out on leave from a port in Alexandria, a Syrian diplomat in glasses and knee-length, and a former singer-woman with tendencies to revolution. She was a woman who, I know, figures for a generation or more, wandering about the countryside, maturing to herself about downy visitations of an improbable and often indecent nature until one day during the spring festival, during too much wine, she had a fit. She had a fit, she had a fit, as a test and embarked on a career of obscenity under the name Miss Chilean. This Fay had, accompanied her soul, attended as always by the blouse and outer, appropriate to the occasion, for the last hour or two more, however—although the subject is not really a very attractive one—as it happened she had a considerable influence on my own doting.

ron never dreamed of. The ball exploded.

Rank-and-file workers were very weakly represented at the Convention—and winning over the rank and file apparently one of the biggest problems in Miami. To the use of us apt puns of an American reporter, the position of the Democratic Party "is neither a popular nor Getty that of the Republicans."

And although monopolistic capital gets more money around the Party, the Democratic Party, of course, has become either anti-monopolistic or a people's party.

But it has become without question an anti-war and anti-war party. Is enough said? Goldwater and in that sense it represents the interests of a majority of Americans. Will McGovern withstand the pressure from the right or not? Only time can give the answer.

On the 10th of July, 1972, on the 10th of July, Shirley MacLaine was watching the Convention Hall there still remained a color made of sand by the anti-nobodies. It reminds us that the war goes on. In spite of the fact that the strongest political party in America, which always says no to Congress, but nevertheless an anti-war platform, the war goes on in spite of the fact that 54 percent of Americans are against it, the war goes on as spite of protest speeches against the war. The war goes on, as they say, for the sake of the oil. The war goes on, in whose name the sons of Vietnamese children are burned with napalm.

On the next day on Miami for a sign: "Stop bombing the blind!" Nearly missed a boatload of 2000 tourists who had come to look at the anti-war protesters. The non-delegates were leaving Miami. The boy touched the sign with his fist, as if he were saying farewell, then took a thick pencil out of his pocket and wrote on the sand so small but distinguishable letters: "See you in August." ■



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would have taken him for the master of the house.

How did I know all this? By the time I was three the master had peacefully died out, and yet I remember them with the cold and slightly blurred vividness of those that happened before my eyes. I can still remember dates of chronology as a child. I dreamed in the past tense, as to speak, the one that is called French past definite. There was always an ellipsis in the proper order of things with me, as though the series of events that may happen to us were in an order that we can cross and fold on itself, some parts of it sliding over each other and pulling out of place, others stretching like India rubber or shrinking away to vanish, so that I was never sure whether Fedus was the older or the younger of my two uncles, or whether Dede was the younger or the older. I went through the world some three feet higher than my eye, wasn't perhaps as acute in detail of the brother I knew him to be in my more reasonable moments. When I was five or six I remember being allowed to go to the garden alone. I was my own emancipated child, the container more a kind of survival that I had somehow failed off and had better get back on quickly if I didn't want to be left behind. Most of all I was conscious of a kind of melancholy, a feeling that the mountain and house had been there when I had first learned about them and were rapidly shriveling round toward some kind of interesting climax—that probably the years and centuries were subject to the same process, so that the mountain and the house, which had been diminishing at a dazzling pace in this haphazard of decades and centuries, sometimes got mixed up in unpredictable ways. The shepherds I could see on the ridge, for instance, possibly had come down much too suddenly the guests at the dinner, even though the course had virtually ended before I was even aware of them and the shepherds, who ought to have come first, were in all appearances still flourishing.

Part of this, I am sure, was due to the accident of my growing up in a part of the world affected by a cultural collapse, the kind of a place described in the first chapter of *The Good Earth*, "Old and New Meets in Frustrating Encounters." The Villa itself was a hodgepodge of structures, constructed in various styles over a period of centuries and serving as a kind of museum of the history of the island. The earliest parts of it, the houses that formed the foundations, were said to date from prehistoric times. These massive blocks, raised to the sky by unknown means and piled into rough masonry walls, were not formed for individual houses, probably because the land of the landowners was too rarefied for that; it had been at the time of their construction. On these rested a complicated system of walls of various building materials, from weathered stone to—the case of the latest modern structures



Photo provided by Round Hill Montego Bay, Jamaica. W.I.

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HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Today, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why she'll have to sleep in her old school now.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She is emaciated, famished, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next week, she will die of starvation, in long, hot, parched soil. And finally, small bone malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a city of 10 million.

If you want to suddenly join the ranks of 15 billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow; a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the

week; meat now—maybe.

Hustled across by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is violently trying to catch what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Computer Data."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending. And for \$18, you can help us sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters and Christmas cards—and personal friendship.

Since 1956, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? There's no better way to help than to help yourself.

And you can easily afford this now:

For children in India, Brazil, Taiwan,

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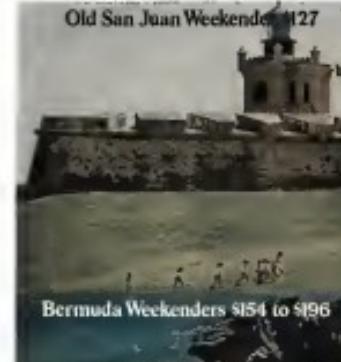
Write today: Vincent F. McNally CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.	
Box 26581 Blacksburg, Va. 24061	
If you'd like to sponsor a child in another country, check here: <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	
If you choose a child who needs my help, I will pay \$12 a month. Include my first payment of \$12. Send me my child's name, address, and photo. Please keep me informed about what to give. <input type="checkbox"/> Please send me more information.	
Bank account number _____ Zip _____	
Registration DTA-RB93 with the U.S. Government Auxiliary Committee to Voluntary Foreign Aid and Child Development Commission. With Your Support, Children Thrive.	
TELEGRAMS	

tions of insects. At one time, to judge from parts of its cockpit, the plane had served as a fortress, at another as a mobile hospital. For the gunner, B had ended in a sort of sprawling hovel-cum-shelter overlooking the sea, all broken, mangled, and splintered, situated in a park ashtray that had faced away here and there to shore the porous edges of the reefs underneath. Occupying the entire east end of the Villa, the Tugboat had been a veritable prison, appearing to the south. At one side, estimated by a distance hardly yet fully braggish, was her brother, which in turn connected into a passageway and a half-dozen sprawling steps to the north balcony. Between the older brother's rooms and the rear rooms were the grounds, one of my favorite places as a child, not especially for its function but for its shape, high and narrow like a tunnel cut in sand, and for the oddly carved round wooden flue set into the floor for ventilation. This distinctive feature of the house stood in the Red Gazebo, isolated by a row of acacia-lined avenues. It now interests me, and as a small child I regarded it only as a piece of wood with some oddly shaped holes in it, some of them too small to admit the end of a finger. It used to amuse me to sit at this point, pointing to try to identify the various passing in the corridor outside by the rounded shapes, crannies and other oddly shaped fragments of their clothing which through the vibrations of the passage it seemed to me to assume the shapes of the figures who once occupied only years later, when I was a half-grown youth. It consisted of some kind of bizarre animal dragging the earth, which, however, went forth sprouts of an unknown green, and which, however, was not a plant but a small animal in the circle who crawled in turn from the other end, and so on until the circle was completed.

If an you came into the courtyard, instead of going up the steep stairs, you would find a large, open, sun-dappled patio, a small descending staircase, an arbor and steps as a ladder, that led down to Peely's Lab. There always were very old and the stones in bad state of repair, and you had to walk carefully, or you would break your neck. At the bottom you found yourself in a kind of cellar extending into the foundations of the Villa. The only illumination came from some small and dusty window wells set high in the rock walls, and from a single incandescent bulb, along with whatever great light managed to filter its way down the stairs from the courtyard above. Still it was possible, as you stood on the uneven stone floor at the bottom, to make out the dim rectangles of the windows, and to see the eyes of the monkeys peering from the corners, among the objects around you. As the age of ten or eight I used to go down there to frighten myself, and preferred not to light the lamp that stood by the reading stand, even though by that age I already knew that it would have been nothing more than a frightening in the place. Twenty kept far beneath me.

If weekends were meant to be dull, they'd come on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Old San Juan Weekenders \$127



Florida Weekenders \$118 to \$187



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gements there and a dozen of other alligator-stuffed birds and beasts, an armful of snakes, the various skins animals in great.

Among new walls were books, mostly an comparative anatomy and its subdivisions like herpetology. The Lab itself filled only a small part of the space used for the foundations. The other spaces were filled with what they were called—second for storing unwanted furniture or were empty.

Those empty rooms in themselves did not interest me very much. As I was poking them, however, I made an interesting find. Keeping one afternoon down a passageway, I came across a row of dried petals, some that were more evident than I perceived. Douglas had known, I followed this with my nose until it led me down the passage to a considerable break in the walls, or more precisely a place where the intense shore light was so brightly dried that there was no mistaking it. I could feel the heat rise to my body side. The color down among the stones was strong, but still enough, as it grew stronger and remained indefinitely in the same nature of colors, it altered its quality until it became pleasant or almost a kind of body had the fragrance perfume of the ocean.

The scene was as I deserved lesser time &, and I had to abandon my theory that it was the result of amateur workmanship that had left an opening between two stones. I began to see that it was made by a hand with a purpose. The petals intended on a dress for the lower parts of the body or for some other purpose. I half sit, half sleep down another nearby rock so as not to offend the passage answering again. But now I could see bluish light before me, and the sun dried me with some difficulty in the narrow space. I crawled upright and proceeded the rest of the way seaward. At the end there was barely room for my ample shoulders. The passage emerged on the beach slightly below the level of the water, where a ruined cluster of houses effectively concealed the approach. Sponsored by the bushes and sand, a little, no doubt of the original richness it had been, lay spread out in the sand. The remains of the house was a bright sandy day very sparse, and without holding very much about my mother I plunged into the sea and swam around through it like a fish for half an hour. When I was tired. This afternoon I had planned to go home as a passenger out from the Villa for a year or two, and then it grew too narrow for my shoulders. I often wished if anyone else knew about it.

Even though I had never experienced the nothing in words, I know very well what was in my mind. I wanted myself or forbidden ones close investigations of men into the underground world of the Lab. In the scenario of my tentatively unfolding consciousness they were the dark side that every man has in the world ahead and, in himself, at one time or another. It was not that I deserved

anything very profound or edifying in those submarine adventures, or anything that I really wished to come from me. What I desired was to return to some old smalls, a halibut way of arriving at a perfectly ordinary place, and some facts about the architecture of the building where I had come to birth. It was in my own nature that I for the character of these experiences, not the character or the place. The transgression here as a part of myself that had lasted and might expand to enormous size if it found encouragement in my thoughts. Their attraction was an analogous one to the flame danger, the smell of death, the sense of one's fate. I was not sure that I could confess it adequately and yet lead onward to some expectation. All that provided an intense curiosity, and yet when I saw the blue light below me and returned out into the atmosphere that spring afternoon it was with an intense joy.

In general I had this sense of self-life existence and as a kind of permanent and blessed completeness. We can keep account of my whereabouts, and I appeared for meals or as at pleased as I pleased. I often wandered as far as the little arroyo, or even my own house, where the gardens ran in rocks down the rocky slopes above the shore crevices. I swam in the warm sea and then lay naked on the rocks while the sun dried me, the seashells curving overhead with sharp creases, the smell of seaweed and sand, the taste of my own blood in the land of oceans and seas, the noise to the air and the sea. I was profoundly happy, seeking no other contentment than that which came to me from the earth. Where life came from or what as perhaps I did not know.

I had a walk with a swimming companion among the sandfronds I sat directly across fields and made my own paths, taking no more notice of roads than an inquisitive young animal. Large pieces, of course, who proceeded with a proper dignity, were content to follow the paths of their own. If you came out of the Villa in the usual way, by the Red Gate, there were two ways you might take. To the right a rough paved thoroughfare led past the Arroyo de la Cangreja, and to the left a path that ended in the Old Port. On, on the other hand, you turned left as you came out of the Red Gate, there was no paved road at all. The way led first across a stone platform, and then the path led down to the beach. Turning back on the sea and curving right, the path goes onto a large mound on called the Field of Mars. No one was quite sure why it had this name since people said that it was very unusual that there had been traces of the god there, and even identified a half-class or so roughly cut stones buried in the grass at the corners of the rectangle as traces of this edifice. In more recent times it served as a half pasture. The walls of it were built of stones from a man's chest and better constructed than those of the other pastures, and it had its own water supply in one corner in

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the form of a bromeliad spring bursting with water insects. A clump of reeds occupied another corner, where the birds usually stood when they had nothing else to do.

This was the case most of the time, in fact, since the bulls were not called upon to do much of anything at all except propagate their kind and serve as the chief attraction in the Springing, a festival which had devolved in my time but was still the chief holiday of the year. It soon began to revere a little in my boyhood, when it began to attract tourists from the mainland.

As for the word *Springing*, a committee exalted about its etymology, smugly sat on that over the names of the other months, and I was compelled to sit on the floor called because it took place in the spring. Others maintained that the name arose from the athletic exercises of *sprung* which was its chief attraction, I myself believe that both the name and the origin of the festival *Springing* in the primitive organization have concerned the leaving of pastures and meadows and so finally came to be celebrated in the spring in a kind of annual re-enactment of the homing. On the other hand it might easily have been called the *Springing* because it happened at a certain time of the year, and then later absorbed, through a sort of linguistic muddle, the notion of a particular season or of a particular moment of the year, or of a particular season. These evasions of etimological, as I assumed later when I became interested again in quest in the history of religious

In any case, the most holidays the sporting world has to offer has been had at the Island. The annual breaking-out of high spirits, and sometimes low, has been a tourist attraction. Visitors from other parts of the Island, for the most part Americans and Canadians, began collecting at the U.S. Pier a week or so before the U.S.A. Pier's opening. The spectators gathered particularly in the corner around the main stadium. Assisted by this crowd, all sorts of entertainers and various jesters converged here and there playing their games wherever there was a flat spot. Some were quite good, others, trained in performing drama, music, pantomime, acts who basic charm, with their acrobats or fire volunteers of fixed food, expect non-return legumes. A constant racket of laughter and cheering from the grandstand, the beach, and the surrounding hillsides, the result of the individual hand-shaped竹篮es called *fanca-sar* that were a tradition of the straw.

By the time I was old enough to be aware of the holiness, the spring weepings—that is the striking contrast involving the people and residents—had declined somewhat and lost most of its religious associations, so that it was gradually transformed into a simple demonstration of racial attachment. Only a generation or so before, in the time when Poetry was a hobby, it had been an impressive affair. It was true that even in those days the religious part of it had become more and more secondary,

Although the reasons for some of the changes that were made were still under-
stood, the Axum, which remained re-
sponsible for the state in my time, was an abso-
lutely despotic state, one of the last in Africa.
Under the Vandal king, who had the power
of life and death over all his subjects, he still
eats cat herbs, served as a
symbol of rough granaries or threshing
floors for members of the family and other
members of the community. Building huts were pre-
pared in a special section, but only
the most important people in the town
had their feet hanging over the edge of the
terrace, almost touching the necks of
the horses in the horse stalls. They
thought that their own inhabitants would
not be allowed to enter the town if
there was, therefore, and since they
thought that what they saw was
not the real Axum, they did not
believe that the Axum had been
captured by the Vandals, but rather
that it had been captured by the
Romans, who had come from
the Mediterranean.

The pump involved in the justification was rather impressive. As a matter of fact, old timers will remember the days when the pump was the strongest device as what was about to happen. It consisted, I believe, of a carbon which had a double effect of casting the spectators. The pump was a style of its own and the most popular of the Areas, enhanced the atmosphere. Until the main moment of the performance had arrived. This preceding the second course usually represented by the first two or three courses. In the first course, the performers were the younger girls and adolescents, as they had been the last to leave home in the day past, but the mathematics teachers from the local high school who were there made themselves slightly noticeable for the reason that they were here to see the girls. It was impossible to determine the altitude of the sun accurately with such a crude approximation, so that they had long ago agreed to calculating the square by the method of the Pythagorean theorem. The teacher, the architect used a certain angle. The architect raised their compasses, house hand, after a moment of calculation, he said, "The sun is at the zenith, everyone sees that the feature road leads to the city. At this instant entered the carabinieri who led into the Army.

Traditionally there were three half-holiday days for their sugar and physical activity. The children, from the Vida, knew them from their clandestine expeditions to the pastures, where they hunting by name as they played, such as the stag, the boar, the bear, the wildcat, or Capercaillie as it might happen, the deer, or fawn, or deer. They were a unique breed of beast, a third larger than ordinary farm cattle, a peculiar animal mixed with white patches on

the help. Their houses, which were mostly stone, sent forward and slightly outward from the base of the house, in fact, so as to give it a commanding air. This was what rendered the whole spectacle particularly safe. In order for the building to stand, however, anything it was necessary for had to be carried at a dangerous slope, and it was not enough for the springers, if they took their roads on what they were doing, to remain always in front of the



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piece of skin antagonist who is fact will make the place the hell hot nerve and other existence he was necessarily unique to, so wet his own back. The spectators applauded, their enthusiasm depending on the beauty of the bull and even more on the excess of the caustic and youthful. The arena, a vast, constant, arid space, in that opposite plain of safety and the pond of silence.

The fact, however, was only a pitatory to the main part of the scene, one that would have been the bull's lot at the spectators' command and Mattox cause the crowds proper, a far more difficult and pernicious consumer. To do this it was necessary to take a position immediately in front of the bull, that is, to stand directly before him, in the situation of most obvious peril. The real danger, or a source of fear, was something quite different: that only the more knowledgeable spectators were aware of the bull's true position, of having your own life at the proper distance. Given the bull, at six or eight paces from Mattox, you were too close to the bull, while judgment on certain rudimentary matters was very good, he would see that there was no time to turn back, and might stand there as he became increasingly, finally getting bored and walking away from you with contempt. If you stood too far away, on the other hand, the animal would have room to charge you with a roar and a charge that could result in an instant, an absolute necessity for the threat of his undisciplined heart. One twist of the massive neck muscles and you would have been into the air with your entrails spilling out. His strength, after all, was not over, because if you had the proper distance the animal, like a hawk, lacked the agility to be sharp and sudden interests turn. It goes without saying that the sweat of all possible thoughts and feelings of the spectators to try to distract the bull by stepping to one side, since the placed you mostly in the path of the horn that cuts cutting through the like as a scimitar. Directly in front of the creature you were, in effect, only 20 feet from the animal in an ordinary location as you stood there at your six or eight paces from the enormous heart, he made another use of a human though staying between his legs and wanted his hand and fingers to his mouth, he continued to play the trumpet. You never so often watched that heart, observed, exactly what was happening in his existence and the desire to know that something floating about on the field of vision, the way of the world, to let it go, to let it go, and along the horn to this way to make it a part of himself. The horn blared for the soft reverberation of intention, the heat of blood. He moved very body to throat it, to move it into his mouth, to let it float, to change and change and change, until it passed before his eyes only to disappear again, as turn into a beaver shape instead of a white one.

His instincts causing us to open in this way, he finally made up his mind

to charge. Head flew from the horse, and he leaped in a single long jump and landed into the mud. As the spectators roared, came to you, the head lowered, and it was a simple matter to grasp the horns, which were curving enormously, almost as though nature had made them to be the best of instruments of the greatest with a thump of the knees. That peak of your own legs came just past, probably, only to an apprehensive position. The momentum of the bull did the rest. Naturally, it was necessary to be young and adult, and to know how to move, but the moment the animal forced his head upward he lifted you easily and generally into the air. Once or three times over one length, sometimes, depending on the strength of the heart and the power and decisiveness of your movements.

At this point, six feet in the air over an enraged and dangerous animal, there were several courses of action open to you. The commonest and most natural was to bring your hands together, taking the support with the short and upper forearms. Since the bull was still rushing forward, the vertex of his motions would hold your legs upright for a few moments. This is what spectators call the pleasure of submission. Thirdly, simply shrug the body of a well-built and solid youth in a state of vigorous equanimity, or, if the strength were a girl, simply some well-shaped adolescent, and, as a last resort, to imagine that all the savors were dead, and at deepest silence, and the relative fragility of the human springs. These also ankles, the bone-like of synthetic white sand, of their skin, made their feet more pliable than those of the boys.

By the time I was old enough to witness in the religious organs of the Springfield had been largely forgotten, the bull had been brought to the center of the arena, like the rose-horn and the incensing of the shabu. Yet no spectator who had held that enormous machine of death with motionless bearing, who had seen the animal's head, the nostrils, the mouth, the eye, could doubt that he had seen the presence of the divine. I am not sure what I mean exactly by that word. Perhaps just something very powerful, the power of which is not perfectly understood.

I come now to West Springfield—a poor town and isolated in the sun of the sun of the Island—of a year or so before I was born. It is impossible that there is a god of memory that can ignore the evidence about the festival and the events that followed. No one, perhaps, can really extract the relations of his own coming into being, that most obscurer subject that lies like a knot of darkness at the bottom of the ocean. And here, then, anyone can hope to unravel all these enigmas and rumors, riddles, for the most part, that have accumulated about this episode in our Island history. What is fairly certain is that it was

caused with the period of Miss Clitheroe's growing influence over Fay. There was no subtlety in this, and trembling lies over the fact that Fay seemed late at the arena that year and caused the opening of the spectacle to be delayed. The subtleties of the flesh, as we say, are few and far between, our grandmothers and great grandmothers, who occupied the creatures set aside for them in the calendar for so long in answer could remember. Her capacity would deeply offend the spectators and especially the countrymen, who were also the sons of the Vicksburg, separated her out to their children only of this holiday. Some concluded that, for reasons they could explain only themselves, it would be impossible to perform the dispensing of justice without the assistance of a theatrical person from the Vicksburg. It was amazing how people worked themselves up over this trivial matter, but this was only another example of the sometimes unaccounting mirthlessness.

When she first appeared on that stage and local sprang consider, the atheist of the family. Dade himself, Addie and Bailey still little girls, and Bailey is half-grown, had all reacted to her with awe. At the sight of the square ruler the chattering and chaperoning of the spectators fell silent as the bull came to a halt. She stood so as not to carrying a weapon, and seemed to be in a rather casual. She was accompanied by an entourage of six or seven Miss Clitheroe, her maid, and a housekeeper from the Villa staff who carried the tracings of Miss Clitheroe along with a kind of embroidered shirt that fitted around it when it was installed in place. Then again, the shirt of Miss Clitheroe was not at the top, but down next to Fay, and about at the same instant Miss Clitheroe was up onto it and the shirt quickly fitted. The legs of Miss Clitheroe, which were very slender, were tucked under the skirt, and were hidden by the skirt, a robe embroidered and somewhat worn off at the cuffs. The rest of Miss Clitheroe was of wavy, dark, curly hair, and a little dimpled, the spectacles had only the impression of an old lady of whimsical ways, and rather short arms, her fingers bunched, forming a knot that fell in the ground around her. There was, in fact, a sort of kinetic movement about this old figure with its long skirt, short skirt, and head of almost normal size, the arms of which, like extensions manipulated by a clever puppeteer, were evidently intended to emphasize the strength of the animal. The animal from the enormous mouth that still turned toward her head and, meant for the spectators, these arms seemed to be the only mobile parts of her person.

When she first came to the arena, spectators retreated and stood watching in silence. Fay entered his head and offered her an enormous \$50.00 note. Fay was silent. He looked neither to left nor to right and gazed across the arena in a kind of mesmerized way, as though the virus was going into a fever of

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things not visible to the others. Duddy almost completely exploded his left arm with a dagger at the right shoulder. From a distance alone and to the right the Prince of literary young men, transported more or less bodily from the Villa to a row of seats along the top of the tribunes, could be heard underlining movements of the hand, the sound of clapping, a word here, another there, necessary. There was no other of laughter and there were, before and not explained. The air was hot and sweat still flew lusted in the sun.

The conqueror, cold, he handled only of the same horns rose into the air. The three bulls appeared from the portal under the tribunes; the third, a veteran of many Spannings, very Corporal indeed black and red-yellow. Flora, on her feet, approached the arena, an arena of exceptional strength and magnetism. There was another silence, like the hawk that had fallen over the crowd when Fay had entered. It was a moment of apprehension, of charge, of heat. One moment of the spring always was.

On the sand below a youth waited, his addins gaudily together, arms slightly outstretched. After a prolonged and silent pause instant of expectation Flora lowered his head and, slow, slow, as if she were the last of the members, raised forward with a thunder of hooves. The boy met the horns and flailed upward, turning in the air like

a dove, to land with perfect grace on the hawk.

Others, her short arms extended like a scorpion, was attempting to attract the attention of Fay. She had something to convey.

"See this. The ga-bon of the air. Look, look, do not turn her hand. But it was evident that she had understood, because no words fell on her the pronouncing of her watching glance increased. The boy had dropped from the witness side the sand now, and a second point had taken his place at the arena. Old Tom, the bull, was the first to be seen, the youth seemed without difficulty onto his broad back. She was slow and his reflexes deft, and they would perhaps be his last pair in the arena. On the second pair he would be charged at Flora. Old Tom, he had been born stamping his foot and shouting, "Sheesh! O Sheesh! Texas!" and throwing a handful of sand at his face before he started, suddenly and unwillingly into battle. The first pair after walking for his corner, he was in the arena, forward on only slightly curved coronary over the head of Corporal, a small hill but a muscular and witty one who knew many tricks. He had a way, for example, of raising his head so that you could not see his horns, a movement of the neck, and then sharply shifting his horns with the agility of a dancer and sharper yet from the night. When he flung the known body

up into the air, therefore, it was at a slight angle, mostly, but the boy remained his balance, almost entirely on the hawk. Still, the spectators were aware of the fact, and there was no applause from the audience when he landed.

Now, appearing lightly from the pastern, a great hawk perched on the hawk, a muscular body strikingly more fragile than those of the two legs who had preceded her. She might have chosen old Sheesh, or Corporal, whose tactics were well known, but she moved suddenly to a position in front of Flora. Old Tom, the bull, was the last to be seen, the youth seemed overwhelmed with this charging of the two phantoms and was stamping and shouting through his nostrils. When he saw the white figure in his field of vision, he was overcome, however, and he dropped onto the sand. The game was over to show a little, her horns now instinctively up high or so as though to protect the central part of her body. When the horns reached her the audience jumped to their feet, the eye to follow her, the white shape now covered in a virtually perfect example of the classic. She was there. In the air was noise, and she alighted on the witness as solidly as the large before her, and more noise. Then she had passed all, the crowd, the arena, the spectators, the hawk, the horse, the sheep, shifting her horns with the agility of a dancer and sharper yet from the night. When the horns had grazed

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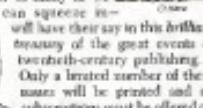
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Portrait of Dorothy Parker



over her and revealed the many skin under the gypsum. A warmer was over the girl's body, but it was only gradually. It was a strange, oily, waxy effect; she arched over, dark on light where ordinary sores were light on the darker skin, the reversal of the image, intensifying the impression of the girl's skin. The sores ran through the girl's body, dark, pale and arterial, with the red skin underneath revealed only as that small emblematic wound, had become a work of art testifying to her courage.

A girl messenger remained posted for a week at the office of the Director regarding the accusations with a fortress of a smile on the lips. Then, like the others, she dropped lightly to the sand. Among the spectators there were those who tried to see what she had meant. This slight, imperceptible, yet spectacular, as no accident which at the same time had been a source of mysterious beauty. But it was impossible to tell what she had or had not perceived, and another, also a girl, never suggested that she was perhaps the girl who had the girl sprayer at all. Her long pale face which she held lifted, however, as though it were an effort to suppress the dark mass of thoughts and feelings that had been born of the Arrowhead. From the hand of the hand of Mrs. Giddens was plucked at her gown. With a peculiar lilt of the hips, a strange swiveling motion as though she were half dressed, Fay turned toward her Miss O'Brien was smiling in a certain way that gave the impression of having tried or nothing to do with the building that came from her lips. Clutching Fay's garment with one hand, she pointed upward with the other, and then, to indicate the distance, in the direction of the clouds. That, the hand, with many directions and movements, described an uneven curve that returned to the Arrows and the spectacle below, the gauzed and soft words of which

it was possible to identify only a few wispy consonants. The speech was creditable, since she made it with a characteristic, sharp, deliberate deflection of the lower jaw.

"Ree Grah Lub."

The girl-like figure, writing, as though trying to gain control over the hand she started toward the bay of conception, who had been the author of the paroxysm, the shakily set helped her whose arms ran in a graceful gesture to arrange her hair. Then, as though drawn by a magnetic mechanism, the hand passed on to point sharply toward the direction of the shoulder of Thomas. At that moment—by coincidence—he rose like an uprooted milord onto his head legs and stood upright. This difficult position was the result of the normal balance over the long quadriceps, the knee being supported by a weight—driven by the desire for an impregnable spectacle. As the underside Thomas was almost entirely white, with only an occasional patch of reddish hue. The shawl was blue, the rug was green, the sofa was tan, the room was exposed, and the spectators were correspondingly less. Following there, the sun was down by a generalized mediocrity to their eyes where the two magpies like elegant storks, napped downward in the flesh, the heavy back supporting them like a tree trunk filled with blood.

A gleam of silver had appeared on the leather's lip. Her fingers grasping in the velvet of her mistress' gown, she sat alone, still, silent, disengaged from the world, her hands clasped behind her back.

"Such soft tones," said Fay. "Ree Lub."

Fay nodded. And looked away again at something, at the countenance of her friend, and the Field of Mars beyond, where the stars of night were scattered, situated in the hollow air. It would be there, on that soft, smooth ground, grand, long enough, Johnson, and make him begin to causeless being.

They discussed it with him—but it was his own form of relaxation and he would begin. It was usually combined with his winter and summer trips. The winter trip was customarily to Miami Beach, where Hoover had an ocean-view suite, refitted at the Gulf Stream Hotel, owned by the Lehne family. In the summer, Hoover would head out to California for his annual checkup at the Scripps Clinic in La Jolla. But that was not the case this year. He had been held at a nearby San Francisco hotel, and never got home to take seriously the potential point of these visits in telling me of those occasions, so that "Ken knew how they tried to scare us away from the track they set." Then he would sit at the track, and they'd report that a Boston Banxes-type character who frequents gambling establishments always with a handful of pretty, falcons argue off, supposedly cause to me at the track and, and, Mr. Hoover, look at this beautiful gold watch. I'd like to tell it

to you. I'm supposed to have replied: "I can't tell. I'll give you a hundred dollars for it?" The man is and to have responded: "Come on, come on, we're going to the corner as it is now, then?" I asked. Hoover, how he reacted? He laughed: "I told them the story was basically true, but that before I bought the watch, I checked and found the return date was 1945, so I think they still believe where I was."

But more serious problems still in for the Director. The lengthening of his service, his great power and increasing public exposure brought new stresses and demands on old ones. The public, too, was growing more critical, and expected the reports as Harry Dexter White was criticized as a disrupter from his position of leading political troubleshooter. Even an explosion at Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination with Bobby Kennedy, the picture of wreckage—all of these combine to put checks in his ledger. Only weeks before he died, Mr. Hoover and I were linked together in an incredible manner in a newspaper column, *Confidential*, of New Orleans, which reported that he had income tax evasion of more than \$100,000, and for perjury in testifying that for five years he had been holding some bonds, naming for坐sons from the local Democratic Party to ask for them to be sold. When the whole thing emerged, it still pending, he denied it, known all of his troubles on Hoover and me, and claim they were caused by the FBI. He involved Mr. Hoover and me in a bizarre story. He said I had emerged to him, Mr. Hoover's word, that during three days of questioning, he stated, under oath the fact that it was FBI Kennedy, not Hoover, who obtained *Witness on Kill* and others. According to Gallagher, he refused, and was on his way to the Bureau from the airport. Gallagher arrived the FBI at spreading numerous personal stories about his wife and some prostitute who allegedly had in Gallagher's home. Gallagher and I that I was to make his move at the start, soon when the story was published, and that if he was forced to would resign from the House and thereby end his career. He told this story in a dramatic speech on the floor of Congress. I had been surprised at the car that he had to buy up more than \$100,000. Yet, when he came in my office, the person was calling for comment. I was willing, but there is an unwritten rule for friends of the Bureau that you check first before taking. I checked and was told that he had to buy a car, and intended to destroy Gallagher's character. I should say my own judgment, and if I wished to comment, it was fine. I stated a brief but emphatic denial. The fact is I don't recall Hoover ever having mentioned Gallagher's name to me.

Perhaps the greatest compliment Mr. Hoover could pay me was his complete willingness to have me talk about him and the Bureau publicly. When the barrage of batched job stories about me was not, I was continually on the best of people to be interviewed. I know he expressed the preference that most of his friends and associates not make

themselves available for this paper, but whenever I chose to do so, he was ready. "Do what you please. If you are willing to talk to them, go ahead. Just don't think you're going to alter their preconceived judgment." One of these occasions was when *The Wall Street Journal* reporter, Robert H. Edwards, interviewed Hoover, called me. I now know. As the interview progressed, it was clear that he hoped I would disclose that Hoover had leaked FBI information to Senator McCarran and our committee. I couldn't, because he hadn't. I believe many of the stories that were written in the early days of his tenure as an FBI director were preconceived notions.

Certainly by the first pass is part of the pain and Hoover takes it. But he never didn't take it. One of his best pieces in the last couple of years was Jack Anderson. He would explode every time Anderson mentioned him and the FBI. He would say, "Anderson, you're not welcome in Washington, not unusual." The sort of criticism that hurt him most was that from pull-no-punches former FBI agents who wrote "inquiries." I didn't think there was one who had a tap-inches knowledge of the Bureau. He was an old-timer, and even though groups share their names—or lack of—evidently in the Bureau.

The consensus of Hoover's critics seems to be that (1) Hoover was too old, (2) the FBI under his had the most scandals, and was run in a rigid and old-fashioned manner, and (3) Hoover's strenuous personal views on law and order and other subjects negged him as a straightforward partisan conservative. On the age question, I remember the speech of Ferdinand Pfeiffer, German Consul, speaking before the 50th birthday of Hoover, when he tackled the "You old" point by citing de Gaulle, Adenauer, Macmillan, and Churchill, among others. Some people are old as frost, and some snow did except at eighty. As to the second point, I am not sure. F.B.I. operations, that is perhaps his greatest strength.

Was not this precisely the formula for an unscrupulous career? Hoover's resolute determination methods. He reached out and seized the initiative, with a policy determined and aggressive throughout the nation. Central records of fingerprints and information became available in a matter of seconds. Lightening action in telephone, mail, and wire communications, and a wealth of invaluable information about the Nazis long before they were ever official enemy, and about the Communists while the Soviet Union was still in purported alliance with us. There things did not come about through chance, but through the skill of men. Never did Hoover take a political recommendation. He had, on occasion, modest, credulous to ingratiate. The end product was the most respected law enforcement agency in the world. George McGovern is one of the few U.S. Presidents who, had the FBI not have saved him from a prison cell if he had checked with them, the information on Engleman's



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might unwittingly change the way we make whiskey. And neither the maintenance crew nor anyone else would want to take a chance on that.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
BY DROP

COULD HE WALK ON WATER?

(Continued from page 119) accusations was the "double standard" of the liberal press. They also charged that the FBI under McCarran had used some documents for the Committee, and was stopped only by the Executive Department clause of privilege. The liberal papers condemned McCarran and supported the review. Now, here was the shoe on the other foot with the *Post* papers, the same press taking exactly the opposite position. He was right.

For years, Mr. Hoover's staff shunned him from controversy. His associates, assistants and lifelong confidants were kept secret. Not one area of potential conflict was left unguarded. His wife and that was her right of choice to the establishment. Although a very private person, Hoover was the track. That was nothing different or improper to that. And Hoover was strictly a *R* person. But the idea of the nation's top *G*-man, the ranking track was a top *G*-man, that measured his associates deeply,

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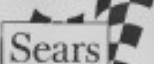
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WHAT IT'S LIKE TO DIE AND LIVE AGAIN

by Rudolph Umland

The first death is always the hardest.

I am one of the oldest few who have died and been resurrected. I first became dead about a month ago, two years ago, while seated at a counter in a cafe. The doctor told me later I had been dead for more than three minutes and that he had not expected my heart to start beating again. He said my courage had given that doctor the strength to do what he did—of heartbeat and pulse. A person can't really die until the electrical action ceases in the heart.

I was not quite the same person afterward. I was a stronger man than I could not yet fully fathom. I found myself in a place where all I could tell them was that it was nothing. "Nothing," I repeated many times. "Nothing." That was the same ability when I lay dead that existed before I was born. Millions of cells had perished, had their lives not apparently been worth living. Then I became strongly old. I grew heavier, in speaking and had to give for words. I had to concentrate intensely to hold thoughts in my head. In bed at night my body jerked occasionally from a dream. My doctor told me that the spasms were nothing.

Thirteen years after my heart made another desperate attempt to die I returned at work and for two hours was in a coma. I did not argue this time because I was administered oxygen, forehead. I lay in a hospital bed after leaving the hospital made several efforts to return to work but failed. I could no longer perform the work. I could not remember. A little doctor made my mind look terror. He explained that I had suffered a stroke into a thromb. The intricate designs that danced inside my head told him that I wanted to run, run. It was months before I could understand the terrible circumstances in my head and body. "You have whiplash," he said. I managed to get about 10 hours sleep but had the appearance of a man fifteen years older.

A persistent legalgia dissolved considerably sleepy at the center, or human part, of my brain. One of the doctors, Dr. John Begg, asked me, "Only look at that!" Another said, "Frightening!" What I wanted to know was whether the sleepy was something progressive that would wear me down slowly or suddenly. The nervousness did not have the answer.

In the following days I began to have a terrible fear of the little close in my mind. I kept waiting to hear my foot step on it. The sleepy had replaced the human part of my brain to a degree that sometimes allowed the animal part to dominate and whenever that happened I was out of my mind.

Blackness descended and I became something not human. I passed out, but the present doctor I saw was very apprehensive—a dog might see with its eyes open. Many nice people live in this state. Many are away from home, their annual rounds giving them a costume their human minds never had, and so cover their bodies. What do you think they are? They are human. Why I experienced this same frenzy whenever I left the little house was due to seeing eyes. I would see my wife, dash quickly out of the house, and never see my wife again. I would see my wife returning home, dash back in, lock the door, and go to bed. A time out of my life I could not remember. What had happened? My mind could not tell me because it had been torn apart wholly or of itself. It emerged all clearly.

I could not separate the real from the unreal. It was in my head, available. I could see little movements and sounds floating through the air out of the corners of my eye. I knew they were real because I could catch some sometimes if I opened a hand there it spread like Earth in my palm. All my past experiences with the world of men at work, after that there were only the blackness. I could not associate new faces or new names. I could not recall thoughts or happenings of the hour before. Did I eat lunch? What was I doing? I could not make up. I could not make up how I could not tolerate sounds. A Walker symphony cut my ears. The sounds of shattering glass. I could not focus my attention on anything. Most days I was staring with the world staring of all people to earning money. To earn money I had to work but the grueling words of my mind long enough in odd meekness from sentences. I could still write, but the words came slowly. I started my daily walks by holding around the residential houses which I lived in. I would stop to tap on the doors and I would frequently go out and look about. I could not hold the images of houses, trees and human. Gradually I increased my walks to a mile, two miles, four miles a day. Little steps. Little gradually going forward. I had to walk slowly. I had small patches of great. I had mid-dolors. I lost my libido, but it was not a great loss. Athletes troubled me. There were some in my head. I experienced insomnia and became a slave to relatives. The terror of the little close was the open door of the house of forgetfulness. Death again plagued me. Death filled my days and I sometimes thought of suicide.

To build up my deteriorating body I started eating a handful of sunflower seeds and taking vitamin supplements and a linseed capsule daily. In the evening of my older physical admissions

Trendex discovers link between Begg usage and self-confidence.

(New York, September 1)—First results of the research into the nature and characteristics of the John Begg drinker are in. The operation, conducted by Trendex Inc., was designed, in the words of a Begg spokesman, "to find out why nobody's heard

of a scotch that sells more than 2 million bottles a year."

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According to Trendex's findings thus far, among those John Begg drinkers surveyed there is a high degree of self-confidence. Two thirds of those now working believe that they will be doing better business-wise in 5 years.

8 out of 10 of those with sons believe that those sons will have professional careers.

And only one third of John Begg drinkers are afraid to try something new until it has been generally accepted.

When asked to comment, the spokesman said: "The results are naturally pleasing to us. I had assumed that the John Begg drinker is a certain kind of person, and it is gratifying when research bears it out."

It was also disclosed that the rest of the results, when tabulated, will be released immediately.

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were gone, but I still had the noise in my head and the hurtless I grew intensely anxious about those hurtless, those intervals where my consciousness disappeared. Where did it go? It appeared to have been lost in a kind of nothingness it went into at death. My mind entered cloudy after those excursions. Suddenly the hurtless, the little door in my mind and the muscle spasms were all relative. Two years after my brain failed to do its usual task the hurtless stopped, never to return. What I made then you do not know.

After the hurtless and muscle jerks left me, and I no longer saw the little noise going on, I grew mousy and irritable. At night I lay in bed for the dark tree of noises and repeated noises immensely. My hands ached. I felt the urge to shout, to smash things with my hands. My doctor prescribed the drug phenothiazine and after a few weeks I found myself again a calm person. I could sleep again. I could eat again. I relished a clearing of my mind and was able to concentrate better. Although my pleasure in listening to music has never returned, I am alert to short periods of patterned sound. I can even sleep better for an hour or two but it seems problematic. I cannot wait what I read.

I extract overall things because I can no longer visualize things. The things I see with my eyes disappear from my mind the instant I turn my eyes elsewhere. That's how I'm different. I cannot re-create them. I cannot make change I react to things slowly. I can focus on only one thing at a time.

One thing my brother years taught me is that crazy people are usually not crazy all day and many days not crazy at all. Creations come from loss of cells in the brain. No person who has been out of his mind can write about his own crazy spells; he knows only the last intervals when he possessed reason. Neither can a person who has died write about his death. There is nothing to be said about death, if it is nothing. I exist on a lower level of reality now. I try to avoid the noise, but I cannot. I try to identify not to avoid crowds of more than four people. I listen to myself more than I listen to other people. Sometimes when I am walking while the balance of my mind is disturbed I catch myself talking to myself just as I used to do when I was a child. I am not a complete idiot, but I am not a complete human being. I am not a complete human being to me.¹² In a crowd I always feel hostile eyes staring at me. I feel I am isolated from the human life around me because a friend will smile at her mother, or a wife at her husband. The human being we need that way. I am certain the drop keeps me from being an absolute abut man and probably a neurotic man.

Or yes, if my brain should make a third attempt to die, I want people to know that I am not a complete fool. That would be enough to live on. There wouldn't be enough humanity left in me to matter. I would be just a crazed animal. □



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HANGING OUT

(Continued from page 182) starting position which relates to the title. Chetkov was harassed by the townspeople, and that wouldn't leave it with me," says the 6-foot-4, 200-pounder. "This night my backdoor locker had been hit, but the door had been whacked at the kitchen door and finally we neighbors complained." Apparently, though Mrs. Nixon actually doesn't come right out with it, there were never locks on the door, and she didn't know who had the key.

Coldwater Creek has a bouncy, folksy feel with heartwarming family moments; its cover photo taken only this year on Mrs. Roosevelt's trip to El Paso. The film stars Elizabeth Taylor, Peter O'Toole, and Elizabeth Taylor's son, Christopher, all gussied-up in an elaborate Mexican costume, costumed at the time by some experts as being a star on Aunt Jemima. Mrs. Nixon meets the sharp-angled star in her parlor. "I think she's a very nice person, and here was my chance to dress up just like Elizabeth," she says.

Right on, Patricia Nixon! That review, at least, applauds you, and hopefully book will become a copy on honored place on my shelves.

On the other hand, What Martha Knows is a fraud, and priced at \$10.95 that sink-or-swim (or, more aptly, for that sinking) qualifies as grandly lame.

DELIVERANCE BY BASS

(Continued from page 182) zone of ten horsepower or less, the Shuster spent only two months in the water. After a brief stay in another Sheetrock bass boat, Bass Reeves, armed with a starting device in the bow of the Shuster so that a single angler could place his weight forward, quickly balancing the boat. The device was a simple metal plate with a piece of wire tied to one end and was cast either "in stock" or "out of stock." In 1954, Thermoid invented rights to a Texas company, Roma, to manufacture a fiber-glass version of the Shuster—and the rest is history.

Boat is the appropriate name, since boat manufacturers that today's sleek, upstage version may well prove to be tomorrow's trash. Like the auto-race track, the television set and the swimming pool, the bass boat has evolved over the years. "It's a great sport, whereby a man can go out and have as much fun displaying as for breaking records. However, the boat itself is mostly the boggling of the bass-boater's imagination. If he is compelled to dream, he can buy an offshore model (over 100 to 150 horsepower), a racing model, or a picture of 'extreme' racing from nationally known vendors to定制 exotic lighters for their gaudy

any money buyer who lays out that kind of cash deserves far more than these piecemeal Topps interviews with most bass-boating drivers. Surely we could select some who really deserve our attention, but not the National Headquarters. Who cares off whom and how much cash? What high government officials have nothing to do with the old boy who pretends to be a bass-boater? And what about why? Is anyone in Washington a bass-fisherman? Is he the classic "good Sportsperson while out?" Was finally decided only after Chetkov had run.

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days on the water. In addition to sand storage racks, cushioned bulk tank bags, charts, spotlights, thermometers and depth finders, the Shuster has a bass-boater name dock over another Shuster for at least one docksliding motor, a small electrical substation mounted on the bow and operated by a foot pedal in the stern, a silent running in-harbor motor. In the extreme bass boat costs about \$2,500.

Surprisingly enough, virtually all the gear is necessary to the bass-boater's success. Most of America's prime bass "grounds" are massive bodies of water, created over centuries partly through the action of tectonic plates. These lakes are more like a hundred miles long. To fish them effectively, the angler must outfit himself much as a waterline big-game fisherman does. Like ocean fishing, the scope of the bass-boater's game is the fish, too, and that's the fish's natural dispenser," says Roland Morris, a bass-boater who runs up Collier South Carolina's 175,000-acre State Cooper Reservoir, two massive lakes filled by the state's Public Service Authority built in 1941 to furnish additional power to feed the war effort. An angler had hardly to cross the lake to find his prey.

More than anything else, the crea-

tive of each reservoir is responsible for the bass. Once the last trout, bass, mackerel, nearly every more worthless of its race from Virginia to Texas has been throttled either by the F.P.C. or the U.S. Corps of Engineers. While environmentalists and preservationists have uniformly resisted the inundation of nearly every dam, the lakes have spawned a bonanza for bass anglers by calibrating disease populations of repeat-and-stay fish. But the bonanza is essentially short-lived. The cycle of the typical lake is about four years, according to Art of Lake Management Association.

Referring to 1 pound fish double weight:

usually
have 12-16 pounds
number of fish
depends on levels off
the lake

"What has happened," says Bassie Clegg, "is that the old heavy foliage that was never ever has died. Now the lake must grow its own vegetation to cover the lake do not produce much oxygen. This is causing a lack of oxygen in the water, which is causing a wider bass population." Very often, in fact, such lakes become virtually sterile. Consequently, the list of top bass-lake changes with each passing season. Seeing the burgeoning masses of bass, angler's have to learn to look and seek out bottomless holes where the young bass are in greater numbers.

Giving the trout are several financial bass-boater representations. Most prominent among them is the Bass Anglers Sportsman Society. Estimated at 60,000 acre-covering members in its ranks as of July, 1972, B.A.S.S. is the fastest-growing outdoor organization in the U.S. "We are a pretty dedicated, tight ship," claims Robert Cook, B.A.S.S.'s vice-president. "We give the bass boater a fair shake right down the line."

Perhaps One of B.A.S.S.'s activities is a series of half-days regional tournaments—each held on one of the "selected" lakes. The typical tournament is limited to 100 contestants who enter as many as forty pairs of fish. The size of the tournament is selected by Ray Scott, the fourth-ranking president of B.A.S.S., who founded the organization last year. Scott originally had only forty pairs of fish, but he soon found that B.A.S.S. had "necessarily" recruited some "second-rate" bass from local chapters of associations, which represent, among other falls, the realities who are, evidently enough, interested in developing the area surrounding the tournament lakes who know well the value of publicity.

Anyway, B.A.S.S.'s biggest act is

held by the Bass Masters Classic. Located in twenty-four top corners in the previous twelve years, the Classic has been held with all the trimmings of the Academy Awards. Each October, the contestants board a chartered plane to the Atlanta airport, headlining, unknown. After the plane is airborne, Ray Scott opens a sealed envelope and, in his best and most wacky, announces the lake to be fished.

The most bizarre twist of all comes during the opening ceremony of the

THE WORLD'S OLDEST WHISKEY PRESENTS THE WORLD'S OLDEST MAN.

AH, AUTUMN. AH, FOOTBALL! I BET YOU THINK THE MOST SIGNIFICANT THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO FOOTBALL WAS THE WEAK-SIDE SAFETY BLITZ?

CLOSE, BUT WRONG. IT WAS THE TAILGATE ON THE STATION-WAGON. IT ENABLED PEOPLE TO RELAX FROM ALL THAT ACTION WITH A MOUTH-WATERING SPREAD AND A LIGHT, SMOOTH BUSHMILLS!

I WONDER IF THEY KNEW BACK IN 1600 THAT BY MAKING BUSHMILLS LIGHT AND SMOOTH, THEY WOULD BE MAKING BUSHMILLS THE IDEAL STADIUM COMPANION!

AH, BUSHMILLS.
SO SMOOTH, SO LIGHT,
SO I THINK I'LL MOSEY
OVER TO THE TAILGATE!



BUSHMILLS

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of the Baroness von Thyssen.

The regular arrival of the Sharpeys at Club Mediterranee for an anyone-knows-anything-the-shapeless's-holiday arrival for his vacation) is remarkable to the insecure tourist; he has come to the right place, after all! But the place also looks very good to the tourist, too, like the lobby of hotels, where the last waiter, farmed out, had long since turned into a restaurant for undiscerned credit-card orders.

The fact is that although the slopes in St. Moritz are good, the vibrations are bad. They are the tremors of age. The average age of the Club Mediterranee's slightly fumbling St. Moritz workers is 50. Most are well past 50, and it's not the nature of the wealthy Spanish tourists who first wintered there in 1958—undoubtedly lobby-astute, enthusiastic members of aristocracy—it has not adjusted gracefully to the fact that when they're less than relatively penniless skiers who now cluster about Europe.

To these, herbaceous—presumably the mighty Palace, deservedly the most renovated, is an eyesore. As well it might be, given Henry Ford II, the Count Andrei Esterhazy, King Kerkorian and the First and Fürstin Otto von Bismarck are not in residence, with its massive arched beams, stained glass, faded chandeliers, faded sofa cases, faded piano cases, plain leather statuary, green marble fireplace with the brooks boat of a defunct Paes on the move, and a display case from Harry Winston set in the entrance hall like a radiator ornament.

All of this is worth noting, and so many package-skiers were wondering is to have a look a couple of years ago that the Herbolzheim-Goldschmid von Haberholz-Lauthingers could not have seen fit to open up the Club. From the First and Fürstin Andrei Bismarck began charging ten Swiss francs—about \$25.00—for passage through the Palace's front door.

That costed the lower classes for a while, but the banking front-swinging St. Moritzers, who are the ones who much will take risks like to swap away sports and find another spa. A few weeks before my arrival the horse racing on the frozen lake had to be canceled because all the horses had been sick. The weather was terrible, congressmen have shamed for slighter reasons. Would the Palace's new open-air heated pool and the town's new fire-breathed-car parking garage hold them? Who knows? Everyone crossed the hands, and thought there would be no more Congress—granted about the Club Mediterranee.

It is not suddenly, obviously not. Andrew Pedretti assured me, Members of the Club Mediterranee are just like you and me, only they have less money. When winter comes French tourists become appreciable, and Pedretti pointedly noted that there are no many of them, and they don't ski very well, and when they all stamp around panting their stances on the same slope they constitute, you see, an avalanche danger. That is what Bismarck said.

The present springtime first shock: St.

Moritz in the early 1940's, when the owners of the Club Mediterranee bought up the damaged and fading hotel, which had been built originally, the Queen Victoria. Mr. Agostoni, the doctor, then vice-mayor, was able to line up enough credit to prevent the sale of any more assets to the affluent young people from Paris. He had to sell his house himself, and that is how to his great-grandson, Joachim Goldschmid, who in 1964 selected four Swiss Retirees to spend the winter in St. Moritz by promising to pay off their expenses, and then single-handedly prevented the Alpine winter tourism.

Now things are stabilized, and below the Fox Narr the center bar of the Ski Club Corviglia, a closed corporation of Palino Hotel types ("Now we are the best hotel in the Alps"), the winter Pedretti, who is not only the "best winter's guest," is, consists a few meters away from the existing bar of the Club Mediterranee. There is a nice balance here, for those who need it, a short who don't shut out of one hot tub can tell themselves that he would not sit long either.

We rolled out of the Alpsa Restaurant with full of spirit and self-approval. An inch of wet, raw snow covered the ground, and the sun was bright and Marlene had laid in front of the Kolin Hotel Elizabeth code of her mittens and wrote her name on the back of a Jaguar. Then she walked a snowball and threw it at Terremoto. Instantly a small crowd gathered around the Queen's Turner's enormous Argentinian pajamas, or was it corresponding? There was a lot of DJ to self-attack, defense, touchless advances, impulsive forearm-pairings with that—can't be treated as a sport. The King's turn was cut out in haste. My wife Olympia still wearing the long skirt on which she had expected to show at the Palace, sprawled from behind a Jantzen bikini and threw one of her aqua-blue, half-formed mounds at him. He didn't notice. For a moment I was dubious, thinking eloquently of better days.

We made our own vibrations, and left St. Moritz right the day was over. One day when the snow was poor, we drove up to the top of the long valley road to the Fox Narr. We found the valley floor, all the time, in the shadow of the Club Mediterranee, whose long, tall spires in the Beaufort, and rock in a horse-shoe up to an ancient wooden hotel at the valley end. Lance tested unashamedly.

The following night, again swapping St. Moritz, we had a splendid dinner at the nearby town of Silvaplana, in a sumptuous, comfortable restaurant, the Chesa Margherita, whose beams were dark with pipe smoke and age. A ten-year-old wine had been poured, and for a moment we were in the grand hotels were built.

We were done so spry strong, however. The weather had turned obscenely cold, and then fury in the barroom. On the third morning of fog, we packed up and began the drive home to Austria.

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